THE MAGIC OF THE BOOK

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

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THE MAGIC OF THE BOOK

More Reminiscences and Adventures of a Bookman

Books on Books by Mr. Orcutt

IN QUEST OF THE PERFECT BOOK
THE KINGDOM OF BOOKS
THE MAGIC OF THE BOOK
MASTER MAKERS OF THE BOOK
THE BOOK IN ITALY (*out of print*)

HUMANISTIC CHARACTERS

The Apotheosis of Hand Lettering

[From a XVth Century Manuscript in the Collection of the Author. Exact size]

The Magic of the Book

More Reminiscences and Adventures of a Bookman

By

William Dana Orcutt

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To my Wife

LOUIE THOMPSON ORCUTT

FELLOW-QUESTER AND DEAREST OF FRIENDS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Humanistic Hand Characters (in colors and gold) *Frontispiece*

The Old University Press, in 1878 *facing page* 22

John Winthrop's Draft of the *Freeman's Oath* 36

The Bay Psalm Book 40

John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians 44

John Eliot's *Indian Bible* 48

A Colonial "Thriller" of the XVII Century 50

Stephen Daye's Press 52

Cardinal Franz Ehrle, when Prefect of the Vatican Library 68

Belvedere Court, showing new entrance to the Vatican Library 70

Monsignor Giovanni Mercati, Prefect of the Vatican Library 72

Monsignor Eugène Tisserant, Vice Prefect of the Vatican Library 74

Pope Nicholas V, who created the Vatican Library 80

Pope Sixtus IV, who established the Vatican Library 82

Pope Leo X, who developed the Vatican Library 86

Pope Sixtus V, who extended the Vatican Library 88

Pope Leo XIII, who began the resurrection of the Vatican Library 90

Autograph Letter of Achille Ratti, when Prefect of the Ambrosian Library 92

Pope Pius XI, when Prefect of the Vatican Library 96

Reference Room in the Vatican Library 98

FOREWORD

FOREWORD

WHEN my publishers first suggested that they would be interested to issue a volume containing personal reminiscences, my reaction was that senile garrulity had crept up and overtaken me without fair warning.

"Have I actually reached that point?" I inquired with genuine concern.

The answer reassured me: "In your life work you have approached the Book from all possible angles. You have met intimately many interesting people, and we believe that a record of your experiences would appeal to the reading public."

The more I considered the proposition, the more inclined I was to undertake it. All my life I have kept diaries in which I have recorded the chief facts concerning adventures that interested me. During the years I have been studying printing as an art, and endeavoring to give expression through types to such message as I had to convey, certain ideas had formed which I was glad to crystallize. When I found that my publishers were willing to have my "reminiscences" take the form of intimate, friendly talks with my readers, taking the Book rather than

myself as the central figure, I approached the preparation of the proposed manuscript with enthusiasm; and in due time *In Quest of the Perfect Book* was published.

But what neither my publishers nor I foresaw was that this volume was to pay such priceless dividends to its author. During all these years, I had found my friends and acquaintances generally interested in what I had to tell them of my personal experiences with books, but it had never occurred to me that there were other thousands waiting to accompany a sympathetic companion along the main roads and up the by-paths. Encouraged by this new comradeship I wrote *The Kingdom of Books*, continuing the "reminiscences" by covering different aspects of the Book; and I found my readers transformed into fellow students.

Frankly, I have been surprised that some of my critics failed utterly to grasp the scope of my books on books. "What we have in this volume," one writes, "is but little better than the bare bones of printing history. A canvas waits for the broad, illuminating picture, and we finish this volume lamenting that the real presentation of the very important position of printing as a factor in human progress remains to be written." True—too true—every word of it; but I'm sorry he said *bare* bones! Each chapter in these

volumes of mine could only be considered as a sign post pointing the way to some interesting objective, but I like to believe that the objective *is* interesting! From my own experiences I had learned that the technical discussion and definite records commonly found in books on books, while essential to a full understanding, prove confusing until the way has been clearly charted. From the beginning of my study, for my own guidance, I had endeavored to make the arrows on these sign posts legible and clear, and in my books I simply elaborated the outlines I had prepared for my own use.

But the canvas my critic has waiting for the "broad, illuminating picture" must be of gigantic size, and I predict that no single artist will ever accomplish the task. The history of printing is made up of so many parts, each individually important, and each even more important in its relation to the whole, that one man's knowledge is hopelessly inadequate to complete portrayal. When some great writer with a sense of Typography gathers around him the composite wisdom and experience of the masters of each element that contributes toward the Book Ideal, as H. G. Wells assembled the master minds of history in producing his *Outline of History*, then—and then only—will the History of Printing be properly recorded.

Imagine the joy that has come to me from receiving over a thousand letters from hitherto unknown friends who have read my books, expressing a desire to pursue the Quest upon their own account, and seeking advice in their undertaking! Think of the inspiration given by the unexpected knowledge that a small army of book readers were really book-lovers, interested in the same subject which had held me spellbound for so many years, and were now ready to share with me my future questings! The whole adventure took on a new aspect, and I found myself endowed with added enthusiasm.

References to a few of these instances, with quotations from some of the letters, give an idea of the significant reaction on the part of those who have felt the Magic of the Book without sufficient realization to give it previous expression.

A young alumnus of Leland Stanford University, at that time taking a postgraduate course at Harvard, came to see me. He said that he had been seeking a subject for his life work. He was financially independent and did not intend to engage in business or a profession, but was interested in research. He had failed to find in the college curriculum a subject that appealed to him. After reading *The Quest* he had decided to make an exhaustive study of the Book his objective, and together we plotted

out a program covering the next five years, which I understand he is now following. If his interest proves genuine, the result of his work, with the facilities at his command, should prove most valuable.

A letter came from a Princeton undergraduate: "I am so genuinely enthusiastic about *In Quest of the Perfect Book* that I cannot forbear for a moment turning literary parasite. At the end of the first chapter my interest was thoroughly aroused. At the completion of the book I was fully determined to use my feeble artistic abilities in a step toward the perfect book. I have a fair artistic ability, as far as sketching and drawing go, and should like to turn it somehow upon the Book, yet I don't know where to begin, nor definitely, even, what I wish to do. I wondered if perhaps you could indicate an aim—an end—anything for which to strive."

Answering my request to tell me something more of himself and his interests, he sent me an illuminating revelation of the workings of an undergraduate's mind: "I am in my junior year. My first two years I spent in a rather amiable pursuit of knowledge, with most of my faculties indulging in a placid incuriosity and contentment. It is only this year that I have awakened to the possible beauties of the world and life. I must confess that I have been floundering, clutching and rejecting straws, yet somehow

managing to keep afloat in a sea of *minutiae* which have still attained no definite unity. My awakening was sudden and perhaps for that reason more difficult. I have not succeeded in ordering my thoughts and ideas, and if you can recall a state wherein all things seem inconsistent and contradictory, wherein a smug complacency and a smothering of all beauty and all striving in an inevitable commonplaceness seemed the end of life, then you have some slight picture of that thing which is my mind. I do not believe myself exceptional, yet I cannot settle into that smooth course of life which so many of my fellow students seem to have attained. I rebel against it, and envy them their complacency the while I hate it.

"Drawing has been my greatest pleasure and pastime, but it is only recently that a study of Italian painting, of books and of illuminated manuscripts has produced anything like advancement. I am slowly attaining a fuller understanding of line and its multitude of intensities which make a drawing live and give flow and feeling to the line. Writing I do at odd times, trying to capture and give substance to the thousand images which play in my bewildered mind.

"The change in my plans is an idea which has long lain dormant. I may say that it is you who have

called my attention to the Book's physical aspect when before it had been focused merely on the content. To me it opened wide a new and inviting vista. From your first book I have gathered a number of places to visit in Europe where I may see first hand all the mummies in the Kingdom of Books. My interest in them is an artistic one—the Book as a work of art; and it is here you can suggest some definite field of study which, when eventually money is mine, may enable me to give the world better and more beautiful books. Looking off into the hazy outlines of the future I have become afraid that this age of ours will in time seem a mystery to whatever civilization may follow. I am afraid that some day the Washington Monument and the Princeton Chapel will stand alone amid the crumbling mold of paper books and the streaks of iron rust which were once railroads. Whatever else this correspondence may have accomplished, it has at least turned me definitely toward a goal I desire. Again let me thank you for it and for the books which have made it possible."

A letter came from a reader in New York, who wrote, "*The Kingdom of Books* has led me into further reading on the subject. Only *you* can appreciate the thrill I felt when, dropping into the Public Library a few days ago, I actually beheld a book

once owned by Diane de Poitiers and two others designed and published by Geoffrey Tory. I thank *you* for my interest in these."

One of my New York readers discovered a typographical error in the photographic reproduction of a page of *Virgil* printed by Aldus in 1501, and reproduced in *The Kingdom.* He writes, "I always thought Aldus edited his text personally and in a scholarly manner, yet in the first page of his *Bucolics* the first word in the last line is misspelled. *Stulus* should read *stultus.* This does not speak very well for his proofreaders, does it? It may be that Erasmus was soused the afternoon when he read the proof!"

I was amused to find that with the publication of my books some of my reviewers and a few correspondents seemed seriously to think that I believed the Quest to be ended. Imagine the tragedy of so alluring an adventure becoming an accomplished fact—even granting that it were possible! Where is the Perfect Book to be found? In the words of the author or in the heart of the reader? In the design of a type or in the skill of the typographer or the binder? In the charm of the paper or in the beauty of the illumination or illustration? It must, of course, be in the harmonious combination of all of these, but the words of an author which find a

place in one reader's heart fail to interest another; the design of a type that is appropriate to one book is not equally expressive in all.

The word *perfection* has no place in our language except as an incentive. To search for it is an absorbing adventure, for it quickens our senses to perceive much that would otherwise be lost. If perfection could become commonplace, the Quest would end, —and God pity the world! Until then each of us will define the Perfect Book in his own words, each of us will seek it in his own way.

A writer *may* be born who combines the wisdom of Solomon, the power of analysis of Henry James, the understanding of Plato, the philosophy of Emerson, and the style of Montaigne. This manuscript *may* be transformed into a book by a printer who can look beyond his cases of type, and interpret what Aldus, and Jenson, and Étienne, and Plantin saw, with the artistic temperament of William Morris and the restraint of Emery Walker. There *may* be a binding that represents the apotheosis of Italian, French, and English elegance. A reader *may* be developed through the evolution of the ages competent to appreciate the contents and the physical *format* of such a volume, "for what we really seek is a comparison of experiences." But until then, let the Quest go on!

One of the real friendships which developed—I shall call it nothing less—was with a reader in Calgary whose first letter came shortly after the publication of *The Quest.* In one of my books I once wrote, "In passing through the crowded thoroughfares of life I sometimes jostle against some one who forces an unspoken thought into my mind, 'There is a man I want to know.' I make no effort to analyze the impression. If I were to ask myself I could not tell whether I was attracted by the expression on the man's face, by his bearing, by the frankness of his eyes as they met mine, or by the tone of his voice. The fact remains that the man possesses a something which attracted me in that single moment of our meeting, and I know that something to be intangible."

I think I must have had that unknown friend in mind when I wrote this paragraph; for, from the time when that first letter arrived until the present, I have looked forward to the moment when we might meet face to face. But Calgary and Boston are geographically disassociated, so the moment of our meeting is yet to come; but in the meantime the letters which he has written have been among the richest dividends of the Quest.

In one of these he said: "Your *Quest* made me the owner of John Locke's copy of the Étienne edi-

tion of the *Novum Testamentum, ex Bibliotheca Regia,* and printed in 1549. This is the small 24-folio edition, and in almost perfect state."

Later he wrote, again referring to this book, "If there be a place in your library that this small volume might fill, would you please let me know? It is too valuable for my bookshelves, and I doubt if the author of *The Quest* has had dividends worthy of his work."

I wrote protesting against any such generous action; but at Christmas time, 1928, a friend of my friend came to New York from Calgary on another errand, and made a special trip to Boston to deliver this precious volume to me, accompanied by a charming note in which the donor said, "You can give this a better home than the writer—in your care the volume will be among friends and contemporaries, and I may some day see it in fitting company." Embarrassed, but with the delight that came not only from the gift but from the thought which prompted it, I expressed my gratitude as best I could, and this brought forth the following: "I *wanted* you to have that Étienne because I did not know any one who would appreciate it more or give the little wanderer a better home—he will meet some contemporaries or acquaintances in your library, and should be more happy and contented.

It was a very modest payment in kind for the pleasure your *Quest* had given me and my friends. It made me think and believe that my debt to an author does not end when a book is bought—it is not quite Christian on our part to leave all pleasing things unsaid until the friend concerned is gone beyond our ken."

Another unexpected dividend came while I was in Rome in 1927. It was the first time that I had been there since I received the decoration of the Cross of the Crown of Italy. Etiquette demanded that I make a formal call at the Quirinal, simply to leave my card on the King. Almost immediately I received a command from His Majesty to a private audience which, to my surprise, proved to be occasioned by the King's desire to discuss with me subjects concerning which I had written in *The Quest*. I did not know until that moment that he was a profound booklover, but later, when I spoke of the matter to Mr. R. F. Sharp, until recently Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum, he told me that he had reason to be acquainted with the fact. When the King and Queen of Italy last made an official visit in London, Mr. Sharp was commanded by King George to show King Victor Emmanuel through the British Museum Library. He supposed this would be simply a per-

functory examination, but to Mr. Sharp's surprise King Victor knew exactly what he wanted to see, and discussed books with a familiarity that evidenced close acquaintance with the subject.

During our private audience the King was particularly interested in the fact that I had so emphasized in my volumes the debt which the world owes to Italy for its early contributions to the art of typography. We discussed Sweynheym and Pannartz and their work in the earliest printing office in Italy in the monastery at Subiaco, and then later in the Massimo Palace in Rome; we talked about the great Venetian printers, Da Spira, Jenson, and Aldus; then we discussed the work of that famous later Italian printer, Bodoni, at Parma. The King expressed pleasure in the fact that my Humanistic type had been selected for the definitive edition of Dante's Works, at that time just begun by Bertieri in Milan. He thanked me for the tribute I had paid to Dr. Guido Biagi, his old friend and mine, who for so many years was the head of the Laurentian Library at Florence.

The King inquired about the new book I was then engaged upon, which later developed into *The Kingdom of Books*, and asked if I would send him an autographed copy, "Not through the Embassy," he added, smiling, "but addressed to my secretary, Duca d'Olmo, here at the Quirinal."

Then he told me of the books belonging to the House of Savoy.

"There are many interesting volumes with romantic histories in this collection," he said. "They are in the Royal palace at Turin, and I should be glad to have you examine them whenever you care to do so, and write about them in some one of your books if they interest you enough for that."

This is a by-path of the Quest which has not yet been followed, but it remains an alluring prospect.

Thus have my companions in the Quest given back to me in rich measure. Now, when I visit the shrine of some great master printer, when I dig out the story of some romantic volume, when I study anew the lines of some epoch-making type design, I have the added joy of feeling myself surrounded by a happy company, as eager and intent as I to force the Book to tell us more in detail of its fascinating story. The fullness of enjoyment never comes to one whose experiences are of solitary nature. The Book beckons, and the pilgrimage begins. This present volume is not my book, but ours; for "the author" serves only as Scribe in setting down the records of *our* most recent bibliographical adventures.

CHAPTER I

The Seats of the Mighty

I

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

THE old saying, "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," is not particularly agreeable when personally applied, so in recording the present incident I am considerate enough of myself to paraphrase Alexander Pope and exclaim upon that confidence which inspires youth to undertake what sober experience would decline. I was still in college when a local weekly paper asked me to write for its columns a history of the town of Dorchester, Massachusetts, which in 1870 became a part of the city of Boston. The subject appealed to me because it was in Dorchester that the town meeting idea was first tried out, and the first free public school was established. The articles ran for two years, and in 1893, on my twenty-third birthday, the material was published in book form under the title of *Good Old Dorchester: A Narrative History of the Town.* Today, thirty-seven years later, no publisher could persuade me to undertake a similar piece of work; yet as evidence of the kindly protection of those divinities who watch over the indiscretions of youth, I would record that

this volume has gone through several editions, was adopted as secondary reading in history at Harvard University, and is still selling as the authoritative history of the town.

Shortly after the publication of this volume I received a letter from Dr. Samuel Abbott Green asking me to call upon him at the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society, then located on Tremont Street, Boston, instead of in their present beautiful building in the Boston Fenway. Doctor Green had been Mayor of Boston, and was at this time Librarian of the Historical Society. I well remember the apprehensions I felt as a result of receiving what seemed to me a peremptory command to a neophyte from a great historical authority. In his letter, Doctor Green had referred to my volume, and my first reaction was that I must have committed some heinous historical crime. The horrors of the suspense alone would have been enough to force me to obey the summons.

After climbing the long stairs, I discovered my host seated at his desk, and I was still further alarmed by the length of time he regarded me before speaking. Then he asked,

"Are you the author of *Good Old Dorchester?*"

When I answered in the affirmative he was again

silent for a moment; then he rose, and with a curious smile of welcome extended his hand.

"Sit down," he exclaimed so abruptly that I almost slumped into my chair. "Your youth has given me a great surprise. I have just read your book at the request of the editor of the 'Boston Herald,' and I have written my opinion of it. Of course I must give this critique to him, but I shall ask him not to use it in his columns. You have a future before you in your writing, but you are far too young to be ruined by reading the praise I have given you."

I hastened to assure him that encouragement was exactly the tonic I did need at that moment, and, seeking sympathy, I added the information that I had set aside my writing for the time being in order to learn the art of making books.

"That won't hurt you a bit," he disappointed me by saying. "Get all the experience you can out of life before you return to your writing."

After that we met casually from time to time. Whenever I saw him he playfully chaffed me, asking how long I was going to continue to manufacture books before I again tried my hand at writing. He little knew how irksome my vocation was to me at that time, or how keen I was to break away and apply myself exactly as he suggested.

Three years after my first meeting with Doctor

Green, through a curious chain of circumstances culminating with the retirement of John Wilson, I became the head of the old Cambridge (Massachusetts) University Press, and my dreams of becoming a writer seemed to have vanished into thin air. A few weeks after assuming this responsibility I received a formal call from the genial doctor. The University Press was at that time the official printer to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and also issued for Doctor Green all the special volumes and brochures which he wrote on his own account, covering various phases of Colonial history. I naturally supposed that he had called to talk over some detail in connection with this relation, but I soon learned my mistake.

"Young man," he said suddenly, "do you realize that you are sitting in the seats of the mighty?"

If he intended to surprise me he succeeded; but there was an expression on his face and in his voice which demanded a serious response.

"Of course I appreciate the responsibility I have assumed," I answered; "but, as a matter of fact, I have always looked upon this particular position as an operating chair rather than as the seats of the mighty. Printers, I have observed, are very humble creatures. It always hurt me to have John Wilson sign himself 'Your obedient servant.'"

THE OLD UNIVERSITY PRESS, in 1878

"I have spoken to him about that," he exclaimed earnestly. "He had no business to do it. He was a great printer, as was his father before him. But I mean exactly what I said. It is no small thing, young man, to become the typographical head of the lineal descendant of this, the earliest printing establishment in British North America. Look at the names of your predecessors—Stephen Daye, Matthew Day, Samuel Green, Marmaduke Johnson, William Hilliard, Eliab Metcalf, Charles Folsom, George Nichols, Marshall Bigelow, John Wilson. Do you realize that from this press came the *Bay Psalm Book*, John Eliot's *Indian Bible*, and first editions from such great American writers as Holmes, Sparks, Prescott, Ticknor, Palfrey, Quincy, Everett, Dana, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Emerson, and Lowell? You have history and tradition behind you, my friend. I am counting upon you to make the most of it."

"Then you really do consider the University Press the lineal descendant of old Stephen Daye?" I asked. "With an hiatus of a hundred years between your namesake and William Hilliard I have wondered if that claim was fairly made."

"Of course it is fairly made," he insisted. "The Daye press was set up in the house of the first president of Harvard College. For thirty-seven years

Cambridge was the only town in the Colonies where printing was practised, and then for a century there was no printing in Cambridge. It was Harvard College that reëstablished the Press in Cambridge, and the plant was maintained by the College or by private parties when William Hilliard took charge of it in 1800. The College catalogue of 1803 was printed in this establishment. While Charles Folsom was identified with the Press, nearly all the textbooks used in the College were printed here, and from that point down the chart is absolutely clear."

This conversation took place at a psychological moment in my life. I had gone into the University Press not with the idea of making it my life's work, but, through familiarity with types, to gain experience which I thought would be of value to me in the literary career I had originally mapped out for myself. Then a series of circumstances made it obvious that I must continue as a printer, and I was not happy about it. In the 1890's printing was essentially a trade. There were a few, like John Wilson, Theodore L. De Vinne, and Henry O. Houghton, who produced volumes that stood out as mechanically well made, but no printer or publisher so much as thought of including printing among the fine arts or even among the liberal arts. The fine approach to the Book made by such early artist

printers as Nicolas Jenson, Aldus Manutius, and Robert Étienne was entirely unappreciated. Even Christophe Plantin in his printing was a liberal artist; even the Elzevirs, with all their wretched press-work, were original enough to introduce new styles in typography and a new *format* which revolutionized the size of books; but nineteenth-century printers seemed to look upon a book as nothing more than a big brother to a pamphlet, and entitled to no more consideration. Most of them were either ignorant of or indifferent to the relation which one type face bore to another, or its proper coördination with the text.

As a trade, the making of books did not appeal to me, so Doctor Green's statement that I was sitting in the seat of the mighty sounded a bit incongruous. Then the Kelmscott volumes appeared, and to me, as to others, came the revelation that the fault and the responsibility of not holding the standard of nineteenth-century printing higher rested not upon printing itself, but upon those who stood as the heads of the great bookmaking establishments the world over. The few volumes William Morris produced proved beyond dispute that printing still remained a fine art, and that in the production of beautiful books the limitation rested wholly in the skill and the understanding of the maker. The ad-

vance which the centuries had demonstrated was mechanical rather than artistic, but with modern advantages well-made volumes could be produced at low cost without necessarily sacrificing the quality which made the early examples what they are.

The Kelmscott books heartened me, and gave to Doctor Green's words a new significance. It *was* something to have placed in my hands the responsibility of carrying on the traditions of the first printing establishment in British North America, and I found myself duly impressed. The *Bay Psalm Book*, as the earliest example extant of Colonial printing, became metamorphosed from a rare bibliographical treasure into a speaking human document, telling the world what it meant to these Puritan Fathers to have the printing press established in their midst as a medium of communication. These pioneers at Cambridge were changed from mediocre printers into heroes of the first order as they toiled faithfully day by day against their many obstacles, creating history and precedent as essential as it was drab, upon which their successors might build. Nor were these volumes, inferior as they were from a typographical standpoint, below the standard of seventeenth-century printing the world over. The nineteenth-century productions of the press were also comparable with the best standards of their

time, even though yielding in artistic quality to mechanical excellence. Why was it not my privilege to take all this historical precedent as a basis, and engage in the wonderful adventure of helping to create a twentieth-century standard for which the extravagant examples of William Morris so clearly motivated? Printing at that moment changed for me from a trade into an opening for study and research, and also into an opportunity for such personal creative expression as lay within my power to give.

Naturally my experience with Doctor Green incited me to investigate the personalities and the experiences of those whom he had been pleased to call my "predecessors." I drew a picture for myself of the good ship "John of London" setting sail from London in the summer of 1638. On deck was a little company made up of the Rev. Josse Glover, a dissenting minister from Sutton, in Surrey, England, his wife, Stephen Daye and his family, and three other apprenticed journeymen. In the hold were a printing press and a limited amount of type and printing materials. The Reverend Glover was taking a courageous step in this determination to establish a printing office in the new world through which should be disseminated the doctrines of the Puritan Fathers, as his interest in these doctrines

was by no means shared by his own government. So late as 1671, Governor Berkeley of Virginia, writing to the British Government, recorded the official attitude when he said: "I thank God we have not free schools nor printing; and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the Government." Little wonder if our friend Glover breathed more freely after the knowledge-bearing vessel had safely passed out of the Thames into the broad Atlantic without interference. Yet for him the physical danger lay ahead, as during the voyage "he fell sick of a feaver and dyed."

Curiously enough, through the unconscious habit of association, the picture of the Reverend Mr. Glover's exploit and his apprehensions, recalls a story told me years ago by the venerable George E. Ellis, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society at the same time Doctor Green served that same institution as Librarian.

It was Doctor Ellis' custom, up to a comparatively short time before his death, to invite friends to take Sunday night supper with him at his home on Marlborough Street, Boston. On such occasions

the supper itself was of considerably less interest to his guests than the historical associations which surrounded them. Everything was antique and much was celebrated—the silver, for instance, was made by Paul Revere; the china once belonged to Mother Goose. Doctor Ellis was a very old man at this time, and he liked nothing better, when surrounded by congenial friends, than to ramble on concerning people and events in a delightfully familiar way.

After supper we all used to go upstairs to his library, where the old man was comfortably installed in a great easy chair, with a warm rug over his knees. With his eyes closed, he talked on almost as if unconscious that he was not alone, the various subjects touched upon having no particular relation to each other, but being suggested by a chance reference in the conversation to some interesting topic.

On one particular Sunday evening in 1893 I remember that the conversation turned upon John Tyndall, the famous British natural philosopher, whose extraordinarily useful life had just come to a sudden conclusion by an accidental over-dose of chloral administered to relieve sleeplessness that came from an increased vigor of his brain at a time when his physical resources were weakened by his years. Doctor Ellis cited Tyndall's visit to America on a lecturing tour in 1872. Because of his wonderful

personality as well as his erudition, the visitor was enthusiastically received wherever he went, and among other attentions shown him while in Boston he was given a reception by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop at his Brookline home, Doctor Ellis being among the guests. During the reception Doctor Ellis found himself alone with Tyndall, who seemed to be troubled about something. When the Doctor inquired solicitously, his companion said:

"I am greatly disturbed about something which I have just inadvertently overheard. Two of the guests, whom I don't know, were conversing without realizing how near I was to them. In the course of their conversation reference was made to me, one of them asking, 'How do you like Tyndall?' and the other replied, 'Very much, but I can never forgive him his prayer gauge.'

"What troubles me," Tyndall declared, "is that you people here in America do not seem to understand what my so-called prayer gauge really is. I believe in the efficacy of prayer as much as any one, but it would be ridiculous to think that the Great Ruler of this universe could be influenced in His vast scheme of things by the conflicting appeals which go up to him from puny mortals. If your whole nation, for instance, were to get down on its knees the night before the Fourth of July and pray

for fair weather, I would not believe that sunshine the following day would be the direct answer to that prayer, or that if it rained the prayer would have been unheeded.

"My prayer gauge is best illustrated by the story of Thomas Hooker, the first minister in your First Church in Cambridge. He fled from England because of religious intolerance at a time when it was a capital offence for a yeoman to leave the country. He succeeded in reaching Holland, where he concealed himself below decks on a sailing vessel, that was kept in the harbor day after day from lack of wind. On the third day, almost suffocated, Hooker came up on deck, even at the risk of apprehension, threw himself on his knees, and uttered this prayer:

"'O God, if there be a single wretch in Thy whole kingdom who needeth this calm more than I do a stiff breeze from the West, O God, let him have it.'"

By a curious coincidence, in 1919, while carrying out an after-the-Armistice commission in London for the American Red Cross, I was entertained by Lord Claud Hamilton. Knowing that I came from Boston, Lord Claud asked me if I had happened to meet his son-in-law, John Tyndall, "when he was in Boston some years ago."

"I was but two years old in 1872," I replied, smiling.

"Then how do you remember the exact date so clearly?" he demanded; and I told him the story I have just related.

The untoward event of the steadfast Glover's death deprived him from reaping the reward of his courage, and forced into unexpected prominence the name of his chief apprentice, Stephen Daye. Her husband's death did not prevent Mrs. Glover, upon landing in America, from carrying out the original intention. After disembarking, the hand press, the first to find a home in British North America, was transported to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where the Rev. Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College, at once recognized the importance of the undertaking, and offered the widow the privilege of setting up her establishment in the House, then located in the College Yard where Massachusetts Hall now stands. Here Stephen Daye was placed in charge, with the three apprentices working under him.

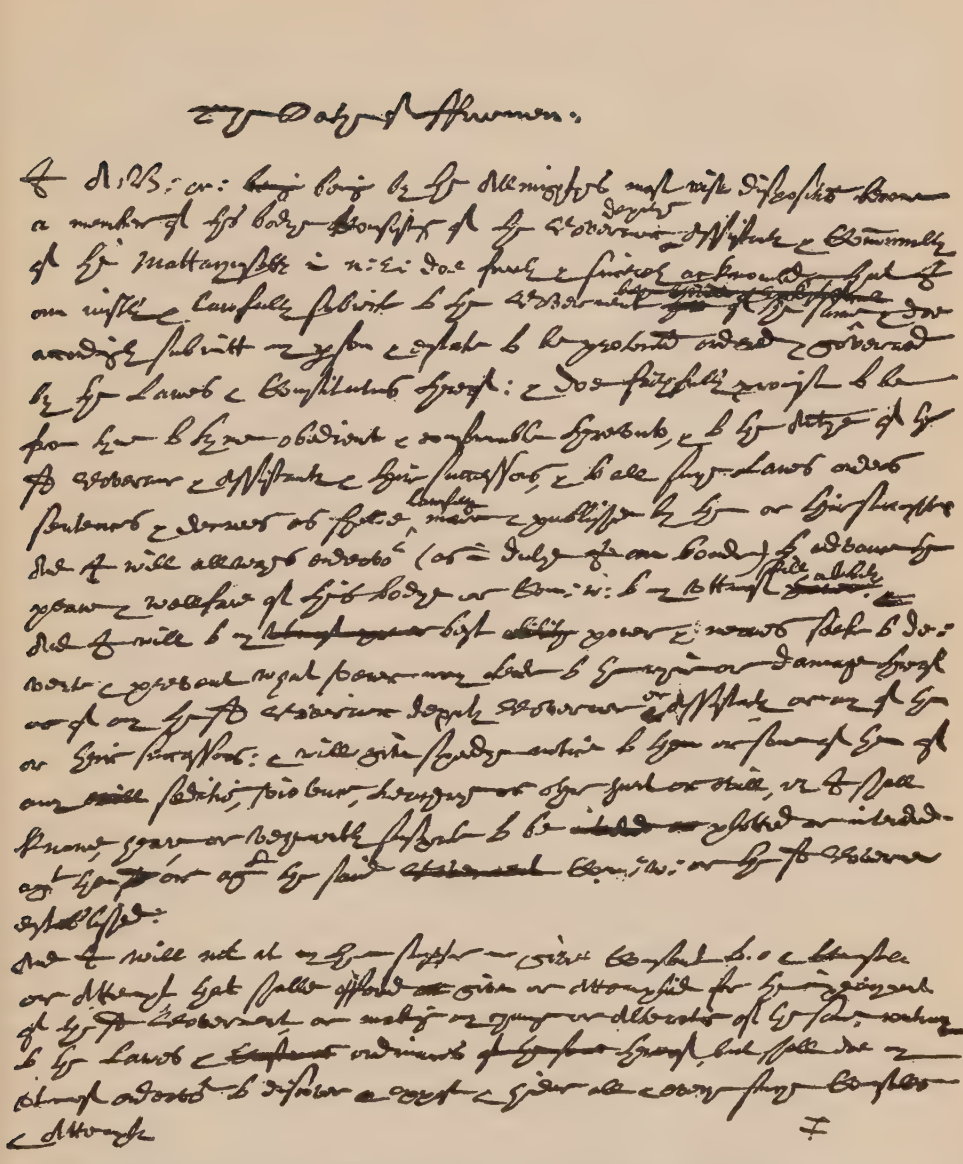
The chief apprentice, who thus became the acting head of this first printing office, was a locksmith, forty-five years of age. It may be that he had been slightly familiar with printing before he left England, and that this fact was not mentioned lest the authorities should prevent his emigration, but there

is no evidence to show that he was other than what he claimed. In his bond, given to Glover and still preserved in the Harvard University archives, Stephen Daye engages himself to work in New England at the trade which he "now vseth," which evasion may have been deliberate in order to conceal the real purpose of the undertaking. There is no doubt whatever that he was experienced as a mechanic, and in those days any man who could familiarize himself with a hand press, or was competent to set type in a composing stick, might term himself a printer.

In acknowledging myself allied with those who hold a brief for Stephen Daye as the earliest American printer, I regret that I may lose favor with a loyal friend who is engaged at this moment in publishing evidence to prove that Stephen Daye not only was no printer, but that he did not come over with the Glovers and had no association with the printing establishment. My friend may be right, but after having respected the memory of my supposed "predecessor," and having sympathized with his trials for nearly forty years, I feel that it would be nothing less than the basest disloyalty to desert him now!

Here, in the President's House, this little printing office from 1638 to 1646 produced the first volumes

printed in British North America. *The Freeman's Oath*, of 1638, a broadside printed on half of a small sheet of paper, was to America what the *Letters of Indulgence* of 1454 was to Italy; yet of this earliest American cradle book not a single copy exists. I confess to a feeling of pleasurable satisfaction that although the establishment of the earliest printing office in British North America was an expression of religious enthusiasm, the first product of that press should have been patriotic rather than ecclesiastical. The exact typography will never be known, but the original draft, in the handwriting of Gov. John Winthrop, in which each freeman swore "by the great and dreadful Name of the Everliving God" not to "plot or practice any evil against this Commonwealth," is still preserved in the Boston Public Library. This document, printed a hundred and thirty-eight years before the Declaration of Independence, and nearly three hundred years prior to the last State election in Massachusetts, emphasizes the duty of independent voting according to the individual conscience of each citizen in such manner as "may best conduce and tend to the public weal of the body" and "without respect of person or favor of any man." What wonder that at a later date the State of Massachusetts refused to be bound by that slavery to party and subservience to bosses



JOHN WINTHROP'S DRAFT OF THE *FREEMAN'S OATH*

[*From the original document in the Boston Public Library*]

which obtained in other States, and gave birth to the "mugwump" voter!

It is also significant and noteworthy that the second issue from this first press should have been *An Almanack for the Year 1639, by William Peirce, Mariner.* First came the demand for free manhood, suffrage, and the "conscience vote"; then came the diffusion of useful knowledge. Of this item, unfortunately, not a single copy exists. Its chief importance today rests in the fact that it represents the beginning of printed literature in America, being the forerunner of Ben Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

The *Bay Psalm Book* of 1640, the third product of the Daye press, stands, therefore, as the first book published in the American Colonies of which there are copies extant. Ten examples are known to be in existence, but of them only those in the Bodleian, the John Carter Brown, the New York Public, and the Cornelius Vanderbilt libraries, are complete. The first edition printed by Stephen Daye consisted of a hundred and forty-eight small quarto leaves, including a twelve-page preface, the "Psalmes in Metre," "An Admonition to the Reader," and an extensive list of *errata* headed "Faults escaped in printing." If this list had contained all the typographical errors the length of the volume would have been considerably increased!

I like to study this volume as a precious milestone in the history of American printing, yet I must admit that I always leave it with my mind centered upon early Colonial history rather than upon typography. How was it possible for such a volume, first in its original form and later in its revision, to be accepted as the standard psalm book of its generation? Richard Mather had been a student at Oxford and John Eliot was a graduate of Cambridge, England. A part of their university education must have been a training at Latin verse-making, yet no translation from Hebrew, or any other language, of such beautiful text as the Psalms provides, has ever been rendered with such crudeness of style, meter, or rhythm. "If the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect," the translators explain in their preface, "let them consider that Gods Altar needs not pollishings: we have respected rather a plaine translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetnes of any paraphrase, and soe have attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather than poetry, in translating the hebrew words into english language, and Davids poetry into english meetre, that soe wee may sing in Sion the Lords songs of praise according to his own will, untill he take us from hence, and wipe away all our teares, & bid us enter into our masters joye to sing eternall Hallalujahs."

8 I as a ſtranger am become
unto my bretherren;
and am an aliant unto
my mothers childerren.
9 For of thy houſe the zeale me hath
up eaten: every one
who thee reproach, their reproaches
are fallen mee upon
10 In faſts, I wept & ſpent my ſoule,
this was reproach to mee.
11 And I my garment ſackcloth made:
yet muſt their proverb bee.
12 They that do ſit within the gate,
againſt mee ſpeak they do;
unto the drinkers of ſtrong drink,
I was a ſong alſo.
13 But I in an acceptèd time
to thee Lord, make my prayr:
mee Lord, in thy ſalvations truth,
in thy great mercy heare.

(3)

14 Deliver me out of the mire,
and mee from ſinking keep:
let mee be freed mine hiters from,
and out of waters deep.
15 O'reflow mee let not water floods,
nor mee let ſwallow up
the deep, alſo let not the pitt
her mouth upon mee ſhut.
16 Iehovah heare thou mee, for good
is thy benignity:

turne

turne unto mee according to
greatnes of thy mercy.
17 And hide not thou thy countenance
from thy ſervant away;
becauſe that I in trouble am;
heare me without delay.
18 O draw thou nigh unto my ſoule,
doe thou it vindicate;
give mee deliverance, becauſe
of them that doe mee hate.
19 Thou haſt knowne my reproach, alſo
my ſhame, & my diſgrace:
mine adverſaryes every one
they are before thy face.

(4)

20 Reproach mine heart brake, I was griev'd:
for ſome me to bemone
I fought, but none there was; & for
comforters, but found none.
21 Moreover in ſtead of my meate
unto mee gall they gave;
and in me thirſt they vineger
for drink made me to have.
22 Their table ſet before their face,
to them become a ſnare:
and *that let be* a trap, *which ſhould*
have been for *their* welfare.
23 And let their eyes be darkened,
that they may never ſee:
their loynes alſo with trembling
to ſhake continuallee.

THE *BAY PSALM BOOK*—the most valuable book ever printed on paper

Is not the fact that they found "conscience" and "elegance," "fidelity" and "poetry" contradictory expressions characteristic evidence of the fatal weakness in the Puritan creed? Can we not see our grave, solemn-faced ancestors standing in their pews on Sunday mornings, making these ten forbidding tunes of the *Bay Psalm Book*, of which only five were familiarly known, the vehicle of their Sabbath praise to the Almighty?

From a collector's standpoint, this volume stands as the most valuable book printed on paper in the world—worth even more than the famous *Gutenberg Bible*. The Vanderbilt copy is the only one left in private hands, and would easily bring $250,000.

Stephen Daye's life as the earliest printer had not been without its tribulations. Printing in the Colonies was a vital function in American history, but it was not lucrative to those engaged in it. Poor Stephen was in financial difficulties from the start, and at one time was even arrested for debt. The climax of his troubles came with the marriage of Mrs. Glover to President Dunster in 1641. I have always wondered whether it was the widow herself or the printing establishment which actually won the affections of the cold-blooded, business-minded President! At all events, Stephen Daye's troubles increased with the appearance of a new master.

Naturally enough, he may have hoped eventually to become the proprietor himself; but the new turn of affairs left him permanently installed as an employee at small pay, working under a new and more exacting mentor. Apparently President Dunster took particular delight in humiliating the erstwhile head of the establishment, and if Stephen possessed the slightest jot of human vindictiveness he must have experienced a certain amount of satisfaction when Dunster was deposed as President of Harvard College in 1658, giving way to Charles Chauncy, because of his opposition to the theory of infant baptism. Today, opposition to intercollegiate athletics would bring about the same result!

During the Dunster *régime*, and while Stephen Daye still remained in charge, the most important issue was probably the so-called *Narrowganset Book* of 1645, as it stands as the earliest American publication which possesses historical interest. Of this, the only copies known to exist are in the Massachusetts Historical Society, the New York Public, the John Carter Brown, and the Henry E. Huntington libraries. Of the *Danforth Almanack of 1646*, the last publication which passed through the hands of Stephen Daye, but a single copy remains, formerly owned by the late Mr. E. Dwight Church, but now in the Huntington Library.

Finally exhausted by his controversies with President Dunster, Stephen Daye abandoned the making of books in 1647 and returned to his original occupation of locksmith, leaving the Press in charge of his son, Matthew, who by this time had dropped the final "e" from his name. Dunster was more generous with the younger Day, and provided him with a new dress of type, in which *Danforth's Almanack for 1647* appeared—the first publication of the new master printer, and particularly important as it gives the place of printing, the printer's name, and also that of Hezekiah Usher of Boston, the earliest bookseller in British North America.

The youthful Matthew, only twenty-six years of age at this time, had obviously learned much during his service with his father, for the second edition of the *Bay Psalm Book*, a reprint which appeared in 1647, is typographically a great improvement upon the original edition. It is set in smaller type and published in smaller *format*, with no actual additions but with a few changes in spelling and punctuation. Some bibliographers have believed that this volume was printed in England, but the present consensus of opinion is that it is definitely an example of Matthew Day's work. The John Carter Brown Library and the British Museum own the only known copies of this book.

The third Cambridge printer, Samuel Green (no relation of my friend and mentor), assumed the management of the Press in May, 1649, soon after Matthew Day's death, and President Dunster passes out of the picture as a printer. Samuel Green is really the big figure in the history of the Press during the first hundred and sixty years of its existence. Although possessing no actual experience as a printer, he was better educated than his predecessors, and demonstrated a keener understanding of the principles of consistent bookmaking. Stephen Daye has sometimes been honored with the title of "Our Caxton," but it seems to me that this compliment clearly belongs to Samuel Green. He worked by himself from 1649 until 1660, and during this period produced such important works as *A Platform of Church Discipline*, 1649, the revised *Bay Psalm Book* of 1651, and countless lesser publications, all preparing him for his great work in connection with the Rev. John Eliot and the volumes in the Indian language. The revised *Bay Psalm Book* was a small octavo volume of three hundred and eighty-one pages, the revision having been carried through under the supervision of President Dunster and Richard Lyon. Of the first edition of two thousand copies the New York Public Library owns the only example that remains.

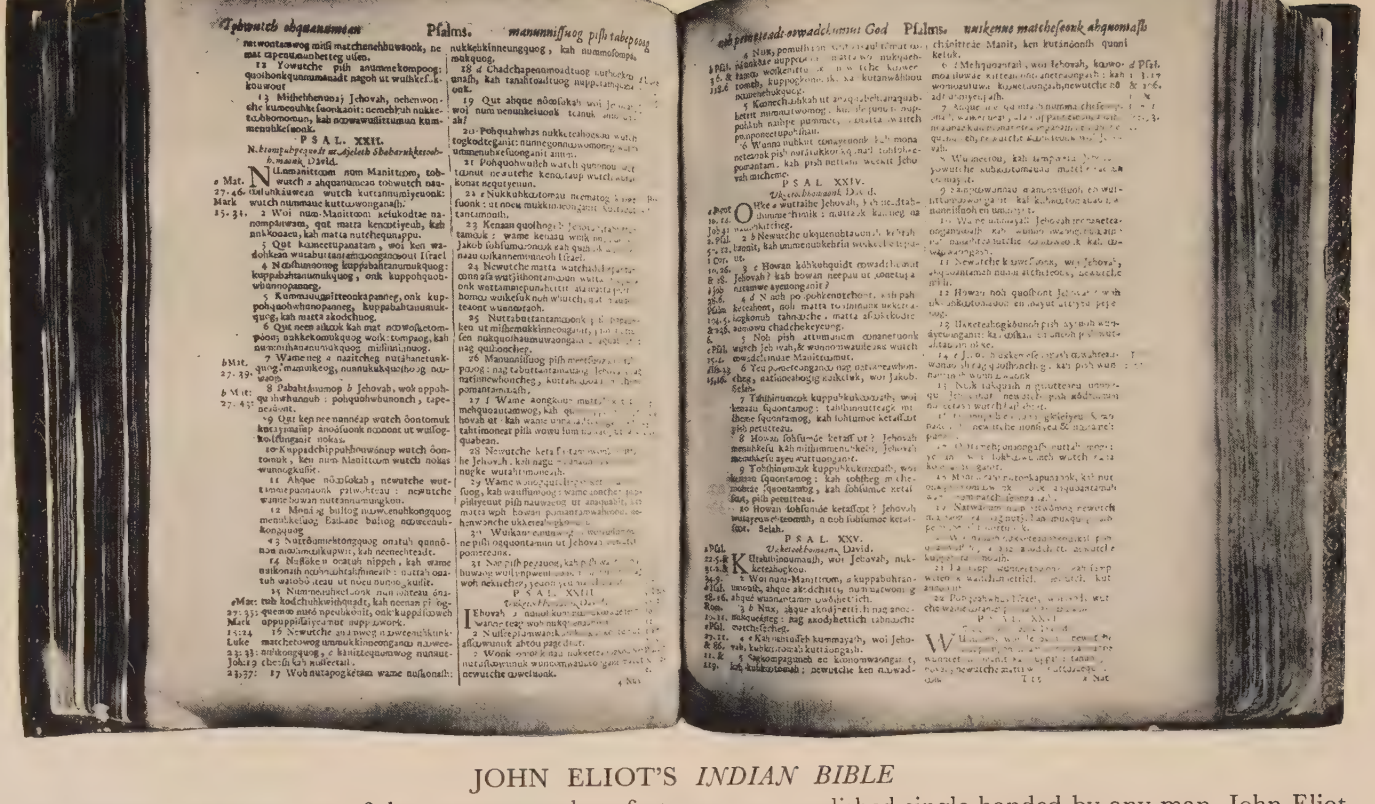
JOHN ELIOT, *The Apostle of the Indians*
who, single-handed, reduced the Indian language to writing, translated the Bible into an unknown tongue, raised the funds for printing, and supervised the printing
[*From an old woodcut*]

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so few people realize what a stupendous undertaking the Rev. John Eliot not only assumed but successfully carried through. It required seventy-two rabbis, we are told, selected from the twelve tribes of Israel, to prepare the first Greek translation of the Old Testament; the number of Christians engaged in Rome and in Africa upon the Latin version before Jerome established the Vulgate text, is problematical, but it could hardly have been less; the King James version required the combined efforts of not less than fifty profound scholars. The Rev. John Eliot undertook single-handed to translate the entire Old and New Testaments into the Indian language, which at that time was unwritten and unknown.

This meant that Eliot first had to learn the Indian tongue himself, and then reduce it to writing. Beyond this, he had to teach the Indians themselves how to read the writing of their own language. After the tremendous task of translating the entire Old and New Testaments was completed, Eliot was still obliged to secure funds to pay for the printing in a country which at that time possessed a single printing press. Even the most callous must grant that this was some task for a man to undertake at the age of forty! Yet, starting his study in 1643, Eliot

was able within two years to preach a sermon in the Indian language at the camp of Chief Waban, located at Nonantum, a part of the present Newton, Massachusetts. Much to his delight he found not only that the Indians understood him, but that they were intensely interested in what he said. A record has been kept of some of the questions which were put to him after the sermon: "Why does God make good men sick?" "How is the spirit of God in us, and where is it?" The fact that he satisfied his questioners is evidence that he was a diplomat as well as a theologian.

Eliot was deliberate in approaching his great work. From time to time, during the next ten years, small primers or catechisms in the Indian language, prepared by Eliot and printed by Samuel Green, appeared from the Press. "I have had a great longing desire," Eliot wrote in a letter in 1653, "that our Indian Language might be sanctified by the Translation of the holy Scriptures into it." Samuel Green was not only a friend of Eliot's but was deeply interested in assisting him to accomplish his ambition. In August, 1655, the translation of Genesis was printed, and Matthew was in process. By 1658, however, it became obvious that the Press must be refurnished as to its equipment, for the types, from constant use, were worn down nearly to the bone.

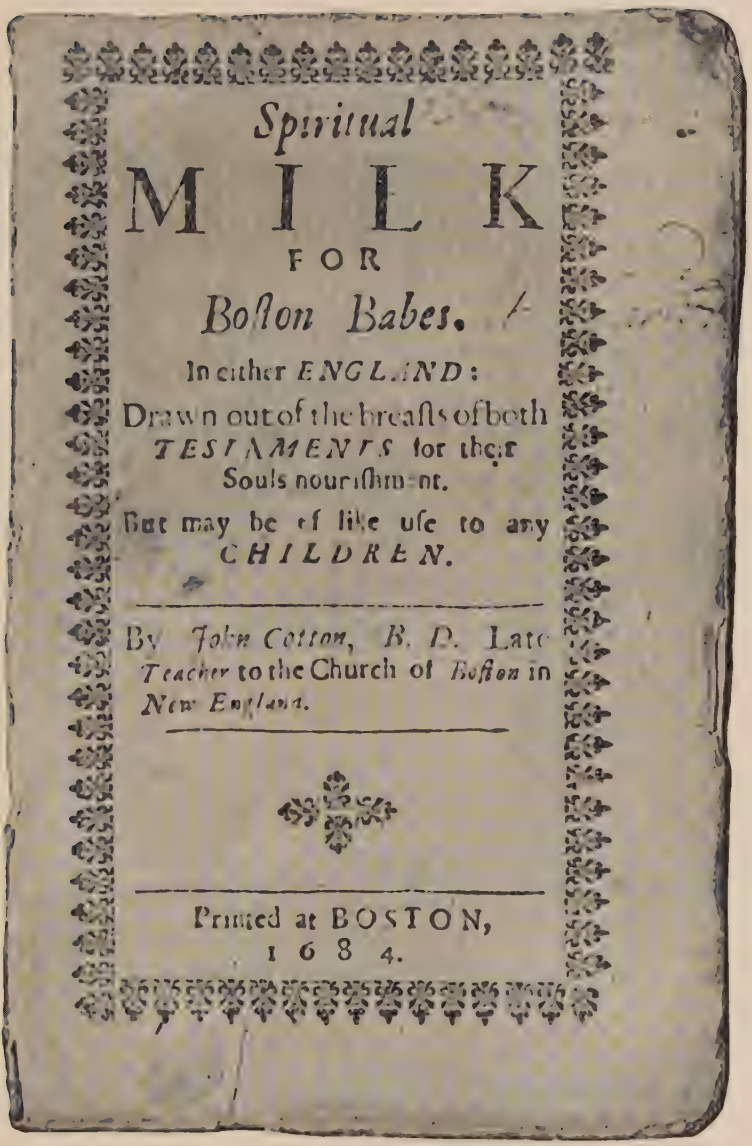


JOHN ELIOT'S *INDIAN BIBLE*

This volume represents one of the most stupendous feats ever accomplished single-handed by any man. John Eliot had to learn the Indian tongue, reduce the language to writing, translate the whole of the Scriptures into an unknown language, raise funds for the cost of printing, and finally supervise the printing at a time when there was but a single hand press in British North America

recommended the English Corporation to send to America, for the specific purpose of completing the work upon the Eliot *Bible*, not only paper and type and a new press, but a competent assistant. It so happened that the Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians of New England, located in London, was particularly interested in Eliot's undertaking, and responded fully to the appeal from the General Court. In the summer of 1660, Marmaduke Johnson, an experienced printer, arrived in New England, bringing with him new type, a new press, and a new enthusiasm. Green had already printed from Matthew to John, and with the new type and the reinforcement succeeded in producing the complete volume in December, 1663. One volume, bound in dark blue morocco, was presented to King Charles II. There are thirty-nine copies of Eliot's *Indian Bible* officially listed, including seven varieties. Four of these are very defective, four contain only the Old Testament and the Metrical Psalms.

While Samuel Green is the early "predecessor" whom I admire the most, I must confess to an overpowering sympathy for Marmaduke Johnson. In spite of his definite knowledge of printing and his real helpfulness in producing the *Indian Bible* and other books in conjunction with Samuel Green, he


Spiritual
MILK
FOR
Boston Babes.
In either ENGLAND:
Drawn out of the breasts of both
TESTAMENTS for their
Souls nourishment.
But may be of like use to any
CHILDREN.
By John Cotton, B. D. Late
Teacher to the Church of Boston in
New England.
Printed at BOSTON,
1684.

A COLONIAL "THRILLER" OF THE XVIITH CENTURY

was a stormy petrel in the annals of the Colony. It is undoubtedly true that he ran into debt, but the Colonial records would seem to show that in this achievement he was by no means unique; I have no reason to doubt that the accusations made by his Puritan neighbors that he was fond of liquor was based on fact, yet I question whether he held any monopoly on this accomplishment within the Colony limits. It may even be that he made love to Samuel Green's daughter, as was alleged. The sum total of the accusations made against him seems to be that he sought pleasure, and I wonder how many of us who had spent our days in setting type on such volumes as *The Day of Doom, The Righteous Man's Evidence for Heaven,* or *Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes, Drawn out of the Breasts of Both Testaments for their Souls' Nourishment* would not have felt inclined to use our leisure hours in such a way as to secure relaxation. The fact that the Rev. John Eliot preserved a strong friendship for the erring Johnson, and stood by him through all his tribulations, rather strengthens me in my confidence; for the worthy Eliot, by contact with the aboriginal Indians, may have learned something of humanity and compassion beyond what was ordinarily found in the hearts of his Puritan associates.

The records seem conclusively to show that when Marmaduke Johnson rejoined Samuel Green, after a return to England in 1665, he brought back with him a new press in addition to new fonts of type and that this material was used by Green and later by Johnson until the latter's death in 1674.

The original press, shipped from England by the Reverend Mr. Glover and used by Stephen and Matthew Daye, came into Samuel Green's possession in 1649, and it was still his property when he died in 1702. Timothy Green, a descendant of Samuel, had in some way secured possession of it, for he took the press with him when he left Boston in 1714 to establish a printing office in New London, Connecticut. In 1770, Judah Paddock Spooner and Alden Spooner were apprentices in this New London establishment, and three years later they were taken into partnership with a second or third Timothy Green, and joined him in removing their printing office, including the famous press, to Norwich, Connecticut. After remaining here for five years the Spooners moved to Hanover, New Hampshire, and again the press found a new resting spot. In 1783 Alden Spooner moved to Windsor, Vermont, where he remained in business until 1814, at which time the press was purchased from Spooner by Isaac Eddy, of Weathersfield, Vermont, who repaired it and again set it to work.

STEPHEN DAYE'S PRESS

The first in British North America—now in the possession of the Vermont Historical Society, through whose courtesy it is reproduced

From Eddy the press passed into the possession of one David Watson; from Watson it went to Abel D. Allen, who owned it in 1826, and then it was bought by a man named Cotton, in Woodstock, Vermont. In 1832, Colonel Thomas Russell, of Woodstock, Vermont, owned the press, and he sold it to Preston Merrifield, of Windsor, Vermont. Merrifield was a son-in-law of Alden Spooner. By this time the press had undoubtedly passed its usefulness, for Merrifield stored it in his barn, where it remained until the newspapermen of Vermont, realizing what a priceless relic the old press was, raised a fund and purchased it from Merrifield, and presented it to the Vermont Historical Society. Here it now remains, undoubtedly in its final resting place, in the State House at Montpelier, Vermont. What a story the old press could tell!

In view of his persecution, it is not strange, perhaps, that Marmaduke Johnson should wish to set himself up on his own account, and he evidently concluded that he would prefer to install his Lares and Penates in Boston. This attempt on his part brought about the first restriction of the liberty of the press in America. In October, 1662, the General Court appointed the Rev. Jonathan Mitchel and Capt. Daniel Gookin as licensers of the press, with-

out whose "allowance" nothing could be printed. By this time censorship in Europe, which had so hampered the work of Robert Étienne and other printers in France, and of Christophe Plantin in Antwerp in the sixteenth century, had passed out of practice; it remained for the Puritan Fathers to revive this relic of the Inquisition. Perhaps those responsible for the present literary and dramatic restrictions which have made Boston a laughing-stock, can trace their ancestry back to Captain Gookin and the Reverend Mr. Mitchel! When, however, the censors added to their paternal supervision of the subject matter a special clause prohibiting the practice of printing anywhere except in Cambridge, the personal attack on Johnson became only too apparent.

"Yo^{r} petitioner," Johnson protests in a petition to the General Court, "by the good hand & providence of God returning from England in the year 1665 with his printing press, & letters, and finding no law of the Country, nor order of any Court to prohibit ye Exercise of his calling in any town, or place convenient within this Jurisdiction, did apply himself (according to the Custome of strangers) to the Selectmen of the Town of Boston, for their admittance of him into that town to inhabit: In which juncture of time, yo^{r} petit^{or}ioner was informed that

an order had passed this Hon^{r}ed Court, prohibiting the Exercise of printing in any town within this Jurisdiction, save only at Cambridge. Whereupon yo^{r} petitioner did yield ready obedience thereunto, and tooke Cambridge for his place of abode."

So, from 1665 to 1674, Johnson was forced to continue his work in Cambridge, sometimes in conjunction with Green, but mainly on his own account. John Eliot's continued friendship is evidenced by the fact that he turned over to him for printing no less than five of his later publications. Among other issues from Johnson's press may be mentioned the *Daily Meditations. By Philip Pain, who lately suffering shipwrack was drowned.* This is the book of which Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach gives an amusing account of discovering accidentally at the sale of the Britwell Court Library in London, in 1923. It was catalogued as having been printed in Cambridge, England, and as such was of little value. Doctor Rosenbach recognized the book as a unique copy of the first volume of verse printed in British North America, and quietly bid the item in for fifty pounds. "After the sale," Doctor Rosenbach records, "several people, including a great Americana expert and the auctioneer, met me and rather twitted me for paying $250 for a stupid old religious tract worth but a few shillings. They were amazed

that I had shown such a lapse of judgment. When I informed them what the book really was, the auctioneer asked sadly, 'Doctor, what would you really have given for it?' When I said £8000 or £9000 he was not any too happy."

Among Marmaduke Johnson's later publications was a pamphlet entitled *Isle of Pines.* In issuing this, Johnson again provoked the antagonism of the authorities by failing to secure the necessary approval from the censors. For this rash act he was fined, whereupon he appealed to the Governor and the Council to remit the amount, as follows:

"The humble petition of Marmaduke Johnson of Cambridge, Printer:

"That yo^{r} Petition^{r} doth with all humility acknowledge his rashness & inadvertency in printing a late pamphlet (called, The Isle of Pines) without due Order & license first had & obtain'd; for which being sum̃oned before their honorable Councill upon his Confession & conviction, was find in the sum of five pounds to the Com̃onwealth. Now may it please this honoured Councill, yo^{r} Petition^{r} having in that act no intent or design to contemn Authority, or to vend or publish anything that might be displeasing thereto (as may appear by his affixing his Name to the said Pamphlett) but only in the hope of procuring something to himself thereby for

his necessary subsistence; his calling in this Country being very chargeable, his living thereon difficult, the gain thereby uncertain, & his losse by printing frequent: He therefore humbly prayes this honoured Councill, (if it may seem good to yo^{r} wisdomes) that the said fine may be remitted unto him, & be discharged him from the payment thereof."

Perhaps the hearts of some members of the Council had been softened or at least their digestions improved by reading some such treatise as *Milk for Boston Babes*. At all events, Johnson's appeal was rewarded by a remission of the fine, but the entire edition of the offending pamphlet was ruthlessly destroyed.

Johnson's success in his petition encouraged him to appeal again, in May, 1674, to the General Court to be allowed to establish his press in Boston.

"The humble Petition of Marmaduke Johnson of Cambridge, Printer:

"*Sheweth*,

That yo^{r} pet^{r} being in London brought up in the Art of Printing, & in no other Calling or Occupation; & being by the Providence of God brought into this Country with his Press & Letters in the year 1665. It pleased this hon^{d}. Court (after his arrivall) to pass an Order bearing date the 3^{d} of May in the year aforesaid, thereby prohibiting the

exercise of Printing in any Town within this Jurisdiction, save only at Cambridge: In obedience wherevnto yo^r pet^r hath ever since made that his place of residence.

"But finding by long & sad Experience the great discomodity & detriment by such Confinement of his Calling, & an absolute impossibility of providing comfortably for himself & family by the Incomes thereof, though managed with greatest Care, & followed with all possible diligence, not having imployment therein for one third part of his time, Conflicting with difficulties too great & many to be here recited: And also being sensible of the loss & disadvantage accreiving hereby to the Coñonwealth, who by his Art & Endeavo^rs might have many usefull & profitable Tracts printed and published here, were he allowed the liberty of his Calling in a convenient place of Trade: And humbly conceiving, no more security to the State, in preventing the printing things irregular, or abusive therevnto, by such Confinement, then if it were exercised in the most popul(ous) Town within this jurisdiction; all of which yo^r pet^r is ready to demonstrate, if called therevnto:

"Doth therefore in all humility pray this hon Court, that you would be pleased to take the premises into yo^r grave & serious Condiderations, &

grant him such liberty & relief therein as in yo^{r} wisdomes shall seem meet; that so the Art of Printing may by this hond: Court be duely incouraged, & the practition^{rs} thereof have lawfull liberty of exercising the same in sych place within this Jurisdiction, as they shall finde most coñodius for them, & most to the advantage of the Coñonwealth; submitting at all times to such Laws & Orders as are or shall be made concerning the premises, by the Authority of this Coñonwealth."

Again was the petitioner successful, so possibly my favorite "predecessor" was growing in grace. Johnson moved to Boston in August, 1674, but almost immediately fell ill and died on Christmas Day of the same year. Death prevented him from having the distinction of being the first printer in Boston, that honor falling upon John Foster, who purchased Johnson's press and typographical equipment, and began his printing early in 1675.

After holding a monopoly in the making of books during the first thirty-seven years of its history in America, all printing ceased in Cambridge with the death of Samuel Green in 1702. During the entire eighteenth century, except for eleven months just preceding the American Revolution, there was not a single printing press within the limits of the town. William Hilliard reëstablished the press in Cam-

bridge in 1800, and from this time on the volumes which appeared with the Cambridge imprint were famous for their scholarship, as shown in the accuracy of their text, and for the high mechanical excellence of their manufacture. Hilliard's successors were enumerated by Doctor Green in his eventful conversation with me on that day over thirty-five years ago.

During these years I have frequently thought of the injunction the genial Doctor laid upon me. He was right in terming it the seats of the mighty into which I was so summarily catapulted with too little experience with life and, until he cited the facts, too little appreciation of the opportunity. Printing today is fully recognized as a fine art. Those who are competent to exercise it as such have an ample audience awaiting them. The numbers of students in the history and precedent of the art have multiplied over and over again. This intelligent army of real booklovers gives unlimited glory to those German, Italian, and French pioneers who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries fought for artistic achievement and for the freedom of the press, without including in their admiration those heroes of the seventeenth century who, in this country, in the face of even greater obstacles,

laboriously struggled in their successful effort to lay the foundation on which American supremacy in the art of printing firmly rests today. For the Colonial printer to have made his books beautiful would have offended Puritan esthetics. In every age the printer has produced volumes which are mirrors of the period in which he worked. The Dayes, Green, and Johnson served their epochs well, and deserve the credit not only of having sat in the seats of the mighty, but of having filled them worthily.

CHAPTER II

The Resurrection of the Vatican Library

II

THE RESURRECTION OF THE VATICAN LIBRARY

THE extraordinary accessibility of our American libraries, private as well as public, is in distinct contrast to the red tape which an American visitor encounters when undertaking to study in European depositories of books. Frequently he can come in no closer touch with a desired volume than to gaze at it through the glass top of a locked case. Even at the British Museum, where visitors and students are made freely welcome, references are required, and in the libraries on the Continent a foreigner is expected to present credentials from his Embassy. In at least one famous institution not even this introduction relieves the American visitor from constant surveillance.

Only a few years ago, when I supposed I really knew the ropes, I found myself in a situation which would have been amusing had it not proved so embarrassing. On several occasions, during different visits to Paris, I had spent hours at a time studying the treasures at the Bibliotheque Nation-

ale, receiving from the heads of the departments unfailing and unstinted courtesies in connection with my work. One day I called at the Library for the specific purpose of examining again that magnificent example of the French school of illumination, *The Antiquities of the Jews*, executed by Jean Foucquet in the fifteenth century. Knowing exactly what I wanted, I went directly to Monsieur Henri Omont, the distinguished Conservator of Manuscripts, whom I had previously met, and after chatting for a few moments I was invited to go with him directly to the stacks. The volume was placed on a table, and my host graciously urged me to devote as much time as I desired to the examination. Two hours went by, when Monsieur Omont came back with an apology for having to leave the Library before I had completed my examination, but insisting that I remain to continue my study.

Perhaps an hour later I turned the manuscript over to an attendant, and undertook to leave the room. Here was where my troubles began. At the door I was stopped by a custodian, who demanded my card of admission. I explained that I had no such card, having been taken in personally by Monsieur Omont. The guard proved incredulous. When I saw that the situation was really serious, I sent a message to Monsieur Pierre Roland-Marcel, the

Director of the Library. He had gone home. Then I asked to have the card relayed to Monsieur de la Roncière, Keeper of the Printed Books. He was away for the day. I suggested that Monsieur Charles Leroy, Secretary of the Library, would identify me; but unfortunately the Secretary on that particular day was indisposed, and was not in attendance.

Over half an hour had elapsed by this time, and each failure I made seemed to blacken my character that much the more in the eyes of the guardian. He kept repeating with excited gesticulations that the rules required a visitor to have a card of admission, and forbade any one to leave the room without relinquishing that card. He called upon the *bon Dieu* to witness that he did not make the rule. He was very sorry to disarrange monsieur, but a rule was a rule, was it not?

Further argument seemed futile, so I seated myself to think out some new expedient. The guard calmed down but gave no evidence of yielding. Then, at last, I saw a familiar face and I jumped to my feet—it was no less a personage than the official photographer, who, in other years, had made many reproductions for me. I breathed a prayer that he might be blessed with a retentive memory, and boldly referred the doubting custodian to my last

hope. Fortune was with me at last. The photographer greeted me almost with affection, and the overzealous guard begrudgingly permitted me to make my escape through the gate. He had been faithful to his trust, and deserved the *Légion d'Honneur*!

I had always understood that the Vatican Library was the most difficult institution in the world to approach, so before presenting myself for the first visit, nearly thirty years ago, I made a point of securing a letter of introduction from the Hon. George von L. Meyer, at that time our Ambassador to Italy. I doubt if there is any place in Europe which I had so greatly wished to visualize. Whenever the thought of rare or wonderful books came into my mind I had always pictured them as being stored in the Vatican Library—a mystical depository where the Spirit of the Book invited one to enter and the Spirit of the Church questioned whether or not the visitor was worthy of admission. As I passed through the various entrances and exits, carefully scrutinized by the Swiss Guards and surrounded by an atmosphere which confirmed my preconceived idea of mystery, I enjoyed a certain sense of protection from the knowledge of the credentials I bore.

At last I was guided to the room where the purpose of my visit could be explained. I delivered my

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CARDINAL FRANZ EHRLE
when Prefect of the Vatican Library

letter to the attendant, who disappeared, leaving me in high anticipation of being at last face to face with the adventure to which I had so long looked forward. After what seemed an interminable wait, the attendant returned to announce that Father Franz Ehrle, the librarian, was out of town. Disappointed, but not as yet discouraged, I returned the following day and had exactly the same experience.

"When shall I be able to find Father Ehrle?" I inquired of the attendant. He smiled and answered significantly, "Father Ehrle is always out of town when letters are presented from representatives of countries which do not recognize the Vatican."

I assume full responsibility for my ignorance, but in my heart I still feel that there was less excuse for the American Embassy. Spurred on to personal action by the fear that I might lose the gratification of my long anticipated visit, I wrote a little note to Father Ehrle, telling him how much I wished to be admitted, and asked the attendant to present this in place of the Ambassador's letter, which he had given back to me.

In a brief space of time the messenger returned to say that the Prefect would receive me, and I was led through other devious routes to Father Ehrle's sanctum. All preconceived ideas of clerical auster-

ity, aroused by my difficulty in reaching him, faded away the moment I came into the presence of this charming personality. His face was smooth, his hair light, and his whole appearance was the least ecclesiastical of any director of a church library I have ever met. He smiled genially as he rose to greet me, and expressed his regret that there had been any "misunderstanding." We discussed books in general and books and libraries in America in particular. Then, seeing how genuine was my interest, he devoted more time than I felt I should accept in giving me a general outline covering the history of the Library itself.

When we had concluded this first delightful conference, Father Ehrle placed at my disposal a Monsignor Ugolini, who, during the next two days, devoted himself to showing me as many of the treasures as could be seen and studied within that length of time. I have never forgotten those days. Looking backwards, I find that in spite of the unfailing courtesy of my guide, my earliest impressions of the Biblioteca Vaticana were confirmed—that it was a prison house of books rather than a library. Everything was locked up and keys were ever in demand. My companion would open one of the painted, wooden cabinets, revealing a magnificent manuscript which I was permitted to study at my

BELVEDERE COURT
showing new entrance to the Vatican Library

leisure; then the case was closed and securely locked, and we passed on to another. There was no adequate system of cataloguing. No one knew, except in general, what volumes the Library actually possessed, and, from a student's standpoint, the value of the Collection was minimized because of its inaccessibility.

I have emphasized this experience in order to bring out more clearly the extraordinary changes that are already in progress, which, when completed, will make the Vatican Library the best organized and most accessible literary institution in Europe. My latest visit was in 1929—the first I had made since the present Pope, Pius XI, began to place his mark of greatness upon it. This time, instead of following the devious route which made my earlier visits more like pilgrimages, I turned to the right, after entering the Piazza San Pietro, passed between the columns into the via Dei Papa, and thence into the Cortile del Belvedere, a beautiful courtyard, at the extreme right-hand corner of which is the new entrance leading directly to the Library itself. I had heard incredible tales of reorganization, and the particular object of this visit was to see for myself what changes were actually taking place in modernizing this centuries-old library.

My letter of introduction this time was to Mr. Charles Martel, one of the American representatives of the Library of Congress who had been loaned to the Vatican to assist in its reorganization. Almost immediately the attendant returned, accompanied by a tall, scholarly appearing monsignor, with brown beard, clear, penetrating eyes, and high forehead, who approached me to say, with apparently real regret, that Mr. Martel had completed his work, and returned to America. "But," he added, "if you will accept my services they are entirely at your disposal."

Thus it was my great good fortune to meet Monsignor Eugène Tisserant. His official position in the Vatican Library is Curator of Oriental Manuscripts and Vice Prefect, but during the few days I spent with him I found that everything to do with Library matters, from the repairing of books in the *Laboratorio Vaticano* to the installing of the new American equipment, seemed to make a beaten path to his desk. The accomplished Prefect, Monsignor Giovanni Mercati, leaves much of the executive responsibility in the hands of his able assistant.

The mention of the *Laboratorio Vaticano* requires an interruption. Aside from his other important work, Monsignor Tisserant has developed

MONSIGNOR GIOVANNI MERCATI
Prefect of the Vatican Library

this hospital for books into a unique institution. It is unquestionably one of the most interesting exhibits in the Library, yet few visitors ever see it. Here, since 1890, valuable manuscripts and printed volumes, injured by fire or water, or other devastating agents, have been restored to as perfect condition as their state permits. In other libraries, and in certain binderies, repair work of similar nature is carried on to a certain extent, but nowhere else in the world are performed such miracles in bibliographical surgery as here.

Monsignor Tisserant personally accompanied me to the *Laboratorio*, and gave me generously of his time, knowledge, and experience. Later, when he left me there for an hour alone, the six workmen crowded about, having seen my interest, and being eager to know the occasion for my visit. To an Italian workman his labor is the perfunctory performance of a habit or the joyous execution of an art. In the *Laboratorio Vaticano* they are all artists. The wrecked leaves of rare volumes, which are trustfully placed in the workmen's hands, possess a personality they recognize. The study required of the method that will best accomplish the results makes each separate piece of work so individual that the book surgeon may quite properly take pride in his accomplishment.

Did we do work like theirs in America? Were the manuscripts and the printed books in American libraries so damaged as the ones on which they worked? Was the method of repairing the same?—all earnest questions out of a genuine appreciation of what they saw to be a sincere interest in what they themselves were doing. Then each called my attention to some detail in his own work that he thought I might have overlooked, making much more clear to me the various processes already explained in general terms by Monsignor Tisserant.

The work on the parchment volumes calls for fewer gestures than is required in repairing those written or printed upon handmade paper. It comes down to a matter of patching, inlaying, or overlaying. The patch is employed for strengthening breaks in the parchment, the overlay where the addition can be made without covering letters of the text; the inlay when the handlettering comes up against the hole, or break.

In preparing the new material to be added, care is taken to use parchment which matches the page in process as closely as possible in color, thickness, and finish. Laying the original upon a glass plate, beneath which electric lights are burning, the workman skilfully traces the outline of the damaged portion which he is to treat. With a razor-like blade he

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MONSIGNOR EUGÉNE TISSERANT
Curator of Oriental Manuscripts and
Vice Prefect of the Vatican Library

cuts out the patch from the parchment selected, and then skives off the edges. On these is rubbed a thin solution of gelatine and the pure acid of vinegar, which forms the strongest adhesive in the world. When once the patch has been put in its proper position, and the adhesive becomes dry, no part of the page is more permanent. In making the inlay, a thicker solution of the gelatine is deftly placed on both sides of the edges to be joined together, and this is so strong that the adhesion becomes complete.

With the handmade-paper volumes the process is more involved. The damaged page is completely covered on each side by pieces of invisible gossamer silk, of which it is made a permanent part by a thinner solution of the adhesive gelatine. If the manuscript is a fragment, as many of these pages are, the silk is cut to the full size of the page. The next step is to cover the silk and the fragment with thin Japanese mulberry paper, again put on with the same thin solution of gelatine. So enduring is the ink in these old manuscripts that it remains unaffected by the moisture. While the paper is still wet, the workman cleverly scrapes it off from the fragment, leaving the manuscript entirely free from any covering save the silk; whereas the silk itself, on the blank portion of the leaf, is now covered with paper,

and, when the reverse side is similarly treated, is completely concealed between two sheets of paper. The leaf, now the exact size of the volume from which it was taken, is hung up to dry. When absolutely free from moisture, the wrinkled page, buckled from its treatment, is run between rollers, and the operation is completed.

I have seen skilful overlaying and inlaying done by American experts, but never any examples which required such delicacy of touch or such dexterity in execution. There is no demand in America to develop proficiency in this art to so high a point. The effect of seeing a wrecked leaf extended and repaired in such a way that the presence of the silk or the edges of the additions are practically undiscoverable, is almost uncanny.

This department at the Vatican was started under a Frenchman, Monsieur Marré, in 1890. He was in charge of it until, after the disastrous fire in the Turin Library, in 1904, there was imperative need of a similar "laboratory" there, and Monsieur Marré was detailed to establish it. Since his time, great improvements in technique and method have naturally been introduced, until today the "repair shop for books at the Vatican" is famous the world over. Occasionally a damaged volume from outside is accepted as a patient—"whenever such a

manuscript is of sufficient worth as to make its preservation imperative," Monsignor Tisserant explained to me. An interesting case in point is the unbelievable success the Laboratory achieved in repairing the fifty Coptic manuscripts which are now in the Morgan Library in New York.

While I was in the Laboratory, several leaves of a damaged Byzantine manuscript were brought in for treatment. The parchment was stained purple, as were so many of those of the sixth to the tenth century, and the scribe had used silver ink, which, in the course of ages, had corroded and tarnished, and so eaten through the heavy parchment that the page was simply honeycombed with holes where the letters had originally been. Monsignor Tisserant had tried the experiment of filling these in with the heavy gelatine, but the effect of the combination of the metal ink and the adhesive was to make the holes grow larger. After several false starts, the preservation of what is left of the manuscript was accomplished by inlaying tiny pieces of animal gut —a delicate and laborious operation.

In order to understand how tremendous the changes in the Library are, it is necessary to recall the various steps through the different centuries which have resulted in making the Vatican the most

extraordinary depository of books in all the world. As yet no one can speak authoritatively of how extraordinary it is, particularly as regards the printed volumes, but at the rate the new work of stacking, indexing, and classifying is being carried on, it will not be a great while before the facts are known. At that time scholars will be astounded by the sum total of hitherto uncatalogued bibliographical treasures which are bound to come to light.

After Monsignor Tisserant had shown me what had been accomplished in eighteen months in installing the modern equipment, I remarked to him jokingly, "Never again shall I permit any one to say that Italians in Italy are slow in accomplishment."

He answered me quite gravely, but with a characteristic twinkle in his eye, "You may continue to say that if you like, as it is undoubtedly true; but it cannot be said of Italians in Vatican City."

In summarizing the progressive movements out of which the Vatican Library has evolved, I remember well the comments which Father Ehrle made during that early conference in explaining the difficulties the early Popes experienced, because of frequent wars and the political unrest of the Middle Ages, in their efforts to preserve the valuable manuscripts which made up the comparatively

small collection gathered together by the end of the thirteenth century. "After that," Father Ehrle said, "the growth of the Library was inevitable. Royal collections are usually divided among later generations and many of the volumes are actually dispersed. The present richness of the Vatican Collection is due to the fact that each Pope left the Library to his successor in its entirety, so that each new Pope built upon all that had gone before."

The real start, curiously enough, may be said to have been at Avignon, where the Popes of the fourteenth century temporarily made their headquarters, rather than in Rome. Pope John XXII (1316–1334) added a few manuscripts by purchase and others by employing scribes to make copies. Pope Clement VI (1342–1353) brought the Library to a point of real distinction, placing its administration in the hands of the Sacristan of the Apostolic Palaces, and housing the books in the "Tower of the Angels," which Benedict XII (1334–1342) had erected. Then, for the only time in its history, the Collection went backwards instead of forwards. Books existed, but no proper provision had been made to house or to protect them. What more natural than that when the Popes returned to Rome in 1418, after the Council of Constance, the number of volumes to be transferred should be

found to be sadly reduced? If the truth be told, a considerable number of the missing manuscripts came back to the Vatican Library later as a part of the Borghese Collection, when purchased by Pope Leo XIII!

From what Father Ehrle told me I am not sure that general literature suffered a serious loss with the dispersing of many of those early Avignon manuscripts. The Popes of the fourteenth century were particularly concerned with the Holy Land, and the volumes they collected naturally emphasized in subject the depredations made by infidels in holy places. As a matter of fact, these manuscripts were largely written with the deliberate intention of inflaming their readers to a high pitch of religious enthusiasm. Urban V (1362–1370) was the first Pope to throw the Avignon library open to students other than the high clergy. Petrarch made use of it, and tells something of his personal difficulties in trying to dig out a copy of Pliny or a manuscript volume of Cicero buried in the mass of heavy legal and ecclesiastical treatises. "It takes the taste out of my other reading for the day," he sadly exclaimed. Today he would find his problem simplified! In this library there were absolutely no volumes in the Italian language, and it was not until many years later that Petrarch's Latin volumes

POPE NICHOLAS V
who created the Vatican Library

were admitted, as they were considered just on the border line of pagan literature.

To those volumes which were transferred from Avignon to Rome, later Popes, such as Martin V (1417–1431) and Eugene IV (1431–1447), made substantial additions; but the new manuscripts were exclusively for their own private use. It was Nicholas V (1447–1455) who first conceived the plan of throwing the Papal library open to the public. Nicholas contributed a large collection of manuscripts which his predecessor, Pope Eugene, had presented to him personally; he added a staff of copyists to reproduce important manuscripts belonging to other libraries; he sent scholars to England, to Greece, and to Germany to purchase additional literary treasures. The fall of Constantinople was an important event in the evolution. The agents of Pope Nicholas secured many of the rare books which had previously rested in the Imperial Library at Constantinople, and the Biblioteca Vaticana received with open arms the Byzantine scholars who had been exiled, entrusting them with the important responsibility of translating the Greek classics into Latin. So interested did Nicholas become in this work that when the plague in Rome obliged him to go to Fabriano, in 1450, he took several of these translators and copyists with him. He offered

a large reward for the discovery of the Gospel of Saint Matthew in the original; he arranged to have the whole of the Bible translated from Greek and Hebrew into Latin—a tremendous undertaking which he never fully completed.

Vespasiano da Bisticci, the last of the medieval scribes and the earliest of booksellers, who acted as agent not only for Nicholas V but also for Cosimo de' Medici and for Frederick, Duke of Urbino, once said, "Had Nicholas V been able to carry out his intentions, the Library founded by him at Saint Peter's for the whole Court would have been really a marvelous creation." Pope Nicholas was an expert calligraphist, which enabled him personally to criticize the work which his copyists executed for him, and his personal supervision and criticism extended even to the bindings. The writing was done on the finest parchment obtainable, and most of the manuscripts were bound in crimson, finished off with silver clasps. Nothing gave him such pleasure as his library, and he spent hours arranging and rearranging the volumes, taking great satisfaction in the belief that posterity would owe to him its deepest debt of gratitude. Pope Pius XI has now wrested this honor from him. When Nicholas V died, the Vatican Library was really in existence, and contained about twelve hundred rare

POPE SIXTUS IV
who established the Vatican Library
[*From a portrait by Melozzo da Forli in the Vatican Gallery*]

manuscripts; yet even at this time no special plans had been made for housing them.

For twenty years the library of Pope Nicholas was absolutely neglected, but when Sixtus IV became Pope, in 1471, he recognized, as one of his earliest responsibilities, the necessity of preserving the Library, and of adding to its contents. He appointed Giandrea Bussi, Bishop of Aleria, Librarian, a man well qualified for the position, being a classical expert and a great enthusiast over the new art of printing. In fact, it was this same Bussi who, in 1472, presented to Pope Sixtus the famous petition of Sweynheym and Pannartz,[1] and the fact that he found the Pope more interested in manuscripts than in printed volumes served as an incentive to him to add, at his own expense, some of those splendid examples of the earliest printing which still remain the admiration and envy of other collectors. At Bussi's death, the Vatican Library contained a sufficient number of printed volumes to require a separate inventory, and the number of manuscripts had increased to more than thirty-five hundred. Pope Sixtus provided a definite income for the Library in his annual budget; a bookbinder was installed, who received a salary of twelve ducats a year; and Platina, Bussi's successor as Librarian,

[1] See page 218

was paid an annual *honorarium* of a hundred and twenty ducats.

The books were installed in the Vatican Palace, and Pope Sixtus gave to it the name of the Palatine Library, which was later changed to the one it now bears. Albertini has preserved a graphic description: "That glorious Library," he wrote in 1505, "built by Sixtus IV, with his portrait exquisitely painted and the epigram beneath. . . . Besides this library, is another, called the Greek one, also built by Sixtus, together with the Chamber of the Custodians. There is, moreover, a third very beautiful library, also erected by Sixtus IV, in which are the codices adorned with gold, silver, and silk bindings. I saw Virgil's works in the Hall, written in capital letters, besides geometrical, astronomical, and other instruments connected with the liberal arts, which are also decorated with gold, silver, and paintings."

There used to be a large glass window in the main hall of the Library reproducing the arms of the Rovere family. The manuscripts themselves were chained to the tables, after the same manner as employed later at the Laurenziana in Florence. For a time, important personages were permitted to borrow volumes for personal use, but the loss resulting from this practice became so serious that

later borrowers were obliged to leave a substantial cash deposit as a guarantee that the volumes would be returned.

At first the books were stacked on the ground floor of the Palatine Palace, a location badly selected on account of the dampness and the absence of light. The two large rooms were decorated by the Ghirlandaio, and on the walls of the two other rooms were frescoes made by Melozzo da Forli and Antoniazzo. Father Ehrle arranged for me to see some of the early reading tables to which the manuscripts were chained, still kept as relics, and Monsignor Ugolini pointed out to me slight traces of the early frescoes, which could still be distinguished.

Julius II (1503–1515) enlarged the library of Pope Sixtus, but it was Leo X, the Medici Pope (1513–1521), who made Rome absolutely the center of letters. Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, as he was before he became Leo X, inherited his love and appreciation of books from his Florentine ancestors. "From our earliest youth," he wrote while Pope, "I have been thoroughly convinced that next to the knowledge and true worship of the Creator, nothing is better or more useful for mankind than such studies which are not only an adornment and a standard of human life, but are also of service in

every circumstance. In misfortune they console us, in prosperity they confer joy and honor, and without them a man would be robbed of all social class and culture. The security and existence of these studies seem to demand two conditions: on the one hand they require a sufficient number of learned and scholarly men, and on the other an unlimited supply of first rate books . . . as regards the acquisition of books, we give God thanks that in the present instance we have a further opportunity of rendering useful service to our fellow men."

Giovanni's great-grandfather, Cosimo *il Vecchio*, established what became the basis of the present Laurentian Library in Florence. Even though this princely generosity came as an effort on the part of old Cosimo to secure absolution for his sins by making partial restitution of his ill-gotten wealth, the result was exceedingly far-reaching and beneficial to the world at large. Piero, old Cosimo's son, added to the Medici Collection, but it was Piero's son, Lorenzo the Magnificent, who really brought it to its high position. During the troublous period when Charles VIII of France made himself so uncomfortably felt in Florence, this Collection had been confiscated by the Republic and sold to the monks of San Marco. When Cardinal Giovanni, Lorenzo's son, became Pope, he regained possession

POPE LEO X [*son of Lorenzo the Magnificent*]
who developed the Vatican Library
[*From a portrait by Raphael in the Uffizi Gallery*]

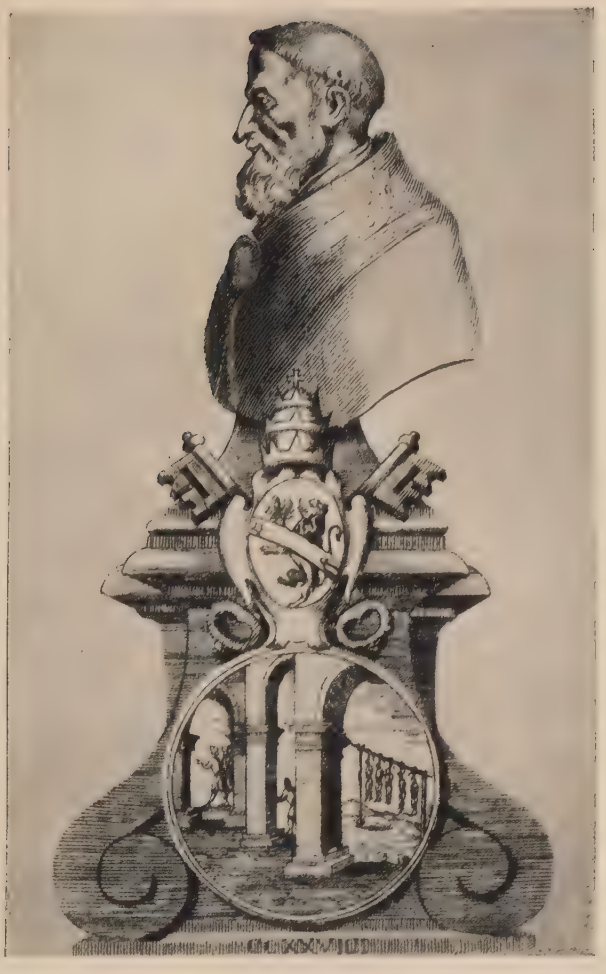
of the Library, and for his personal pleasure established it in the Villa Medici in Rome. Leo X might well have added this Collection bodily to the Vatican Library, but through family pride kept it entirely separate, and, during the fourteen years it remained in Rome, he contributed more frequently to this Medicean library than to the Papal. When he died, in 1521, his executor and cousin, Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Pope Clement VII, recognizing the claim Florence had to the Collection, commissioned Michelangelo to design a structure worthy of housing it. In 1522 the volumes were returned to Florence, and installed in what is now the famous Laurentian Library.

By this narrow chance the books now in the Laurenziana escaped being included in the Vatican Collection, but it cannot be said that Pope Leo was wholly unmindful of his obligations to the library which he had inherited from his Papal predecessor. He sent agents all over the world with commissions to secure additional manuscripts by outright purchase or by making copies. The methods by which some of these were secured might perhaps be open to criticism today, for the Pope did not hesitate to take possession of any manuscript which might come within his reach. The first six books of the *Annals* of Tacitus, for instance,

were stolen from the Monastery of Corvey, and, after various adventures, fell into the possession of Pope Leo with full knowledge of the circumstances. Using the manuscript for copy, these *Annals* were printed in 1515, and the Pope graciously sent a set of the printed books, specially bound, to the Abbot of Corvey as a substitute for the original! "In order that you may understand that the purloining has done far more good than harm," Pope Leo wrote, "we have granted you for your church a plenary indulgence."

The agents of Pope Leo X were not as successful as had been those of Pope Nicholas in securing additions. As a matter of fact, new manuscripts were becoming more and more difficult to discover, and beyond all this came the competition of the printed book. Pope Leo, upon his elevation, found a Library containing more than thirty-five hundred manuscripts; when he died the total number, even including the contribution of his own Greek codices, amounted to but slightly over four thousand titles —yet the Library was rated as the rarest manuscript collection in the world.

By the time of Sixtus V (1585–1590) the accessions had been so great that the three rooms assigned to the Library by Sixtus IV a century earlier were hopelessly inadequate. The new Pope took drastic



POPE SIXTUS V
who extended the Vatican Library

measures. He ordered his architect, Domenico Fontana, to sacrifice the superb perspective of Bramante's tripartite courtyard by erecting a new building a hundred feet high. The entire upper floor was given over to the so-called Sixtine Library, making a magnificent room 184 feet long and 57 feet wide, the walls of which were elaborately decorated with frescoes. The furniture was transferred from the old library, and such volumes as were not chained to the desks were placed horizontally upon shelves.

Pope Paul V (1605–1621) was the first to do away with the chained books, replacing the desks with plain walnut presses, on which was carved his coat-of-arms. He added two rooms to provide for valuable manuscripts which were added during this period. These, with others which had accumulated, were filed vertically upon shelves, there to remain undisturbed for three centuries.

All the successive Popes did what they could to enlarge the housing facilities for the constant accessions: in 1624 Urban VIII gave up a part of the southern gallery for the Palatine Collection; Alexander VII relinquished another section of the same gallery for the Urbino volumes; in 1690 Alexander VIII extended the northern gallery to house the volumes bought from Queen Christina of Swe-

den; Clement XII made further extensions in 1732 on the western side of the *Cortile della Pigna*. Then enlargement had to be made on the south, where a special room was given to the papyri in 1774 and another to the engravings in 1817. Five new rooms were added in 1818, and in 1855 the Borgia Apartments were given over to the Mai Collection.

Until the time of Leo XIII (1878–1903) readers and students came rarely to the Library. They had no access even to the imperfect indexes which existed, and the reading room was in the lobby of the Sixtine Library, where the only light came through a solitary window cut as an aperture in a seven-foot wall. Pope Leo realized the incongruity of amassing these historical and literary treasures unless they could be placed at the disposal of the scholars of the world. He enlarged the lobby of the Sixtine Library and added four windows. He transformed the room under the Sixtine Hall, where the pontifical soldiers stored their muskets, into a reference room to which the name of Biblioteca Leonina was given; but the actual gain in space was nullified by the restoration of the Borgia Apartments, which made it necessary to find another resting place for the Mai volumes.

It was the momentum of Pope Leo's work that made succeeding changes possible. Leo's successor,

POPE LEO XIII
who began the resurrection of the Vatican Library
[*From a portrait by Lenbach*]

Pius X (1903–1914) provided a slight relief in the congestion by transferring to the Library the space formerly occupied by the Vatican Press; but his most important act, as affecting the Vatican Library, was his approval of and sympathy with the splendid work Father Ehrle had been accomplishing since he became Librarian in 1895.

In round figures, the Vatican Collection consists of 60,000 manuscripts and 500,000 printed books, of which perhaps 7000 are incunabula. Leo XIII authorized the cataloguing of the manuscripts, and this alone now fills a hundred and seventy volumes. The manuscripts which were formerly kept in the painted, wooden cabinets along the walls of the Library, to which Monsignor Ugolini introduced me during my first visit, have now been transferred into fireproof magazines; a new reading room, too small but light and convenient, now replaces the cramped, dingy room in the lobby of the Sixtine Library. When I was last there, studying the relics so carefully preserved of the Vatican *Virgil*, I found myself crowded between an Indian yogi and a Benedictine priest. Every seat at every table was occupied, and I was deeply impressed by the obvious demand on the part of students from all over the world to draw knowledge from the great treasure house just so fast as the opportunity can be offered.

Father Ehrle's successor as Librarian was Monsignor Achille Ratti, destined to become Cardinal and eventually Pope Pius XI. Fortunate it was for the Library that the new Prefect should have been so ardent a student and so progressive an executive. I have already recorded in another volume [1] my personal impressions of Pope Pius XI, and my experiences working with him in the Ambrosian Library at Milan while he was still assistant to the venerable Monsignor Ceriani. At that time I was making the preliminary drawings for my Humanistic type, while he was engaged in supervising the facsimile reproduction of the Ambrosiana *Homer*. As we discussed each other's problems we found much in common. His knowledge of books was consummate, and his love for them unaffected. Later he succeeded Ceriani as Prefect of the Ambrosian Library, and still later became Vice Prefect of the Vatican Library with the right of succession.

Thus, when Father Ehrle was made Cardinal, in 1914, the new Librarian came fully trained to his task. During his incumbency the reorganization effected under Father Ehrle's administration was continued and broadened; yet the very success of Monsignor Ratti's work added to his complications. Books kept coming in. They came singly, in small

[1] *In Quest of the Perfect Book*. Little, Brown & Co., 1927

Milano 6 maggio 1908.

Ill. Signor Professore,

Ieri, per il tramite della Biblioteca Nazionale (Braidense) di Milano, ho ricevuto lo splendido volume „A Vedic concordance etc. by Maurice Bloomfield Harvard Oriental Series ... by Charles Rockwell Lanman Vol. Ten. Cambridge Mass. 1906" con magnifica cortesia da Lei spedito a questa Biblioteca Ambrosiana, e mi affretto a presentarne i più sentiti ringraziamenti. Mi permetta, Ill. Signore, di aggiungere ai ringraziamenti le mie sincere congratulazioni per la nuova, importante aggiunta alla Harvard Oriental Series che fa tanto e così meritato onore al di Lei nome.

Con tutta la considerazione

A. Ratti
Prefetto della Biblioteca Ambrosiana

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF ACHILLE RATTI
Written while Prefect of the Ambrosian Library

collections, in great collections—important accessions from all over the world; but the housing facilities were already taxed to their uttermost. The new Librarian concentrated his work upon the classification and tabulation of the new items. He completed five volumes of the valuable *Studi e Testi*; he made photographic facsimiles of special Vatican treasures, similar to the Ambrosiana *Homer* upon which I had found him engaged in Milan years before; he brought out three volumes of printed catalogues, and began a card catalogue of the printed books. He studied the situation carefully in order to make practical recommendations to overcome the limitations of space. I wonder if during all this period he could have had any notion that these recommendations would eventually be passed upon by himself!

After Monsignor Achille Ratti retired from the Library to become Cardinal, he still followed its evolution with great interest; and then he became Pope. During the comparatively few years since his elevation more than 80,000 printed books and almost 65,000 manuscripts have been added to make the situation that much more complicated. These include such priceless collections as the Caprotti, the Chigi, and the Ferraioli. No other library in the world has ever received so many accessions of manu-

scripts and books within the same given time. As late as 1928, Prof. J. C. N. Hanson, an official of the Library of Congress in Washington, who worked for three months in the Vatican Library, wrote: "The task of ascertaining whether a given book is in the Library is so difficult that one hesitates to undertake it, and as for learning what the Library has on a particular subject, that is quite impossible due to the absence of subject classifications and catalogues, such as one finds in the modern library."

Pius XI decided to take drastic measures. First he concentrated upon the mosaic factory, estimating that if this were transferred, the space would afford partial relief in extending the Library facilities. Just at that time the Pope decided to use automobile transport for the entire Vatican service, which at once released for Library uses the stables which had originally been designed by Bramante in 1512—not as accommodation for horses, but for the promenades of Julius II. For some years the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace had been interested in the problem of resurrecting the Vatican Library, and Pope Pius now gratefully accepted the financial assistance, and took definite measures for introducing every modern contrivance in the way of equipment which should economize space and make the volumes accessible to students. This

MONSIGNOR ACHILLE RATTI [*Pope Pius XI*]
when Prefect of the Vatican Library

step was revolutionary, an upheaval of precedent which counts much in Rome, and the Pope's action is revealing of his personal characteristics.

In what I have already written of my own early impressions of Pius XI, confirmed by a private audience with him in 1927, after his elevation, I have emphasized the extraordinary human characteristics in which lies his greatness. To this I wish to add the impressions of another American, Mr. Angus MacDonald, President of the firm of Snead and Company, library designers who planned and are installing the American equipment. Mr. MacDonald's business experiences with the Pope fully confirm what I have already recorded:

"The first impression that His Holiness gives," Mr. MacDonald says, "is one of power—power of mind and body. He is a big man, with marvelously penetrating and kindly eyes behind his spectacles. In his presence one feels not so much that here is one of the great elected potentates of the world, but that he is a man who leads by force of his natural qualifications.

"He is a splendid listener and a born executive. At one time, when there was a dispute between the architects and the librarians, I was enabled to watch his method of handling a controversy. He listened carefully while each side presented its arguments,

asked a question or two, then gave his immediate decision. But it was backed by such sound judgment, and lightened by such kindness and humor, that the feelings of both sides were kept uninjured, and each was made to feel that the decision was right and just rather than arbitrary.

"The Pope went intimately into the details of the work," Mr. MacDonald explained. "His main insistence was that atmospheric conditions should be adjusted so that his rare book collection should be preserved. In Italy the climate is often so damp that the books are inclined to mould. On the other hand, the air occasionally becomes so hot and dry that there is danger of warping and disintegration of the bookbindings. To prevent both of these possibilities two new devices were installed which, without human attention, will keep the temperature in the bookstacks adjusted. Should the air become too moist, an electric heater automatically turns itself on to dry out the dangerous moisture. Should the air become too hot and dry, a jet of steam is automatically shot into the air current to provide the needed moisture.

"Another modern device is the time switch. This saves electricity and also relieves the attendant of the necessity for remembering to turn off the light. When the switch is turned on, the light remains

REFERENCE ROOM IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY

lit for exactly seven minutes—ample time for the Librarian to get a required book and retire before the switch automatically turns itself off.

"But perhaps the feature which most interested His Holiness," Mr. MacDonald continued, "is the new method of housing books. Instead of storing them in bookshelves or bookcases, a complete light steel building, resembling the skeleton of an American skyscraper, has been constructed especially to carry the weight of the books. More than seven miles of steel shelving, three stories high, are required to house the Vatican Collection.

"These bookstacks were built into the old gallery designed by Bramante in 1512, which has been used for many years as a passage, and later as a stable. At one end was a flight of 'mule stairs'—gradually sloping steps, up which the Popes used to ride on muleback from the Papal residence through the gallery, and up to the beautiful Belvedere Tower to enjoy the evening air. One side of this gallery is arched; the other side is part of an old fortification wall, eight feet thick, which incidentally has been shaken three inches out of plumb by some earthquake.

"All of the Vatican buildings were designed for permanence, so the old architects avoided using wood on floors or ceilings. The result is a series of

vaulted stone rooms, the ceiling vaults being supported by hand-forged iron tie rods, built into the masonry to prevent the heavy arches from buckling. This type of construction necessitates extremely long and narrow rooms. The measurements of the new library, for example, are 250 feet long by 18 feet wide and about 30 feet high.

"In making my estimates I had disregarded the 'mule stairs,' which took up too much valuable space. So great, however, is the sentiment against tearing down any bit of old building in the Vatican that the Pope was called in to decide the fate of the steps.

"It was a striking scene. The 400-year-old building had been stripped bare of all stable equipment, and the walls had been scraped, leaving only the original stone architecture, which was being replastered and adapted to the most modern of needs. Truly Bramante builded well! The workers had polished every inch of space until it was shining and clean, and the rest of us contributed to the festivities by appearing in evening dress and silk hats at eleven o'clock in the morning. On the stroke of the hour His Holiness drove up in his car. It has no running board, but a step lets down like that of an old-fashioned carriage. Attendants helped him out of the car, and members of the party knelt to

POPE PIUS XI
inspecting the new stacks at the Vatican Library

kiss his ring; but when His Holiness came to me, the only American present, he put out his hand in a hearty, friendly handshake.

"All formalities over, he set about the matter of the stairs. After a close examination, he decided that the steps had no artistic or historic value, and should be ripped out to make room for his priceless book collection.

"'What kind of floors do they use in American libraries?' he asked me.

"'Marble,' I told him.

"'Won't you go up to Carrara and select enough for this Library?' was his next request—simple, direct, immediately choosing the best without question. Thus the same marble, cut from the Tuscany mountains, which was used to build the historic old palaces of Roman emperors, is adding its incomparable richness to the severity of American steel."

After leaving Rome and all thoughts of the Vatican behind me, I went to the Italian Lakes to enjoy a holiday before returning to America, and here, quite unexpectedly, I again found footprints of Achille Ratti. Assuredly, this man has left his mark wherever he has been! This time, it was my good fortune to hear a charming story which gave me an intimate glimpse into the inner shrine. Fidele, my

host at Hotel Bellevue, was the narrator, and in view of the comparatively recent understanding arrived at between the government of Italy and the Vatican, the story has peculiar significance.

For many years, long before he became Cardinal, Achille Ratti used to visit the little town of Griante, just back of Cadenabbia. His mother spent every summer there, and the son, an enthusiastic mountain climber, came to her whenever he could, finding relaxation in pilgrimages to the easily attained heights of San Martino and to the more difficult summit of Monte Crocione.

It so happened that Achille Ratti, then Cardinal, was at Griante when Pope Benedict died, and he went directly from there to Rome for the conclave at which the new Pope was to be elected. As he bade his mother good bye he said to her jocosely, "You know, Mother, I may never come back," referring to the custom of having the Pope, when elected, remain a prisoner in the Vatican. Seeing that his remark was not received by his mother in the spirit he had intended, he hastened to reassure her: "Remember our name, Mother," he said, smiling ("Ratti is the Italian word for *mouses*," my friend Fidele confided); "if I am elected Pope I promise you that I shall find the means to gnaw my way out of the Vatican!"

RESURRECTION OF VATICAN LIBRARY

What could be more natural than that Pius XI —booklover, student, librarian, humanist—should make full use of his present powerful position to transform the Vatican Library from a "prison house of books" into the most accessible as well as the most valuable literary institution in Europe! Realizing that the very popularity of the library was proving an overwhelming liability, the Pope again found the means to "gnaw his way" out of the predicament. Each month finds the facilities improved for students to draw freely upon the inspiration and knowledge supplied by this great library, and later generations will award these constructive labors of Pius XI a high place in estimating the sum total of his achievements.

CHAPTER III

The Language of Type

III

THE LANGUAGE OF TYPE

TYPE design has always fascinated me, being perhaps a natural outcome of my early interest in handwriting. As a boy I spent hours studying volumes on the subject of graphology, applying the knowledge thus gained in an effort to discover the personal characteristics of my friends as revealed in their penmanship. When later I took up the art of printing as a life work, I was immediately struck by the analogy between type faces and handwriting. At first I tried to read the characteristics of the early printers as expressed in their types, but here I soon learned that I was following a false lead. While it was true that the earliest types were copied from the prevailing handwriting of the period, they were, as a matter of fact, based upon the letters of the professional scribes rather than upon the writing hand of the printer or the author. The style adopted by the scribe was in turn established by certain schools of hand lettering, and was thus composite. Such understanding as came from a study of these early types, then, was of a group and not of an

individual; but this only added interest to the quest, for it revealed class and national characteristics far more important than those which might be disclosed by the work of any one person.

Returning to Boston from New York on the Merchants' Limited one afternoon, I was in the buffet smoker, glancing over a magazine. Unexpectedly the man sitting in the adjoining seat engaged me in conversation.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you mind telling me why you are devoting so much attention to those advertising pages?"

Frankly, I was surprised by the interruption, but happily I sensed the reason for it.

"Do you happen to be in the advertising business?" I inquired.

"Yes," he admitted; "and it is my job to discover what sort of display appeals to different people. You are studying those pages, and it would be of value to me to know your reaction."

In my time I have filled out many questionnaires —all the way from explaining my position on prohibition to confiding to an inquisitive committee what experiences (if any) I have had with psychic phenomena; so when I was interrogated on a subject in which I was really interested, I did not find it difficult to respond.

THE old magicians laid great stress on the wonder-working power of certain words. Many old charms and spells consisted entirely of words, spoken correctly under the right conditions, or written on parchment and worn round the neck in little silken bags. Our old acquaintance from the Arabian Nights, *Abracadabra,* was such a word. Spirits rose from the vasty deep, and the bronze doors of buried treasure-chambers sprang open, with dazzling disclosure, at its utterance. This power of words is no mere fable. There are words in common use of a like potency. The power of orators lies in their employment. But here we are concerned only with a word which cannot be overmatched by any in the dictionary for its concentrated power upon the mind, the word—perfume. Its mere mention carries us over the length and breadth of Time. To follow its associations is to survey all human history, and to trace its adventures would be to write the story of civilization. Perhaps there are but two other words, the words—*Love* and

PRINTING AS AN ART APPLIED TO ADVERTISING BROCHURE

The decorations and dainty color effect would seem effeminate in a book, but here they re-create the aroma of the perfume [*From* The Romance of Perfume. *Richard Hudnut,* 1928. *Designed by William E. Rudge*]

of man, I repeat, is the story of perfume, for every step he has taken since chaos to this present hour has been accompanied by sweet odours. In sweet odours his multitudinous memories are wrapped. We have but to breathe them to watch the whole romantic past rebuilding about us in a phantasmagoria of perfume.

"THE soul of a man in love is full of perfumes and sweet odours," says Plutarch, and the mysterious connection between perfume and the soul seems to have been one of the earliest intuitions of man groping dimly after an understanding of that strange side of him which eludes the eye and the ear, and after which the hands reach in vain: that "little soul," that divine "breath," so vague, so tender and caressing, "vagula, blandula," which the Emperor Hadrian expressed, imprisoned like a butterfly, in a tiny cage of fluttering words. As perfume seems to be the soul of the flower, so the spirit in man has seemed in all ages to be the evasive immortal essence of his mortal body. Some philosophers, indeed, have placed the soul in the olfactory nerve, and the sense of smell has always been recognized as the most ethereal of the senses. All that is sacred, pure, and innocent in man, all that suggests his starry origin and destiny, seems in some way to be most poignantly hinted at in perfume. Not merely fancifully and symbolically, but actually. The deeds of a good man are said to "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," and the innocence of children, the pure thoughts of youth, the holiness of saintly men and women, are known to give a sensible fragrance to their very bodies. "The odour of sanctity" is no mere phrase. It has been over and over again attested as a fact. On the other hand, evil is suggested by

PRINTING AS AN ART APPLIED TO ADVERTISING BROCHURE

Here the type arrangement and decoration coördinate perfectly with the written message. [*From* The Romance of Perfume. *Richard Hudnut*, 1928. *Designed by William E. Rudge*]

"Those pages I was just looking at," I explained, "interest me because they form such a splendid exhibit of ignorance of the language of type on the part of the persons who laid out the typographical arrangement."

My interlocutor looked puzzled.

"Do you ever plan out the typography of advertising pages?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I am considered an expert."

"How much do you know about the different faces of type?"

"I know every type that is in common use. I have to know."

That would seem to be decisive, but I was still inquisitive.

"You know them by sight and by name, but how much do you know of their history and significance?" I persisted.

Again he looked puzzled.

"I know which ones I like together, and which ones make the advertisement stand out on the page, if that is what you mean."

"No," I answered frankly; "that is not quite what I mean. It so happens that you have stumbled upon a hobby of mine, and I am just as much interested to get your reaction as you can be to get mine. I am constantly being surprised by discovering

My companion had entered the advertising game by accident rather than by selection. He had served a brief apprenticeship in a printing office to prepare for his life work, and while there had learned, as he announced when we began our conversation, "the name of every type in common use and which ones look well together." Since then he had supplemented his fugitive knowledge of typography by reading books written by advertising authorities, and by studying personal reaction to various combinations of type and copy, arranged by himself or by others. He drew from his brief case proofs of some of his own work, then in process, and I was sincere in my congratulations on the ingenuity they displayed. But he had no notion whatever as to why he had done one thing or had failed to do another.

The basis of any art lies in understanding the reason for every step. To follow mathematical rules is to produce mechanical results, but the artist must make such departure from established precedent as his courage tempts him with a full knowledge that it is a departure. To all who have to do with typography, be it in dealing with advertising pages or in laying out the architectural plan for a book, the various faces of types are tools, and the use of these tools establishes the user as a master craftsman or a duffer. Printing as an art embraces the same

principles in producing the best commercial work as in a book. The same basic rules, the same harmonious style which give a volume that "something" that makes it distinguished, are to be found in the effective catalogue, the successful advertising brochure, the attractive circular. A commercial publication, as a matter of fact, frequently affords the artistic printer a greater opportunity than a trade book to make the type and decoration deliver the message of the printed word in their own language.

This man with whom I was talking had never read Updike's *Printing Types*, which should be the technical manual of every one who approaches typography from any angle; he knew nothing of the history and precedent of the art in which he was engaged. Yet, as we talked, his intelligent interest demonstrated that all he needed to increase his personal asset a hundred fold was to have the way pointed out for definite investigation. What wonder that I was eager to share with him those experiences which, during these thirty-odd years, have induced books and advertising pages in magazines to tell me of their significance and of the personality of their makers!

Leaving him to discover the technical laws which govern the proper use of the various types from recognized authorities so easily available, I devoted

Are we not driven to the conclusion that of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things called Books. — Carlyle

A PIANO, no matter how perfect the workmanship and tone, yields to the performer a quality of music equal only to the composer's genius and the ability of the artist.

*C*LEVER book manufacturers have discovered that this is equally true of the Linotype machine — that mechanically it is capable of producing the best in typography; that artistically it is limited only by the ability of the man who lays out the copy, and by the skill of the operator.

*N*O MORE perfect examples of fine typography can be shown today than those which have been accomplished on the Linotype machine by artist-printers who have learned its possibilities.

MERGENTHALER LINOTYPE COMPANY BROOKLYN, N. Y.

REPRESENTATIVES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES *of the* WORLD

MERGENTHALER LINOTYPE COMPANY BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO
NEW ORLEANS

This advertisement was written and arranged in type by William Dana Orcutt and was set on the Linotype in the Granjon Series by the Plimpton Press at Norwood, Massachusetts

COÖRDINATION BETWEEN TYPOGRAPHY AND WRITTEN MESSAGE

In this example, the author has endeavored to have the type and the type arrangement coördinate with the written word to convey the message to the reader with double force

[*From* The Publishers' Weekly, *New York City*]

the time at our disposal to a consideration of the origins of the more important type letters, with passing comments upon those who designed them, and the circumstances which produced them.

Naturally, we started with the earliest type cut, which was for Gutenberg's printing office in Mayence, first used in the *Letters of Indulgence* of 1454–1455. It was a Gothic face, made to imitate as closely as possible the German hand letters. This style was a national characteristic, and appeared in all the early printed books until those German printers who had emigrated to Italy returned to their own country, bringing with them volumes printed in the Roman characters which quickly superseded the Gothic in that country where the new invention of printing, adopted from Germany, was so much more effectively put into operation.

The fact that Sweynheym and Pannartz, the earliest printers in Italy, should have cut their first font in Roman characters rather than in Gothic gave me a splendid opportunity to emphasize the first example of recognizing the language of type. Conrad Sweynheym was a neighbor of Gutenberg's in Mayence, and Arnold Pannartz, although of Prague, lived in Mayence, and may have been one of Gutenberg's apprentices, when Juan Turrecremata, Abbot of the Monastery of Santa Scolastica,

in Subiaco, invited them to establish that earliest printing office in Italy within the monastery walls. All their experience with the new art had been with Gothic type, and they had been subject wholly to German tradition. Yet when they became established in their new environment they designed and cut the earliest known face of Roman letters, and used it in the volumes they printed there.

This is direct evidence that at this period there was another influence at work which called the attention of these early printers to the fact that the Gothic design was not appropriate for every subject. To make this point clearer, I explained how, between the lines of the *Lactantius* and the *De Oratore*, which I suspect few of us would care to read today, I had found the fascinating story of Alcuin of York and his famous Carolingian School, established at Tours by Charlemagne in the eighth century.

It might seem a far cry to find an echo of an eighth-century school of handwriting in a fifteenth-century printed volume, but except for this early Carolingian School the history of typography would have been a far different story. The first books in western handlettering were written wholly in capitals, such as we find in inscriptions cut on ancient monuments. Later, in the seventh and eighth cen-

gradari ascẽdere uocẽ utile et suaue ẽ: nã a ꝓncipio clamare agẽte quiddã ẽ: et idẽ illud affirmãdũ ẽ uoce salutari deinde ẽ quiddã cõtentiõis extremũ quod tamẽ iterius ẽ q̃ acutissimus clamor: quo te fistula ꝓgredi nõ sinet: et tamẽ ab ipa cõtentiõe reuocabit. Est itẽ cõtra quiddã i remissiõe grauissimũ quoq; tanq̃ sonor gradibus descendit. Hec uarietas et hic p oẽs sonos uocis cursus et se mouebit et oronẽ defert suauitatẽ: sed fistulatorẽ domi relinquetis sensus illius cõsuetudinis uobiscũ ad forũ deferetis. Edidi quę potui nõ ut uolui sed ut me temporis angustie coegerũt scitũ ẽ enĩ causam conferre i tempus cũ afferre plura si cupias nõ queas. Tu uero inquit catulus collegisti oia quãtũ ego possum iudicare ita diuinus ut nõ a gẽtis didicisse: sed eos ipos hęc docere posse uideare. Me ądẽ istius sermois ꝓcipẽ factũ esse gaudeo ac uellẽ ut meus gener sodalis tuus hortensius affuisset: quę quidẽ ego confido oibus istis laudibus q̃s tu oratione cõplexus es excellentẽ fore. Et crassus fore dicis inquit: ego uero esse tã iudico & tũ iudicaui cũ me consule in senatu causã defendit africe: nupq; etiã magis cũ ꝓ birbinię rege dixit. Quãobrẽ recte uides catule: nihil enĩ isti adolescẽti neq; a natura neq; a doctrina deesse sentio. eoq; magis ẽ tibi cotta et tibi sulpici uigilandũ ac laborandũ. non enĩ ille mediocris orator uestre q̃si succrescat etati: sed et ingenio peracri et studio flagranti et doctrina eximia et memoria singulari. Cui q̃q̃ faueo tamen illũ etati suę prestare cupio uobis uero illũ tanto minorẽ ꝓcurrere nix honestũ est. Sed iam surgamus inquit: nosq; curemus elati et aliquãdo ab hac contẽtione disputationis animos nostros curãq; laxemus. ET SIC FINIS

SWEYNHEYM AND PANNARTZ' SUBIACAN TYPE

This was semi-Roman rather than purely Roman. To trace the progression, compare this design with Sweynheym and Pannartz' Roman, at page 122; with Da Spira's revision, at page 124; and with Jenson's perfected design, at page 128

[*From* Ciceronis De Oratore. *Subiaco*, 1465. *Exact size*]

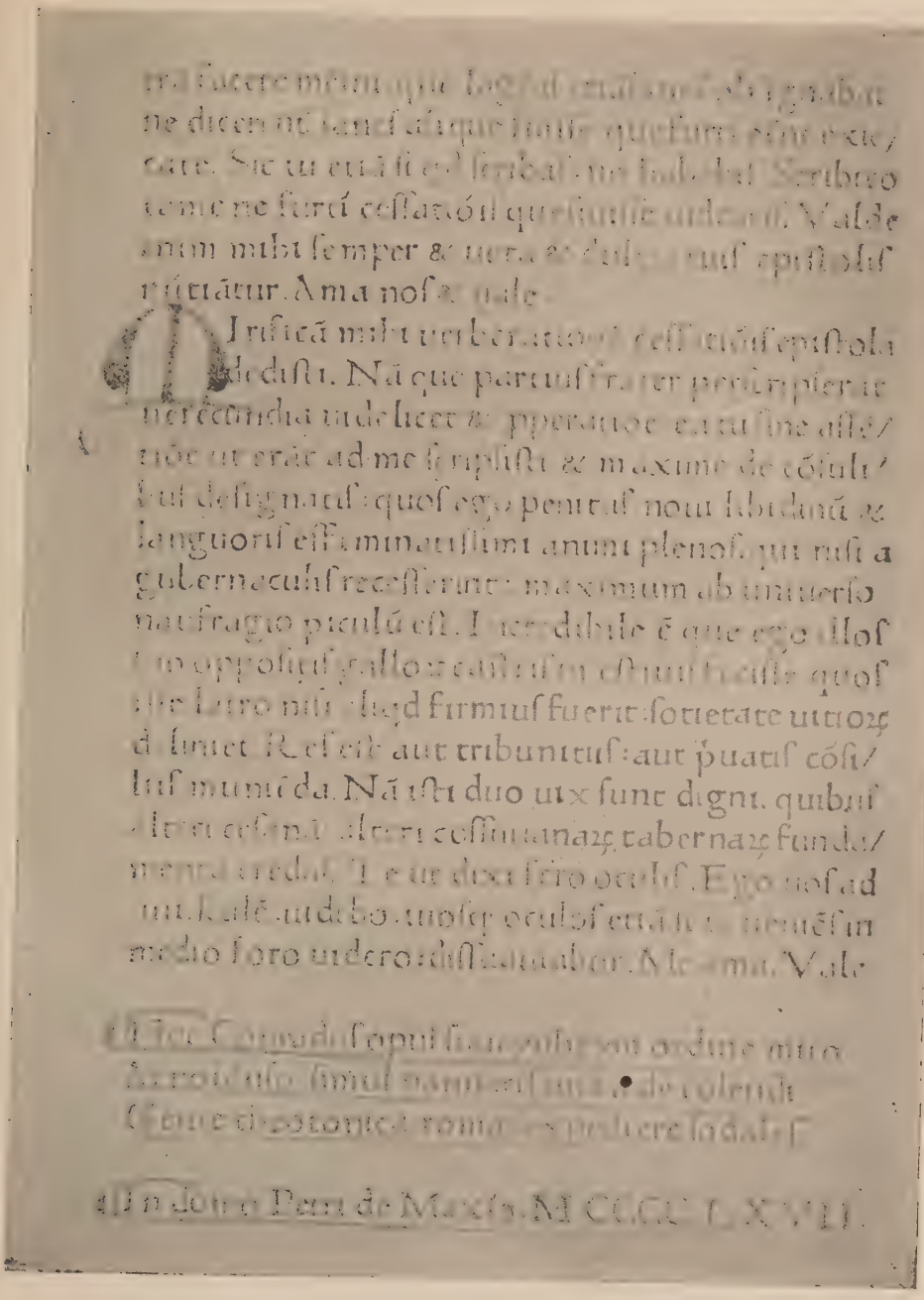
turies, handlettering in itself began to assume national characteristics. There was the Merovingian style in France, the Lombardic in Italy, and the Visigothic in Spain. Not one of these was really practical, because the styles were all so involved and complicated. Realizing this, the Emperor Charlemagne, with praiseworthy foresight, undertook to correct the situation. To that end he called to Tours from England an internationally famous poet and writer named Alcuin, and entrusted to him the task of establishing a school of eclectic handwriting, beautiful yet simple in its basic lines, which should supersede all other styles. From this came the alphabet as we know it today, made up of capitals and small letters. The innovation proved immensely popular. The new style spread over the world like wildfire, finding different expression in different countries.

So Sweynheym and Pannartz, German though they were, felt the need of a lighter, more readable, and less ponderous letter when they began their work in the little monastery printing office at Subiaco, and took the first step toward the emancipation of type design from the super-ecclesiastical style of the country which gave them birth. Today an unthinking printer, stocked with one particular type, as the early German printers were with Gothic,

would use it as the obvious line of least resistance; but these fifteenth-century typographers somehow felt that the Gothic face did not coördinate with the subject matter of Lactantius, Cicero, and Saint Augustine, so they went to the infinite trouble and expense of designing an entirely new kind of type which should be appropriate.

This first departure from typographic precedent produced a semi-Roman rather than a pure Roman font. The Subiaco face, while not a copy, is a perfect expression in metal of the Carolingian style of handwriting just referred to, and is particularly interesting because in its line it motivated for the magnificent Humanistic characters which the Italian scribes developed at the end of the fifteenth century. Undoubtedly the printers felt that this new design would make their volumes resemble the manuscript models even more closely than the Gothic.

The closer the resemblance of those earliest printed volumes to written manuscripts, the more successful they were considered! Just as the scribe saved space and effort by employing well recognized abbreviations and contractions, so did those first type cutters produce complicated characters when it would have been far more simple to have spelled the words out in full. Labor was cheap in those days,



SWEYNHEYM AND PANNARTZ' ROMAN TYPE

which gave the name of 'Roman" (as opposed to "Italic") to the whole classification of type faces. Compare with plates at pages 120, 124, and 128

[*From* Ciceronis Epistolae. *Rome*, 1467. *Exact size*]

and the extra time required by the compositors to fit these complicated logotypes into the lines was, in the minds of the early bookmakers, more than offset by the fact that in copying the letters and the contracted words so exactly, even to reproducing imperfections, purchasers were better pleased because the printed volumes differed less from their handwritten models. Sometimes a new type was cut especially for a new volume in order to match exactly the handlettering of the copy. How fortunate for the modern printer and publisher that this custom early passed out of vogue!

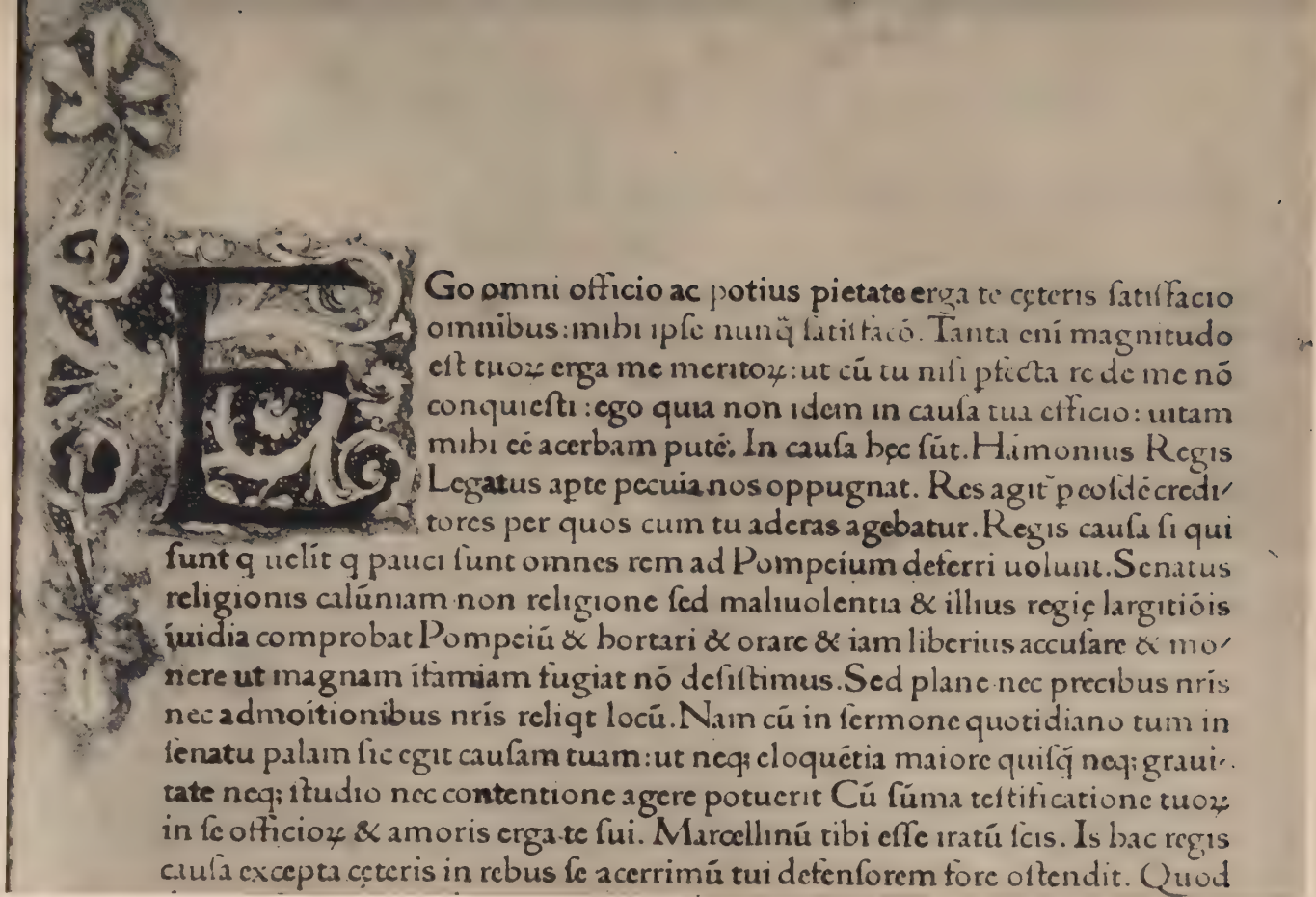
My friend and I followed old Sweynheym and Pannartz through their trials and tribulations at Subiaco to their more comfortable quarters in the Palazzo Massimo in Rome, whither they were called by the brothers Pietro and Francesco Massimo in 1467.[1] Here they cut another face of Roman letters, not nearly so well executed as that they left behind at Subiaco, but eminently more practical. This second font very much simplified the problem of the compositor. That it has been considered more important is shown by the fact that this cutting, rather than the earlier, gave to the design the basic name of "Roman," by which it is known today. That the Roman Empire and Italy should have been recog-

[1] See Chapter V

nized as so irrevocably associated with typography as to supply the basic names *Roman* and *Italic* emphasizes the promptness with which the honors which came from Gutenberg's discovery were filched from Germany by its rival.

Sweynheym had been a wood engraver before he became a printer, and it was he who cut the Subiaco characters. The mechanical imperfections which appear in the font made in Rome suggest the possibility that Sweynheym entrusted the actual cutting to his workmen while he himself was engaged in other details of bookmaking where his experience was essential. A critical examination of these characters led me at first to think that the undotted *i* was an accident, but since then I have found many manuscripts in which the scribes fail to include the dot as a part of the design. Personally I do not like the use of the long *s* as a final letter in both the Subiaco and the Roman volumes, but it serves as an excellent illustration of the slavish copying of the manuscript letters in cutting the early types.

I pointed out to my patient companion that the most important feature of this later type of Sweynheym and Pannartz is that it was used as a model by subsequent designers. There was John of Spires, the first printer in Venice, who not only copied this



EGo omni officio ac potius pietate erga te ceteris satisfacio omnibus: mihi ipse nunq̃ satisfacio. Tanta enim magnitudo est tuor erga me meritor: ut cũ tu nisi plecta re de me nõ conquiesti: ego qua non idem in causa tua efficio: uitam mihi ce acerbam putẽ. In causa hec sũt. Hamonius Regis Legatus apte pecuia nos oppugnat. Res agit̃ p eos dẽ credi/tores per quos cum tu aderas agebatur. Regis causa si qui sunt q uelit q pauci sunt omnes rem ad Pompeium deferri uolunt. Senatus religionis calũniam non religione sed maliuolentia & illius regię largitiõis ĩuidia comprobat Pompeiũ & hortari & orare & iam liberius accusare & mo/nere ut magnam ĩfamiam fugiat nõ desistimus. Sed plane nec precibus nris nec admoitionibus nris reliqt locũ. Nam cũ in sermone quotidiano tum in senatu palam sic egit causam tuam: ut neq; eloquẽtia maiore quisq̃ neq; grauitate neq; studio nec contentione agere potuerit Cũ sũma testificatione tuor in se officior & amoris erga te sui. Marcellinũ tibi esse iratũ scis. Is hac regis causa excepta ceteris in rebus se acerrimũ tui defensorem fore ostendit. Quod

JOHN OF SPIRES' TYPE

based on that of Sweynheym and Pannartz, but improved. Compare with plates at pages 120, 122, and 128

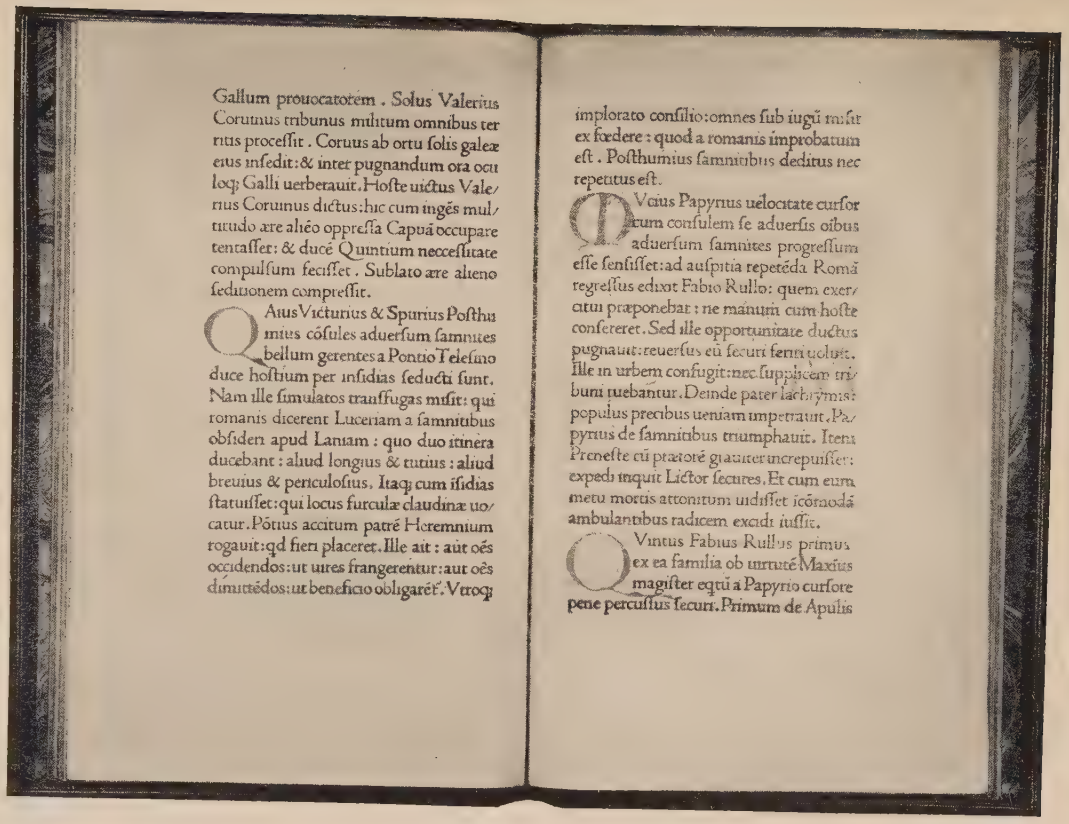
[*From* Epistolae Ciceronis. *Venice*, 1469. *Exact size*]

face from the earliest volume printed in Rome, but reprinted the text in his *Epistolae Ciceronis* of 1469, which inaugurated the glory of the Venetian press. His type is better cut and shows a refinement secured through the hand of a more skilful workman, but there is no attempt whatever at original interpretation. Then Nicolas Jenson, with this revised type as model, perfected the design and produced the ideal Roman character.

The Venetian *Epistolae* has always interested me considerably beyond its type. For years bibliographers waged a bitter warfare trying to establish Nicolas Jenson as the earliest printer in Venice. Jenson, who is supposed to be of later date than John of Spires, printed a little volume called *Decor Puellarum*, in which the date appears as 1461. If this date were correct, then this book would take precedence over the *Epistolae* by eight years, but in all probability Old Father Jenson was human enough to make a typographical error. With the dates printed in Roman numerals, the omission or addition of an X makes quite a difference! As a matter of fact, Jenson's dates on other publications are not wholly reliable. One book he printed as of the year 1400 should be 1480; and another as of 1580 instead of 1480. But the conclusive argument, giving John of Spires and his *Cicero* the honor,

would seem to be the fact that the author of the *Decor*, a Carthusian monk named Giovanni Corner, recommends to the young girls he addresses a study of certain volumes which were not printed until 1471. Jenson never made any claim for this distinction, nor did any contemporary ever dispute the flat statement made by John of Spires in the colophon of his *Epistolae* that this was the first book printed in Venice.

There were two of the Da Spira brothers, of whom practically nothing is known until they appear in Venetian typographical annals. John was the stronger character, Vindelin coming into notice only when he continued the printing office which his brother had established, and completed the *De Civitate Dei* left unfinished at John's death. I wonder how the history of the Book would have been changed had John of Spires lived out his allotted span! Beyond his skill as a typographer he must have been an astute politician, for he succeeded in persuading the Senate of Venice, on September 18, 1469, to grant him the extraordinary privilege of being the only printer to exercise his art within the jurisdiction of that city for a period of five years. Think what this would have meant had the monopoly extended for its full period instead of being terminated by John's death only a few months



Gallum prouocatorem . Solus Valerius Coruinus tribunus militum omnibus ter ritis processit . Coruus ab ortu solis galeæ eius insedit: & inter pugnandum ora ocu loq; Galli uerberauit. Hoste uictus Vale rius Coruinus dictus: hic cum ingẽs mul titudo ære alieno oppressa Capuã occupare tentasset: & ducé Quintium necessitate compulsum fecisset . Sublato ære alieno seditionem compressit.

QAtus Victurius & Spurius Posthu mius cõsules aduersum samnites bellum gerentes a Pontio Telesino duce hostium per insidias seducti sunt. Nam ille simulatos transfugas misit: qui romanis dicerent Luceriam a samnitibus obsideri apud Laniam : quo duo itinera ducebant : aliud longius & tutius : aliud breuius & periculosius. Itaq; cum insidias statuisset: qui locus furculæ claudinæ uo catur. Põtius accitum patré Heremnium rogauit: qd fieri placeret. Ille ait : aut oẽs occidendos: ut ures frangerentur: aut oẽs dimittẽdos: ut beneficio obligarẽt. Vtroq; implorato consilio: omnes sub iugũ misit ex fœdere : quod a romanis improbatum est . Posthumius samnitibus deditus nec repetitus est.

QVcius Papyrius uelocitate cursor cum consulem se aduersis oibus aduersum samnites progressum esse sensisset: ad auspitia repetẽda Romã regressus edixit Fabio Rullo: quem exer citui præponebat : ne manum cum hoste consereret. Sed ille opportunitate ductus pugnauit: reuersus cũ securi ferri uoluit. Ille in urbem confugit: nec supplicem tri buni tuebantur. Deinde pater lachrymis: populus precibus ueniam impetrauit. Pa pyrius de samnitibus triumphauit. Item Preneste cũ prætoré grauiter increpuisset: expedi inquit Lictor secures. Et cum eum metu mortis attonitum uidisset cõmodã ambulantibus radicem excidi iussit.

QVintus Fabius Rullus primus ex ea familia ob uirtutẽ Maxius magister equũ a Papyrio cursore pene percussus securi. Primum de Apulis

JENSON'S PLINY OF 1476

This is a reproduction of the volume which has the unique distinction of having served as the model for two famous private designs—William Morris' Golden Type and Emery Walker's Doves Type

later! Had he lived, the terms of his monopoly would have excluded from Venice such printers as Nicolas Jenson, John of Cologne, Christopher Valdarfer, and Franz Renner. These great artist bookmakers would undoubtedly have established their printing offices in other cities, which would have seriously weakened the position the Venetian Republic holds in typographical history.

Nicolas Jenson may well yield to Da Spira the priority of date, for the great glory is his of having perfected the letters first used by Sweynheym and Pannartz, and of cutting a type which has served as the basis for the standard Roman letter of all the ages, besides acting as an incentive to at least three famous modern designers of private faces—William Morris, Emery Walker, and Bruce Rogers. There is one of the Jenson volumes which has the unique distinction of having been taken as the model by two of them. When William Morris determined to become a printer, he undertook to create an original face of type based upon what he considered the best that had gone before, yet keeping it in touch with modern conditions. With this in mind he began to add to his library of medieval books, which up to this time he had collected mainly because of his interest in their woodcuts, examples of the best work of the early artist printers. Among these was

IV

On the Morning of Christs Nativity.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire

The Hymn.

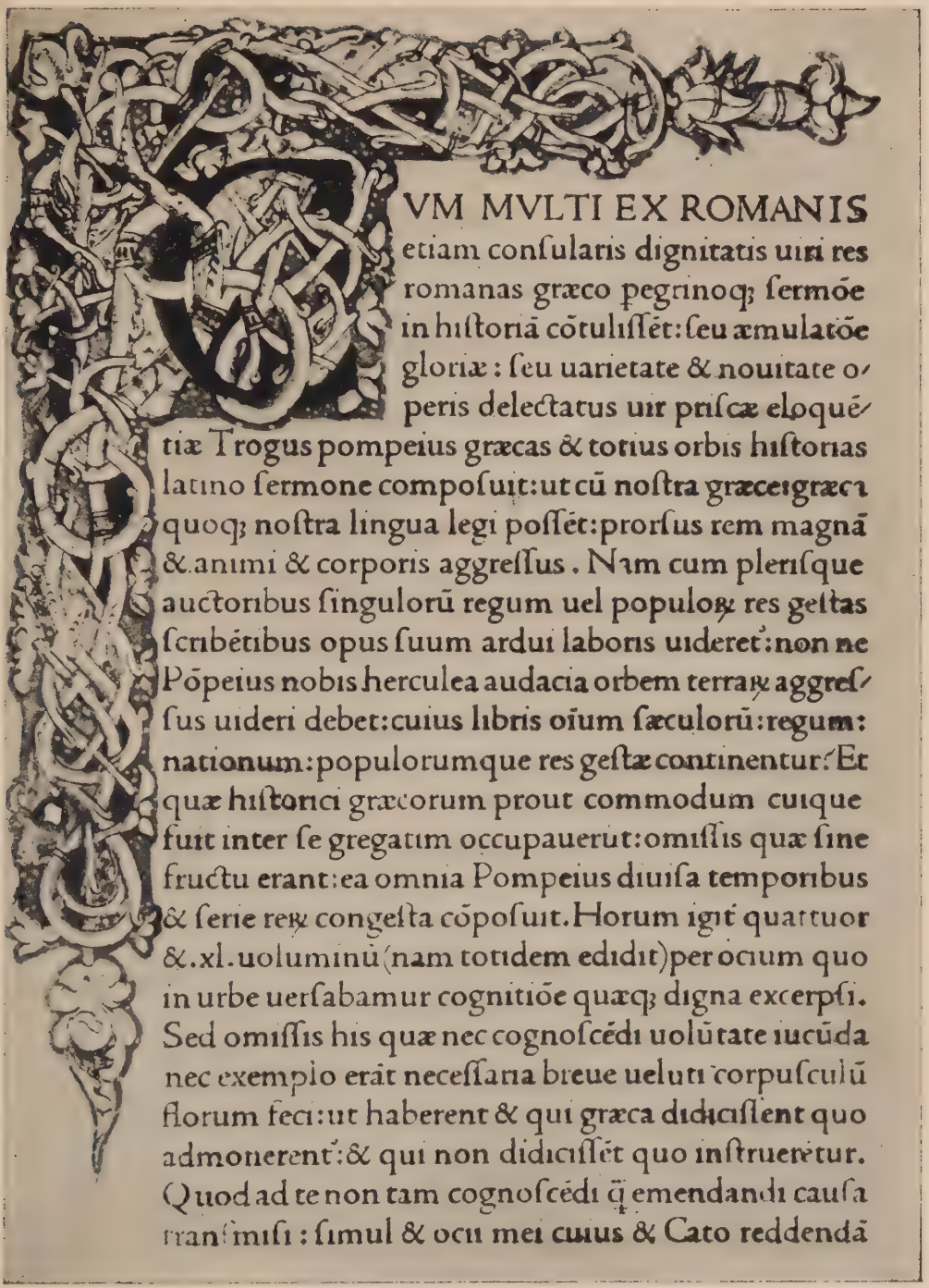
I

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II

Onely with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,
The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

EMERY WALKER'S DOVES TYPE
The reincarnation of Nicholas Jenson in the XIX century. Compare this with plate opposite
[*From* Paradise Regained. *London*, 1905. *Exact size*]


VM MVLTI EX ROMANIS etiam conſulatis dignitatis uiri res romanas græco pegrinoq; ſermõe in hiſtoriã cõtuliſſẽt: ſeu æmulatõe gloriæ: ſeu uarietate & nouitate operis delectatus uir priſcæ eloquẽtiæ Trogus pompeius græcas & totius orbis hiſtorias latino ſermone compoſuit: ut cũ noſtra græce: græca quoq; noſtra lingua legi poſſẽt: prorſus rem magnã & animi & corporis aggreſſus. Nam cum pleriſque auctoribus ſingulorũ regum uel populoꝝ res geſtas ſcribẽtibus opus ſuum ardui laboris uideret: non ne Põpeius nobis herculea audacia orbem terraꝝ aggreſſus uideri debet: cuius libris oĩum ſæculorũ: regum: nationum: populorumque res geſtæ continentur? Et quæ hiſtorici græcorum prout commodum cuique fuit inter ſe gregatim occupauerũt: omiſſis quæ ſine fructu erant: ea omnia Pompeius diuiſa temporibus & ſerie rerꝝ congeſta cõpoſuit. Horum igit quattuor & xl. uoluminũ (nam totidem edidit) per otium quo in urbe uerſabamur cognitiõe quæq; digna excerpſi. Sed omiſſis his quæ nec cognoſcẽdi uolũtate iucũda nec exemplo erãt neceſſaria breue ueluti corpuſculũ florum feci: ut haberent & qui græca didiciſſent quo admonerent: & qui non didiciſſẽt quo inſtruerẽtur. Quod ad te non tam cognoſcẽdi q̃ emendandi cauſa tranſmiſi: ſimul & otii mei cuius & Cato reddendã

NICOLAS JENSON'S TYPE

based on the Da Spira letters, but perfected. Compare with plates at pages 120, 122, and 124. This has been the model for all standard Roman old-style faces, and also for the Golden, Doves, and Montaigne private types. See pages 128, 129, and 154

[*From* Justinus in Trogi Pompei Historias. *Venice*, 1470. *Exact size*]

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.
JANUARIE.
Colin Cloute.

SHEPEHEARDS boye,
no better doe him call,
When winters wastful
spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as
did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had
bene long ypent:
So faynt they woxe, and
feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, alas the while!
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,
If any gods the paine of lovers pitie,
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
And, Pan, thou shepheards god that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted

WILLIAM MORRIS' GOLDEN TYPE

Based on the Jenson model but really expressing William Morris in terms of type. Compare this with page 128 and plate facing it.

[*From* The Shepheards Calender, *Kelmscott Press*, 1896. *Exact size*]

a copy of Jenson's *Pliny* of 1476. Morris had photographs made of certain representative pages of this book enlarged to five times their original size, and he studied these enlargements until he felt that he had assimilated the basic principles of the fifteenth-century designer. Then he produced his Golden type.

After William Morris' death, Emery Walker, who had been associated with him during the entire life of the Kelmscott Press, purchased this volume from the executors. In the meantime Cobden-Sanderson and Walker had associated themselves to establish the Doves Press. Emery Walker had followed Morris' experiments with his Golden type with intense interest, and now, with this identical book before him as model, he undertook to produce his own conception of the Jenson characters translated into modern design, to be used in the volumes he and Cobden-Sanderson were about to produce. The result was the Doves type, which to me is the most beautiful letter ever cut, in which all the volumes issued from the Doves Press were printed. What a distinction for a single volume to possess—to have served as model for two such famous designs!

I asked my new friend to compare, when the opportunity offered, the Golden letter with the Doves type, and both with the Jenson design. This

comparison gives the best example I know of personality expressed in type. Here were two men who approached the same objective with the same model before them. Neither undertook to copy the fifteenth-century characters—each set himself the task of translating the original design into nineteenth-century terms. In each will be found basic characteristics which are similar, yet each final result achieved differs from the other and from the model as much as could possibly be imagined. Morris was always an ardent admirer of the Gothic style, yet he fully realized that modern conditions demanded a Roman letter. He undertook to design such a letter based on a Roman model, yet he was so saturated with feeling for the Gothic that he could not keep this from dominating the design which he finally produced. Walker, on the other hand, was a practical printer and a skilful engraver, which Morris was not; thus when he approached the same model he was able to get beneath the impression of the letters on the printed page and discover a characteristic of the Jenson type which had eluded Morris. The Golden font is William Morris translated into terms of type; the Doves design is the reincarnation of Nicolas Jenson in the nineteenth century.

In the proofs my companion showed me, the

Italic letter was used for decorative display with considerable skill. I asked him why he had selected it, and he replied that he had followed no guide—the combination of the slanting characters with the upright Roman letters seemed pleasing to him. All this was evidence of an artistic sense, but how much more certain of success he would have been had he been familiar with the language of the Italic face! Aldus Manutius, in Venice in the fifteenth century, was the first to discover the possibilities of this design, the story being that the idea came to him after seeing the slanting handwriting in a manuscript of Francis Petrarch, that splendid poet laureate of the fourteenth century, who, as the Father of Humanism, put in motion the movement to preserve the classical manuscripts which had been condemned to destruction as pagan literature by the ecclesiastical censors. This story is generally considered a myth, but there is in existence a letter, written by Lorenzo of Pavia in 1501 to Isabella Gonzaga, Marchioness of Mantua, perpetuated by Firmin Didot in his splendid life of Aldus, which would seem to explain the association of ideas. The Marchioness, an enthusiastic patroness of the arts, had sent Lorenzo to Venice as her agent to secure from the Aldine Press large-paper copies of *Virgil*, *Petrarch*, and *Ovid*. "The *Petrarch* is not yet com-

plete," Lorenzo reported to the Marchioness, "but it will be finished in ten days. . . . Your copy will be selected sheet by sheet, so that you shall have the most beautiful of all the copies. This is the more assured because this volume is issued by Aldus in collaboration with Pietro Bembo, who is wholly devoted to Your Ladyship. It is Bembo who secured the actual manuscript which Petrarch had written with his own hands, as a pattern for the types. I have held this manuscript in my own hands. It belonged to a Paduan, who copied each letter with the greatest care so that the type exactly matches the written characters."

I must admit from my own comparison of the Italic letter with Petrarch's handwriting, I have never been able to find the "exact match" which Lorenzo seemed to record. My own impression has been that all the Petrarch manuscript actually contributed to Aldus was the slant in the line of the letters. This opinion, I am interested to find, is shared by my friend since Harvard days, Prof. Edward Kennard Rand, who has gone rather exhaustively into the matter in the course of presenting a fascinating "Approach to the Text of Pliny's Letters."[1] While granting that the language as quoted seems plainly to indicate the contrary, thus fully warranting

[1] *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, Vol. XXXIV. Cambridge, 1923

Firmin Didot to interpret it as he did, Professor Rand cleverly advances the theory that the whole statement refers to the fidelity of the text to the autograph manuscript of Petrarch, which seems to explain everything. Had the volume in process at the Aldine Press been a *Dante*, the comparison of the type with the written words "letter by letter" would have had quite a different significance; in printing a *Petrarch*, why should not the comparison of the type with the manuscript be more naturally to check the text rather than the design with its source? And surely the comparison of the type with its model would have been made long before the font was actually upon the press! Had the manuscript been discovered in the hands of Francesco da Bologna, of the famous Griffo family, who cut the type for Aldus, calling it *Italic* in honor of the country of its origin, that would have been a different story.

The first use made of the Italic letter was in the famous Aldine classics, a series inaugurated in 1501. I had to explain to my friend that this style of letter appealed to Aldus from a utilitarian standpoint rather than because of its decorative possibilities. The famous Venetian printer was determined to produce volumes at a price sufficiently moderate to permit the man in the street to become familiar with the beauties of the great classical writers. The

IVNII IVVENALIS AQVINATIS SATYRA PRIMA.

EMPER EGO AVDITOR
tantum? nunquam ne reponam
Vexatus toties rauci theseide
Codri?
Impune ergo mihi recitauerit ille
togatas?
Hic elegos? impune diem consumpserit ingens
Telephus? aut summi plena iam margine libri
Scriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus; Orestes?
Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quàm mihi lucus
Martis, & æolijs uicinum rupibus antrum
Vulcani. Quid agant uenti, quas torqueat umbras
Aeacus, unde alius furtiuæ deuehat aurum
Pelliculæ, quantas iaculetur Monychus ornos,
Frontonis Platani, conuulsaq; marmora clamant
Semper, et assiduo ruptæ lectore columnæ.
Expectes eadem à summo, minimoq; poeta.
Et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus, & nos
Consilium dedimus Syllæ, priuatus ut altum
Dormiret. stulta est clementia, cum tot ubiq;
Vatibus occurras, perituræ parcere chartæ.
Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo,
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus,
Si uacat, & placidi rationem admittitis, edam.
Cum tener uxorem ducat spado, Meuia thuscum
Figat aprum, & nuda teneat uenabula mamma,
Patricios omnes opibus cum prouocet unus,

THE EPOCH-MAKING ITALIC TYPE OF ALDUS MANUTIUS
used for the first time in the Aldine Classics
[*From* Juvenalis Persius. *Venice*, 1501. *Exact size*]

Italic letters occupied less space than the Roman, which enabled Aldus to get more words upon the page, reduce the number of pages, and effect an economy in manufacture.

The sequel to this story was particularly interesting to my companion. This Italic type of Aldus' proved immensely popular, and during the following century the Italian, French, and even the English printers, ignorant of or indifferent to the purpose for which the design was cut, improperly used it as the fashionable vernacular letter, with no consideration as to whether it was appropriate to the subject matter or not. The only difference in the use made of it by my twentieth-century friend was that his artistic eye had saved him from an inharmonious combination.

We discussed the differences between the so-called "old-style" and "modern" type designs, and the appropriate uses of each. Baskerville and Bodoni[1] meant nothing to my companion but distinguishing names of types, and of the Didots and Ibarra he had never heard.

"Speaking of modern type," he said suddenly, "I have De Vinne's *Title Pages* in my bag. I don't like the typographical appearance of the book, but I don't know why I don't like it."

[1] See Chapter VI

He took the volume from his brief case, and opened to the first page of the first chapter.

"There!" he exclaimed. "That type is a perfectly good standard modern design, and the headpiece and decorative initial are beautiful—yet I don't like the page."

"Simply because the decoration and the initial are old-style in design," I explained, "and were never intended to be combined with a modern type."

My new friend's query demonstrated how much lovers of typography, free from the limitations of technical training, have contributed to the modern expression of printing as an art. Old-time printers, like De Vinne, whose knowledge of the mechanics of bookmaking can never be surpassed, failed utterly to appreciate that inter-relationship of decoration and type was absolutely essential. It required the startlingly beautiful examples of the Kelmscott Press to awaken the bookloving world to a realization of what is now recognized as a self-evident fact. Morris, an amateur printer, unskilled in typographical practice, *felt* the lack of harmony in the printed page which the modern artist printer avoids today because he *knows*.

The most fascinating opportunity that ever came to me to study personal characteristics through type design was twenty-five years ago when my friend,

I

THE COLOPHON

TO understand the reasons for changes in title-pages the student should begin at the real beginning, and this beginning is to be found not on the first but on the last printed leaf of the early book. The manuscripts then taken for copy by the first printers had no title-pages. When the name of the book had been fairly written on its cover of vellum, as was customary, there seemed no need to repeat it inside in the form of a full page. Vellum and linen paper were of high price, and a full leaf for a title-page may have been adjudged needless waste by the copyist who had been taught to compress letters, huddle words, and save space for the service of the illuminator.

EXAMPLE OF INHARMONIOUS COMBINATION OF OLD-STYLE DECORATION AND MODERN TYPE

[*From De Vinne's* Practice of Typography. *New York*, 1902. *Exact size*]

Dr. Guido Biagi, showed me at the Laurentian Library in Florence, of which he was then Librarian, an extraordinary series of photographic facsimiles of the earliest volumes printed in Italy. This collection had been made by Doctor Biagi to form the exhibit of the Italian Government Libraries at the Paris Exposition of 1900, to demonstrate the general interest excited during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the new invention, not only among printers or would-be printers, but also among the cultured classes. With these pages before me, and with the accomplished Librarian eager to explain their significance, I passed many delightful hours.

In comparing these pages, type for type, I first received authentic information regarding those early itinerant printers, who, during the two centuries which followed the invention of printing, wandered from town to town transporting their hand presses and type, settling down wherever an opportunity for work offered itself. Sometimes it was a noble patron, who wished to reproduce by the new art some manuscript volume which had long been a family heirloom; sometimes a learned bishop, like Giustiniani, who summoned Petrus Paulus Porro from Milan to Genoa to perpetuate a manuscript which Giustiniani had just completed. The wandering printer would unpack his printing office from

the two-wheeled cart which had conveyed it from one spot to another by the motive power of a patient donkey, settle down as a member of the household for such months as might be required to complete his work, and then move on to find another temporary home in some other town or city. This explained to me the mystery of identical types and printers' names appearing on volumes produced in different places—such, for instance, as in the books of Jacobino Suigo, who was the first Piedmontese printer to work in Turin. Pietro Caro, Ambassador of the Duke of Savoy to the Most Serene Republic of Venice, discovered Suigo in Venice, and in 1484 secured employment for him in Turin from his Royal master. A year later, Suigo was installed at Vercelli; in 1486, in Chivasso; in 1487, he was back in Turin. Ten years later, Suigo produced books in Lyons, and in 1498 he returned to Venice. No wonder bibliographers have their troubles when printers refuse to stay put in any one locality!

One handicap to accuracy in establishing personality in types comes from the printer-pirates, who almost drove Aldus mad. The Paris printers were notable offenders, but the printer-publishers of Lyons, particularly the famous house of Giunta, were absolutely unscrupulous. It was annoying

IVVENALIS.

PERSIVS.

THE FIRST ALDINE DOLPHIN AND ANCHOR

There has been much discussion whether this was first used in this volume or in the Dante published the same year

[*From* Juvenalis Persius. *Venice*, 1501. *Exact size*]

enough for so careful a publisher as Aldus to have the text which he had personally edited bodily filched from his own edition, but when the piracy extended to copying the types, his original style of typography, and even the Aldine mark of dolphin and anchor, one must admit that the Giunta were carrying the joke a bit too far. "These fraudulent volumes, printed and sold under my name," Aldus protested, "prejudice friends of letters to my sorrow and discredit. The paper is inferior, and even has a foul odor; the type characters are defective, and the consonants do not align with the vowels. It is by their imperfections that you may distinguish them."

One of the most impressive reactions in studying Doctor Biagi's collection was an appreciation of the tremendous effect of this new art upon the world. The invention of printing was to the people of the fifteenth century what the radio is to us. We have long since come to accept the easy duplication of the written word as commonplace, while the transmission of the human voice through the air for the moment fills us with awe. In those early days, to a people accustomed to consider literature as beyond the reach of all save the wealthy patrons of the arts because of the cost of the handwritten volumes, the printed book seemed nothing less than the uncanny

result of the waving of a magician's wand. Thousands of workmen at once became engaged in the new industry (there were over two hundred printing establishments in Venice alone!), while the art of printing so appealed to the cultured classes that in many instances scholars, nobles, and gentlemen joined with the workmen to make the production of the early volumes not only possible but more beautiful.

There was Campanus, the learned Bishop of Teramo, who was at first a patron of Ulric Hahn in Rome, and later became so interested that he insisted upon acting as Hahn's press corrector. In a letter to a friend the Bishop speaks of this astounding invention "by which material that required a year for its writing may be printed off ready in one day." So fascinated did he become that he allowed himself but three hours a day, and that only for sleep, away from his labors at the Hahn office. There was Cristoforus Beyamus, a gentleman of noble family, who became so intrigued by Hans Glim's early experiments in printing in Savigliano that he learned the art himself, and worked with Glim in producing excellent examples. There was Bernardo di Cenni del Fora, better known perhaps as Bernardo di Cennini, the famous goldsmith in Florence. His reputation in his own art was well

ante legem: ꝙ ſub lege cõmunicauit: quia incipiebat tpũs gracie. Alia ratio eſt cauſa neceſſitatis: ꝙ ſic infirmis põt adminiſtrari. Ac iõ quia deus ſiue xpũs erat moriturus pro redemptione noſtra iõ cõmunicauit cũ diſcipulis. Septio ꝙ ſit deuotus. Octauo ꝙ non habeat cõſienciã ſiue remor ſum alicui⁹ pcti mortalis. Nono ꝙ non ſit notatus crimĩe notorio: niſi forte ſit emendatus. Decimo ꝙ ſit mundus mente ꝙ corde. Vndecimo ꝙ .ſ. habeat puram ꝙ rectam intentionem. Vnde uerſus.

Qui facit inceſtum: deflorens: aut homicidia.
Sacrilegus: patrum percuſſor: uel ſodomita
Tranſgreſſor uoti: periurus: ſortileguſq;.
Et mentita fides: faciens incendia: prolis?
Oppreſſor: blaſphemus: hereticus: omnis adulter.
Pontificem ſuper his: ſemper detentus habibit.
DEO. GRACIAS.

Hoc beyamus opus preſſit Chriſtoforus altum.
Immenſis titulis eſtat origo ſua.
Cui Glim cõſocius clara fuit arte Johannes
Germanam gentem: non negat eſſe ſuam. ꝙ. ꝟ. ꝟ. ꝟ.

BEYAMUS–GLIM TYPOGRAPHY

The product of a partnership between a noble gentleman and an itinerant printer

[*From* Monterocherio Manipulus Curatorum. *Savigliano*, 1470. *Exact size*]

numeꝝ dixerat.// Exanimum.exanimus & exanimis dicimus:ſicut & unanimus & unanimis dicimus & inermus & inermis.Ergo ꝑ noſtro arbitrio aut ſecundæ erũt declinationis aut tertiæ:ſed a tertia ablatiuum ſingularem in/i/mittunt:quia cõmunis ſunt generis.Exanimis autem eſt mortuus ut hic indicat locus:exanimatus uero timens:ut exanimata ſequens impingerꝝ agmina muris.// Vendebat.ingenti arte utitur uerbis.Naꝫ hoc loco quia pingi potuit:præſens tempus poſuit.Superius quia pingi non potuit ſed referri:perfecto executus eſt tempore/dicendo raptaue rat non raptabat.// Tunc uero ingentem gemitum.Iam enim ſuperius eum lachrymaſſe dixerat:hoc ergo addidit uiſum hectoris corpus:ut etiam grauiter gemerꝝ // ut currũ.quo tractus é.Amici autem plus eſt q̃ ſi hectoris dicerꝝ.Alibi paruꝫ q̃ patri tendebat iulum.Cum potuerit dicere mihi.//manus inermes.aut ſine ſceptro/aut ſuplices.ut dextras tendamus inermes:quod tractum eſt de hiſtoria.Qui.n. uicti ſe dedunt:inermes ſupplicant:aut re uera inermes tunc.Contra pirrhum enĩ proceſſit armatus.Sane per tranſitum hiſtoriam tetigit:quia conſtat Priamum cũ ad ſupplicandum tentorium achillis fuiſſet ingreſſus :dormientem achillem excitauiſſe:ut pro filii corpore rogarꝝ euꝫ:cum eum potuiſſet occidere:licꝝ hoc Homerus propter achillis turpitudinem ſupprimat.// ſe quoqꝫ principibus permixtuꝫ agnouit achiuis. Aut latenter proditionem tangit ut ſupra diximus:aut uirtutem

BERNARDO DI CENNINI TYPOGRAPHY

Cennini, the great sculptor and goldsmith, became so interested in the new art of printing that he designed and cut this type. He issued this single volume, and then returned to his chisel and marble

[*From* M. Servii Comm. in Virgilii Opera. *Florence*, 1471–2. *Exact size*]

established by his work on the ornaments on the door of the Baptistry of San Giovanni and the *bas reliefs* of the Visitation, still admired in the same building. He had heard rumors of an ingenious method of multiplying books, and carefully investigated it. As a result, he and his two sons temporarily dropped their goldsmith work, cut the punches for a font of type, made the molds, cast the type, and printed a superb *Commentary on Virgil's Works* in 1471—all this with no instruction or assistance beyond a critical examination of the work of other printers. Having demonstrated by this earliest volume printed in Florence that he could apply his skill to the new art as well as to his established vocation, Cennini returned to his *métier*, content to let professional typographers produce future volumes.

While studying the collection with Doctor Biagi, the librarian confided to me that one of the ambitions of his life was to have these pages reproduced in some way that should make them available the world over to students of typography. The importance of the collection and the interest in the pages themselves were such that I foresaw little difficulty in persuading some American publisher to issue the volume, so I confidently offered to coöperate. Doctor Biagi secured for me the permission of the Italian Government to reproduce this collec-

tion in book form, and I returned to America with a duplicate set of photographs and elaborate plans for publication. This was in 1902.

Man may propose, but in this case it was the American publishers who disposed. They agreed with me wholly as to the importance and interest of the proposition, and each explained what pleasure it would give him to have so distinguished a volume upon his list, but—(that awful word which authors have so learned to dread!) it would be quite impossible to find enough purchasers interested in the subject to warrant the expense of the publication.

So it happened that these photographs and the fascinating introduction Doctor Biagi himself wrote lay packed away among my treasures for twenty-five years until, in 1927, publishers began to realize that there was a public distinctly interested in the history and precedent of bookmaking, and, by the same token, in books about books. Those lovers of books who had made desultory excursions into the Kingdom of Books seeking typographic perfection had been intrigued by its elusiveness, and were eager to return for individual research accompanied by an increasing assemblage of friends. Thus there came a demand for the publication of this collection in a limited edition, which was oversubscribed be-

REGNO D'ITALIA

MINISTERO
DELLA
ISTRUZIONE PUBBLICA

DIVISIONE 8ª

Legislazione
Biblioteche

N. di Posiz. 14 *N di Prot. Gen* 1729

N di partenza 1446.

Risposta a ..... *del* .....

Divisione ..... *N.* .....

OGGETTO

Storia del libro in Italia.

Roma, addì 2 Maggio 1902

Questo Ministero ha preso atto della lettera di Vossignoria in data 22 Aprile c.m. nº3278 e consente che ella possa spedire al sig. Orcutt il materiale bibliografico da servire alla riproduzione dei documenti della Storia del libro in Italia durante i secoli XV e XVI.

La Signoria Vostra, però, abbia cura che sia pel trasporto sia per la riproduzione, l'integrità di detto materiale non subisca alcun deterioramento.

Il Ministro

Al Bibliotecario
della Biblioteca Laurenziana

FIRENZE

N. B. Indicare sempre, nella risposta, la Divisione scrivente, la data ed i numeri di archivio e di posizione.

AN ITALIAN *PERMESSO*

Granted by the Italian Government to the author, to reproduce the priceless collection of facsimiles of volumes representing the history of the Book in Italy

fore publication, and Doctor Biagi's ambition was at last gratified. How I wish that this might have happened before his death!

In preparing the material for the press I discovered an extraordinary omission, and the story of my efforts to fill in the gap explains why the quest proves so alluring. Doctor Biagi had developed his subject chronologically as well as pictorially, and I was amazed to find no reproduction from Turrecremata's *Meditationes*, printed by Ulric Hahn in Rome in 1467. Hahn was the first printer in Italy to adorn his volumes with woodcuts, and he was, of course, an essential link. I wrote to the Laurentian Library seeking information. I was told that no such edition was known in the chief libraries of Florence, Rome, Bologna, Padua, or Venice. I was also reminded that there was no edition of this date registered in Brunet, Hain, Graesse, or Copinger, and the question was very properly raised as to whether or not this date had been attributed to an edition which had been issued without date. This was discouraging, for I clearly remembered reading in Dibdin's *Bibliographical Decameron* that such a book actually existed. Refreshing my memory, I turned back to Dibdin and found the following record: "The first book with a date in the colophon of which the name of Ulric Hahn appears

is called the *Meditations of John of Turrecremata*, executed in 1467 in folio. What a day that was in the bibliographical annals of my humble life when I first beheld the *Turrecremata* . . . now within the glass doors of the Spencer Library. And such a copy, tall, clean, and perfect! What neither Maittare nor the De Bures, nor Marchand, nor his annotator the Abbé Mercier de St. Leger, nor Meerman, nor Heineken, nor Audiffredi, nor Santander, nor Brunet had ever beheld, I have seen and closely examined."

This placed the volume in 1815 in the library of George John, second Earl of Spencer, the famous founder of the Althorpe Library. Pursuing my quest, I traced the *Meditations* of 1467 to Manchester, England, where I located it. Today it reposes, with other rare Spencerian treasures, in the John Rylands Library. For many years it was believed to be the only copy in existence, but in recent years three other copies have been located. The British Museum has a copy of the 1473 edition, but apparently no Italian library possesses a copy of either. I was so certain that this omission was inadvertent on the part of Doctor Biagi that I did not hesitate to take the liberty of including the *Turrecremata* in the published collection, and thus kept the chronology unbroken.

I was genuinely sorry when my new friend and I came to our journey's end. He was much more profuse in his expressions than was justified, for he had contributed quite as much to my pleasure and understanding as I had to his.

"This opens up a new world to me," he said thoughtfully, "a new world within the old world in which I have lived since I entered advertising as a profession. These types will never again be to me merely pieces of metal to be combined haphazard to gratify a whim of my eye. I shall make it my business to know the history and the significance of every design I use. Why, each one of these types is a friend, and can be made an ally in working out my type pictures."

"Get hold of Cobden-Sanderson's little essay on the *Ideal Book*," I urged upon him as we parted; and then I quoted from that immortal message to all who have to do with making books:

"The whole duty of typography is to communicate to the imagination, without loss by the way, the thought or image intended to be communicated by the Author. And the whole duty of beautiful typography is not to substitute for the beauty of the thing thought and intended to be conveyed by the symbol, a beauty or interest of its own; but, on the one hand, to win access for that communication

by the clearness and beauty of the vehicle, and on the other hand, to take advantage of every pause or stage in that communication to interpose some characteristic and restful beauty in its own art."

I really was not trying to teach him anything, for the *role* of pedagogue is not for me. The one great lesson a student of typography learns from his work in the Kingdom of Books is that the amount of absolute knowledge he can ever hope to acquire is discouragingly meager. The greatest pleasure my study has given me is the opportunity it has afforded for comparing my own experiences and ideas with what others have learned and with their conclusions. In this day when publishers have come to realize the commercial asset of a book well made, and advertisers the importance of a carefully conceived "lay-out" for their copy, the position of manufacturing man has automatically changed into that of "typographic expert." Many of those who worthily hold these positions are absorbing the significance of the work of the master printers of the past. They seek to give it modern expression in their work, but they fully realize how much they still have to learn. The problems these men bring to me are full of interest, and in the mutual solving we all gain in our perspective. A few consider that they know it all, and are satisfied that because the typography

AVGVSTVS SAINT GAVDENS

WHEN modern sculpture was betrayed by its leading figures, early in the nineteenth century, through their excessive devotion to the antique, a tradition was established which for a long time seemed beyond all chance of death or change. Canova and Thorwaldsen, in Rome, erected classical precedent into a fetish. In France, which was later to be the scene of a plastic renaissance, anything that savored of personal idiosyncrasy or of romantic feeling was anathema to the Emperor and to Louis David, his court painter, who possessed authority in the direction of public taste in every field. American sculptors, proceeding to Italy for inspiration, were confronted by a kind of unwritten law which left inspiration, in the strict sense, outside the pale of respectable things. In the studios all over Europe masters and pupils were united on the principle that to be great it was absolutely necessary to be "grand," and for the true measure of the grand style they looked only to Greece. Surveying the earlier history of our own school, one is appalled by the damage suffered through this sheep-like adoption of a classic ideal, passionately

BRUCE ROGERS' MONTAIGNE TYPE

An American designer's interpretation of the Jenson type. Compare this with pages 128, 129, and plate facing page 128

[*From* Augustus Saint-Gaudens, *Houghton Mifflin Company*, 1907]

they produce is "different," it is an example of printing practised as an art. These books are inevitably relegated to the oblivion where will be found the sham Kelmscotts, copied from William Morris' superb work by "artists" who utterly failed to comprehend it.

To know something of the significance and value of types is of practical value to men like my friend in the buffet smoker, to whom types are everyday tools; but does not this intimacy also add to the pleasure of any booklover to whom rare books are valuable because of their intrinsic merits rather than their scarcity? When you see even a standard foundry old-style type letter, does it not mean more to you if you have traced it back through the centuries to the *quattrocento* designers? Does it not add to your interest to have the modern type faces recall such figures as John Baskerville, the Didots, Bodoni, and Ibarra? Does it not add to your understanding of a Kelmscott book or of a Doves volume or of a Bruce Rogers *Montaigne* to trace the design of the type back to our old friend Nicolas Jenson? An Ashendene Press book cannot fail to assume new significance when we know that St. John Hornby based the design of his type on the Sweynheym and Pannartz Subiaco model shown in the *Cicero*, and that in turn reminds us of the worthy Bishop Alcuin

and his Carolingian School at Tours in the eighth century, and of the magnificent hand-lettered volumes of the famous Italian humanistic scribes of the fifteenth.

If you become involved thus far you will find that you cannot let go. You will feel impelled to compare the types you meet with each other and with their models, out of which experience will rise a gorgeous panoply of places and people and events. The volumes themselves will cease to be merely books, but will be transformed into veritable human documents, revealing to you their makers, the political, economic, or ecclesiastical influences which produced them, and the effect they themselves had upon these influences. And in this revelation the personality as expressed in type will become as real as the personality expressed in words.

CHAPTER IV

Pens Turned into Swords

IV

PENS TURNED INTO SWORDS

THE World War called dramatic attention to the vital importance of well-organized publicity, and its practice as a profession developed tremendously during the war period and after the Armistice. Long before we in America realized it, Germany had conducted an insidious campaign to influence opinion in America. Later, and too tardily, our own Government undertook to combat this influence by establishing a bureau of public information. During the War, this bureau, and other similar organizations, accomplished a gigantic task in disseminating those doctrines which the administration at Washington wished to have accepted by the people, and in preparing the public for events before they took place.

I must confess that I experienced a feeling of bitter disappointment when I found that the only capacity in which I could contribute my "bit" to the war work was through my writing. This seemed such an insignificant way to take part in so stupendous a struggle! But, remembering the Juggler of

Notre Dame, I placed my time and pen at the disposal of the Red Cross. Even when I was called to Washington by Henry P. Davison, in 1918, to establish and direct the Red Cross Bureau of Magazines, I had not realized the importance which Mr. Davison and other leaders in war work attached to the kind of work to which I was committed. I was impressed when, during our first conference in Washington, Mr. Davison said emphatically, "The Red Cross is the greatest trustee in the world, but it cannot hold its position unless a proper account of its stewardship is given to the public. Publicity is the keystone of the whole structure."

The months which followed were among the most thrilling and vital in my life. Before organizing the Bureau to which I was assigned I spent a fortnight in studying the Publicity Department, and I was amazed to discover that in size and organization it outranked any of the other departments of the Red Cross. Fascinated by the application of military thoroughness to literary pursuits, I watched the operation of the delicate and intricate machinery which literally turned pens into swords. I soon learned how sharp a distinction the Red Cross drew between publicity, propaganda, and advertising, and came to appreciate the importance of the underlying principle that everything which emanated

from the Publicity Department should be publicity and nothing else. Publicity, as we defined it, is simply the art of making known. An item appears in the morning paper—that is *news*. This item is made the subject of an editorial and it straightway becomes *publicity*; but if the editor, instead of simply explaining the significance of the item, adds his own opinion, then the publicity becomes *propaganda*. Carrying this a bit farther, *advertising* is defined as publicity based on self-praise.

To prepare myself for the work I saw ahead of me, I began to think over previous instances where recognized literature had been employed with the subtlety of propaganda to produce publicity. Naturally, Charles Dickens was the first great writer who came into my mind. He became incensed by the pernicious English public nursing system, and created Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig; when he thought Parliament had become degenerate and ought to be reformed, he wrote *Hard Times*; and in order to call the attention of the public to the cruelty, graft, and fraud which existed in the English Poor Laws, he made use of Oliver Twist. His readers laughed and cried over his stories; then suddenly became conscious of the message they conveyed, rose in their wrath, and righted the wrongs.

As a matter of curiosity I re-read Ibañez's mas-

terpiece, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and was gratified to confirm my impression that the story was a consummate and deliberate example of anti-German propaganda. All this clarified the mental approach to my work. Publicity, after all, was nothing more than a glorified form of what in fiction I had learned to call motivation. Every writer knows that a well-constructed story must prepare the reader in advance for each important event which later occurs. In the terrible emergency created by the War, millions of American citizens had accepted the Red Cross as their agent to perform a service to humanity beyond the reach of individual action. These generous contributors must be kept informed as to the fidelity and efficiency with which this stewardship was being performed. The function of the Publicity Department was to present the facts in such a way as to keep the people eager to continue giving, and thus prepare them for the great Red Cross drives for funds. The success of this endeavor lay in securing the coöperation of such vehicles as would convey the message to every class of people in the country.

The one audience which the Red Cross Department of Publicity had been unable to reach was that to which the magazines appealed, and it was to assist in remedying this defect that Mr. Davison had called me to Washington.

HENRY P. DAVISON

whose vision of the League of Red Cross Societies was considered by some to be greater even than Woodrow Wilson's for the League of Nations

"I can't understand it," he exclaimed emphatically. "We simply must reach the magazine readers. We have employed the best authors, we have paid them for their work, and have offered the magazines well-written articles upon subjects of national interest without expense to them, yet we cannot put it across."

"Perhaps the explanation is to be found in your last sentence," I ventured to suggest. "Each issue of every magazine is prepared in accordance with a carefully worked out recipe which experience has taught the editor produces a literary dish most palatable to the audience he seeks to reach. An editor considers the selection of these ingredients as a personal prerogative, and looks upon anything which comes to him unsolicited as an element which may throw his recipe out of proportion. If an article is submitted gratuitously, he inevitably regards it with suspicion."

"Then you don't think we can interest them?"

"I believe we can," I reassured him. "Each magazine undertakes to spread before its army of readers a cross-section of current history, and no editor at the present time can make that presentation complete without touching at some point on Red Cross affairs. We must plan it out from the magazine's standpoint instead of from that of the Red Cross;

but the crux of the whole business is to let each magazine select its own subject and then pay its regular *honorarium.*"

Mr. Davison looked at me with an incredulous expression. "You certainly don't think the magazines will pay for something that they have already refused to accept for nothing!"

"I am sure they will."

"That isn't human nature!"

"Magazine editors have a reputation for being not quite human!" I laughed. "Why not turn a liability into an asset through psychology?"

In spite of Mr. Davison's apprehensions, we established the Bureau of Magazines on this basis. One of the first interviews I had was with Thomas R. Smith, then managing editor of the *Century Magazine.* He received me with a courteous but distinctly defensive attitude.

"Of course we are very sympathetic toward the Red Cross," he explained, "and we have done all we could toward furthering its splendid work. You can understand, however, that it is absolutely necessary for an editor to guard jealously the literary standard of his magazine, and its pages can never be used for propaganda."

"I understand all that," I admitted. "On the other hand, the function of a magazine editor, as

I see it, is to place before his readers a composite picture of current history as it relates to the field which the magazine represents. The work of the Red Cross is at present so universal and so comprehensive that no magazine can carry out this program without touching on this work at some point. Once knowing what phase falls most logically into your scheme, my idea would be to assign the subject to some writer of reputation, place him in touch with the most authentic and dramatic data, and then have his relation with the magazine exactly that of any other contributor. In other words, the articles I have in mind cannot be obtained by the *Century* or by any other magazine except by paying its full rates."

This last statement was the first remark I had made that seemed to remove Mr. Smith's preconceived idea that the Red Cross was trying to force something into his magazine.

"Just what have you in mind as far as the *Century* is concerned?" he demanded.

"In what particular phase of Red Cross work would your readers be interested?"

After thinking a moment, Mr. Smith said, "The Red Cross is doing a wonderful piece of work in locating the missing men."

"Splendid!". I exclaimed. "That gives us a defi-

nite basis. Suppose I arrange with some well-known writer to prepare a story of high literary standard, based upon Home Communication Service. I will then put him in touch with the Red Cross representative who knows most about this subject, who will place at his disposal the fullest and most reliable data."

"Whom have you in mind to write the article?" he asked.

"Basil King would do it better than any writer I know."

"But we can't afford Basil King," Mr. Smith protested. "His minimum price for a story is $1200, and the *Century* never pays over $350."

"Suppose in this instance Mr. King were willing to write such a story for the *Century* for $350. Would it interest you?"

"Naturally! But I should need the manuscript within two weeks."

Basil King was at that time at his summer home in Dublin, New Hampshire. I talked with him on the long distance telephone, and he promptly assented to my suggestion, stoutly declining to consider any payment until I explained that this was a definite part of the understanding. He went immediately from Dublin to Washington, where he found everything arranged for him. He secured

the necessary data, wrote the article, and placed the manuscript in Mr. Smith's hands within the specified time. This was duly published in the *Century Magazine*, under the title of "Searchers in the Twilight," and took high rank as one of the best war stories of the year. As a matter of record, I might add that, after receiving the check from the Century Company, Mr. King endorsed it over to the Red Cross.

This case was typical. It was not long before editors came regularly to my New York office seeking articles or stories. The late Edward Bok, for instance, bought several stories and articles, and authorized me at one time to offer five thousand dollars for any paper Mrs. Woodrow Wilson or Queen Marie of Roumania would write for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. During the eighteen months that followed nearly three hundred titles appeared in the leading magazines upon Red Cross subjects, and all of vital human interest. These technically came under the head of publicity, but to the uninitiated they would simply have seemed to be "timely."

Conferences with Mr. Davison in Washington were usually held at "Twin Oaks," the beautiful estate he leased for occupancy during the war period. One met there not only those high in Red Cross

councils but also the most important government officials. The work of the Red Cross was so vitally interwoven with that of the Departments of State, War, and Navy, that many of the most important events of American participation were discussed and planned at Twin Oaks.

In striking contrast with other places of *rendezvous*, Twin Oaks was a sanctuary during those hectic days in Washington. Once inside the mansion everything was quiet and simple. The turmoil outside was never allowed to enter. There were, of course, attendants, but we never saw them. Even at luncheon the guests found food awaiting them on a steam table, and each was expected to practise self-service and to make himself entirely at home.

"This is one place," Mr. Davison once said to me, "where the walls are guaranteed to have no ears."

Were the inner history of Twin Oaks ever to be written, the world would realize even better the unparalleled service rendered by the Red Cross under Mr. Davison's sagacious and patriotic guidance. Few outside the Red Cross circle know the magnitude of the task he assumed, or the consummate skill with which he carried through. Nothing ever entered into Mr. Davison's life that meant as much to him as the work of the Red Cross, and he

gave it the same expression of his genius that had made him an international figure in the world of finance. Among those giants who sacrificed personal interests to patriotic service, no figure loomed more impressively than Mr. Davison's, and few equaled the sum total of his physical contribution to the final outcome of the Great War.

In January, 1919, Mr. Davison cabled from Paris asking me to join him there in the work he was doing to launch the League of Red Cross Societies. This vision of his was the most inspired of any that came out of the titanic struggle—to some it seemed greater even than Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. What Mr. Davison had in mind seemed to many to be in reality the apotheosis of the League of Nations idea. The League of Red Cross Societies should be an international organization freed from the limitations of any nationality, supported by fixed contributions from governments rather than from individuals, purged of politics, obedient only to the call of humanity regardless of race or geographical location. The call might come to relieve a famine in India or suffering caused by an eruption of Vesuvius. The response would be the same. Could man's brain conceive a finer vision! Today it functions as a central bureau for the Red Cross Societies of the world, yet the fullness of its scope

was restricted the moment it came into competition with the stubborn purpose of Woodrow Wilson to force the League of Nations on the world.

The S.S. *France*, on which I crossed, was still a transport, and we had a strange and motley crowd on board—Roumanian soldiers, Red Cross and "Y" workers, and many of divers nationalities concerning whom one wondered. The passenger in whom I took greatest interest was a young French captain, returning—from where—to where? He was the life of the ship, and his merry, happy days on deck made one forget the grim tragedy that was so affecting every one on board. His breast was covered with medals—but one sleeve was empty. His eye flashed with patriotic fervor as he sang the *Marseillaise*, parading proudly at the head of an improvised company of many uniforms—but a wooden substitute filled one trouser leg. At first I sympathized with this boy captain, until I realized that sympathy should be reserved until a later time. So long as he was sustained by the Spirit of France the world was his. Every hand was stretched out to help him, every face greeted him with affection and admiration. Even his crippled limbs were decorations—far greater in value than those which governments could bestow, for these were the tangible

evidences of his personal gift to his beloved country.

So I saved my sympathy to give him when the glamour of the World War should fade away. Since then I have wondered many times what has happened to him. The uniform and the medals must long since have been laid aside, and my boy captain, clad in more sober garments, must have had to face the forgetting world. The mutilated body was an asset then. How short a time the world remembered to cast over the disfigurement of its heroes the halo shed by the glory of their daring deeds!

When I reached Paris I found that what Mr. Davison had in mind made it necessary for me to visualize the entire work the Red Cross was doing in devastated France, in free and occupied Belgium, and in Germany as far north as Coblenz. A few weeks were spent at the old Hotel Minerva, Place de Rivoli, which had been made over into Red Cross headquarters, where I familiarized myself with the work in general. There I heard first hand from John H. Finley, now editor of the *New York Times*, the story of Allenby's capture of Jerusalem; from Colonel Bailey the story of the war in Poland; from Colonel Anderson the situation in the Balkans. After the day's work in the Red Cross offices, I spent my evenings at the Crillon with members of the Ameri-

can Peace Commission, or at the Maison Dufayal, the club maintained and operated by the French Government for the convenience of visiting writers who were fortunate enough to be invited to become members. From these three points of contact, with constantly shifting affairs of such vital import, I received impressions from many angles. The events of each day supplied the dramatic material for the discussions of the evening. Paris at that moment was the veritable center of the universe, and one felt there the heart beat of the world.

The French Government fully realized the value of the pen in influencing public opinion, and was indefatigable in its efforts to make those who wrote appreciate and become sympathetic with the problems of France. In addition to the courtesies and comforts extended at the Maison Dufayal in Paris, excursions outside the city were arranged from time to time, to which certain writers were invited. We never knew where the special train was going, for much was thought and little was spoken during those hectic days; but it was always certain that the experience would be unique. One trip I remember covered the territory devastated by the five movements, forwards and back, in the Battles of the Somme, and represented an area of thirty-six hundred square miles.

The special train consisted of two sleeping cars and a dining car, and was in charge of a government official. At each stopping point we were met by a French officer who had taken part in the actual fighting in that particular territory, so that through his description, and by answers to our questions, we could gain our information first hand. We left Paris at eleven o'clock at night, and were awakened at Cambrai at seven the next morning. A breakfast was served in the dining car such as no one of us had tasted since we arrived in France—fruit, ham omelette, *café-au-lait*, sugar, bread and butter, and little jars of *bar-le-duc*! And Paris still on war rations!

At Peronne the destruction was as complete as at Cambrai. A great sign was hung across the shattered museum, written in German, "Be surprised at nothing and keep your mouth shut." As we arrived at the station over temporary tracks, built to replace those destroyed by the Germans when they made their final retreat, there was another train, from which local passengers were alighting. A woman was superintending the transfer of some household goods from the luggage van onto a two-wheeled cart, and I concluded that she was a *repatriée* returning to her home. It was a curious characteristic of the French peasant to prefer his *home*, even amid

utter wreckage, to more comfortable quarters elsewhere.

I followed this woman at a respectful distance, and saw her stop at a narrow street on which every house was wrecked. Picking her way carefully from one pile of stones to another, she paused at last and surveyed the roofless, shattered shell. Gazing at it for a moment in silence, with her hands on her hips, she suddenly exclaimed in the most matter-of-fact way, "La, la, la, la! It must be fixed!"

Then I spoke to her. "Why do you come back here, where everything is destroyed, when you might make a home so much easier elsewhere?"

She looked at me in utter surprise at my lack of understanding.

"It is my husband," she answered simply. "He is still among the missing, you know. How can he find me if I am not in our own home? I have been afraid he might return before I could get here. Now I shall stay."

In my pocket were statistics showing that the husband was one of 340,000 French soldiers still to be accounted for! Even now, when I think of France, I think of Peronne, and hope that the little peasant woman's faith was not in vain.

At Chaunny and Noyon the houses bore inventory numbers and identifying marks made by the

Germans in their systematic pillage, bearing out the claims made by France (and still denied by Germany) that there were two distinct military organizations—one for fighting and one for gathering the spoils of war.

One evening, just before I left Paris, I was invited, with Herbert Adams Gibbons, to attend a dinner given by the Czechoslovakian delegates to the Peace Conference in honor of the centennial of Chevtchenko, their national poet. It was held in a little restaurant back of the Palais Royal, with perhaps twenty guests present. Gibbons and I were placed with a Czechoslovakian delegate on either side, and the conversation during the banquet had far more to do with what the Czechoslovakians hoped to obtain through the Peace Conference than with the life or accomplishments of their national poet. A majority of these delegates came from Winnipeg, Canada! The sublime faith these representatives of the new government had in what "Papa Woodrow Wilson" would secure for them was pathetic in view of later history. Wilson, they said, had shown the world a new kind of diplomacy, whereby the weak would be victorious over the strong. Just what was to become of the strong nations was not clear in their minds, but so long as the weak were to become all-powerful, this was a detail of slight importance!

During all this vital period of the Peace Conference, the American newspapers received only such information as President Wilson saw fit to dole out to them. It was propaganda with a vengeance! The correspondents met Colonel House, as the President's representative, each day at six o'clock, and he told them exactly what they could and could not send. Woe betide the correspondent who dared to disobey! Never before in history did one man so control the information supplied to an entire nation. Never was news so flavored to prepare a nation to accept one man's ideas. I saw war correspondents of international reputation reduced to tears by the cast-iron censorship, and, rightly or wrongly, we were all convinced that Woodrow Wilson had formed the unalterable determination to put the League of Nations across even if to accomplish this meant to destroy what little order still remained in the existing chaos.

In March, 1919, I set out from Paris in a big Dorris sedan car, driven by a United States army sergeant and with a conducting officer, to cover the twenty-two hundred miles necessitated by the commission assigned me. I had been provided with blanket passes from the American, British, and French armies, which gave me *entrée* at all points.

At the end of each day my conducting officer telephoned ahead to the places I planned to visit on the following day, so that at each stop I found plans completed and exactly the right persons waiting for me, so that I could visualize the important points within the briefest possible time.

Motoring from Château Thierry to Reims along a stretch of bad roads with the battlefield on either side; with single graves, graves in groups, graveyards of various sizes in evidence all along the way; with torn camouflage flapping in the wind—I suddenly caught sight of Reims Cathedral, still miles away, but standing high above all else, as if to call the attention of the world to its scars. When, later, I arrived in front of it, the effect was dramatic. The damage was far greater than I had imagined, but the impressiveness of the *façade* was beyond description. The original lines were softened in the bombardment, and into the stones, as a result of the burning, had come new rose and ochre tones that were indescribably beautiful.

Three days later I stood before Cologne Cathedral, and the contrast was so striking that it made an indelible impression. Reims Cathedral, bruised almost beyond repair by the heartless onslaught of the enemy, was no longer merely a temple of God, but had assumed a living personality. At Cologne,

the Cathedral stood with all its beauty untouched by the ravages of war, but the masterpiece seemed cold and lifeless—there was something almost cynical in the pure white of its stones.

No one who had the opportunity, as I did, to talk intimately with various types of "doughboys," could fail to appreciate the tremendous part books came to play in the War, not only in preserving the *morale* but in influencing the later lives of the soldiers. As Dr. Henry van Dyke so well expressed it in 1919, "One thing this war has certainly taught the world, and that is that victory does not depend solely upon big battalions, but upon large and strong and brave hearts and minds in the battalions. The *morale* of the army is the hidden force which uses the weapons of war to the best advantage, and nothing is more important in keeping up this *morale* than a supply of really good reading for the men in their hours of enforced inactivity."

At Coblenz, Trèves, and other German cities which were centers of the various leave areas, I found a universal, insistent call from the "doughboys" for "something to read," which was typical. There were some books, some magazines, some newspapers; but not nearly enough to satisfy the insatiable craving of these homesick soldiers for

books to help them while away the dull monotony that was their portion.

At Coblenz, I turned the conversation with one of these boys upon the subject of reading, and found an immediate response.

"There's one advantage of not having enough to read," he said smiling; "it makes us read what we do have over and over, until we know it by heart."

"What has interested you most?" I inquired.

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a little sheaf of printed leaves, soiled and torn.

"There weren't enough books to go 'round," he said, "so the lady in charge cut one of them up and gave each one of us a few sheets. This is the most interesting thing I have read."

I unfolded the worn, soiled leaves and discovered that I held in my hands Emerson's essay on "Compensation." The boy noted the expression of surprise on my face.

"I used to think Emerson was too 'highbrow,'" he explained, "and I wouldn't have read this if I could have got anything else. But it has explained a lot of things. Every time I read it over I find something new, and it helps me."

"How does it help you?" I inquired, interested to become more familiar with his mental processes.

"Well," he said, "there are a lot of things that

we had to do at home, and we do them here, too, just because we have to. I came over with a lot of enthusiasm—I wanted to serve my country and help win the war, and all that sort of thing; but I didn't see how sweeping up the litter in camp was doing much toward licking the Huns. But Emerson understood all right." Then he quoted from memory: "'Human labor through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. . . . The doctrine that everything has its price; and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states.'

"After reading this and thinking it over," he continued, "I realized that the dirty work we fellows have to do in camp is just part of the 'price,' and looking at it that way makes it easier. In another place Emerson says," again he quoted, "'Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, de-

feated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood.'

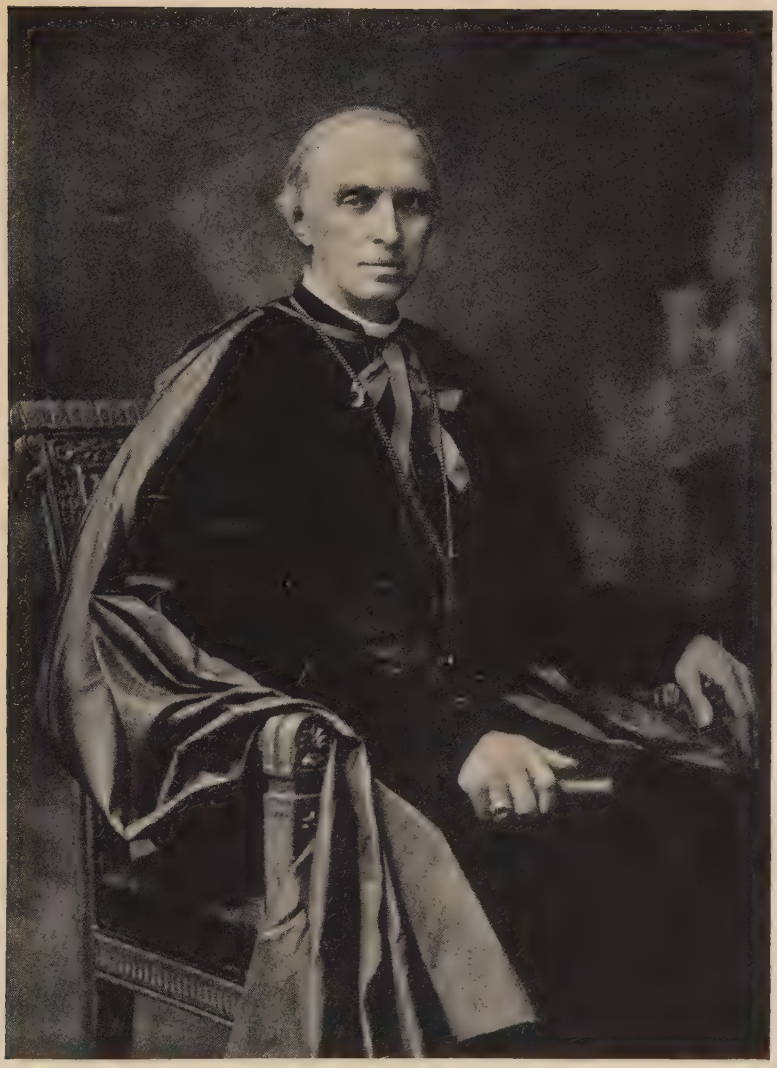
"You see," he explained, "when we fellows came over here, we didn't have much of a grudge against the Huns. To fight them was just part of the job. But when we were 'pricked and stung and sorely shot at,' we sure had our 'indignation awakened,' and we sure had a 'chance to learn something.' This Emerson person must have been a great man. When I get home, I'm going to read everything he wrote."

Who shall say that the trenches did not act as interpreter?

My official work in Belgium required an audience with Cardinal Mercier, and before leaving Brussels it was understood that Col. John Van Schaick, Jr., the Red Cross Commissioner, would make the necessary arrangements for this to be held on the Thursday following. This made a fixed date for my return, in addition to which, owing to congestion in motor transportation at the Red Cross, it was important that the automobile be back in Brussels by noon the following Wednesday.

Tuesday night found me at La Panne, the seat of the Government in Free Belgium during the German occupation, one hundred and sixty miles from Brussels. The distance had to be covered the

next day by twelve o'clock if I was to keep my agreement, and to accomplish this it was necessary to leave La Panne at daybreak. On the way to Brussels I passed through the battlefield of Ypres, which at that time was still unsalvaged; and no visible evidence of the ravages of war with which I came in contact so affected me as did the tragedy unfolded in these barren fields. Such trees as remained were absolutely bare of verdure or even branches; the mutilated trunks stood bleak against their somber surroundings, twisted and battered evidences of the terrific cataclysm which had surged about them. I counted from one spot seven overturned tanks, standing on their noses, and otherwise wrecked. Lying on the ground were wings and blades of airplanes, together with half-filled cartridge belts, just as they had fallen from the bodies of the English soldiers, empty shells, and here and there a little mound raised as high as possible above the wet ground, surmounted by a rude wooden cross. No one in America could have learned from newspaper reports alone the meaning of the "rainy season" in Flanders. Even at the time I passed through the battlefield the trenches were half full of slime and mud. Nowhere could one gain a more vivid picture of the awful tragedy of war than at Ypres.



A Monsieur W. Dana Orcutt, en témoignage de reconnaissance et de bien cordiale sympathie.

† D. J. Card. Mercier, Arch. de Malines

26 Mars 1919

CARDINAL MERCIER
One of the greatest figures in the World War

I reached Brussels just before noon, three minutes ahead of schedule!

In the meantime, Colonel Van Schaick had learned from Cardinal Mercier that he was about to go into Easter retreat, but would postpone this for twenty-four hours if I would take lunch and spend the afternoon with him on Wednesday at Malines. Malines is seventeen miles out of Brussels. Colonel Van Schaick said afterwards that it required unusual confidence in me as a man of my word to accept an invitation for me to lunch at Malines on Wednesday at one o'clock, based upon my promise to return to Brussels at twelve o'clock—an hour which barely left time enough to cover the intervening distance!

When my motor drew up at the hotel in Brussels I found the Cardinal's car with his secretary, Père Rutten, waiting for me. I simply stepped from one conveyance into the other, travel-stained as I was, and we immediately set off for Malines. Père Rutten was a likable young priest of perhaps thirty years, and the hour's ride was most agreeable. As we approached the Cardinal's palace, Père Rutten asked if there was anything he could personally do that would add to my pleasure, to which I replied that some water and soap would be the most welcome contributions any one could make toward that end.

Entering the Palais du Cardinal, Père Rutten left me for a moment, and presently four chamberlains appeared in procession, one bearing in his hands a basin; the second a ewer containing cold water, which he majestically poured into the basin; the third supplied me with a small piece of soap, at that time the most precious thing in Belgium; and the fourth with much ceremony dried my hands.

The adventure of the chamberlains led me to expect a reception even more formal on the part of the Cardinal, but never was there a greater contrast. The old man came forward from his library to greet me, walking down the stairs with both arms extended. Such a welcome, expressing the kindliest and most courteous fatherly affection, could not fail to draw me to him from the moment of our first meeting.

After a brief preliminary conversation we passed into the refectory, where lunch was served, and again the only formality was that expressed by the attendants. During luncheon the conversation turned particularly on America and the affection the Cardinal felt toward the country that had extended such helpfulness to his own people; on the League of Nations, which he considered "wonderful in conception, unfortunately impossible in execution";

THE RUINS OF LOUVAIN LIBRARY

"Furore teutonico diruta"

of President Wilson, of whom he spoke courteously, quickly passing on to express his obviously greater respect for Herbert Hoover; and of the strong hope he sustained that one of the fortunate results of the War would be to create an everlasting bond of friendship between Belgium and America.

After luncheon I went with him to his library, where we had three hours of intimate conversation. He told me of his father, who was an artist, and he showed me some of his work. He talked of his own boyhood, and how his career had been accidentally turned into ecclesiastical channels. He showed me some of his recent writings, and with these as a text he talked more freely of his own part in the gallant defense which little Belgium had made against the Hun. Before we parted he went back to his desk and took from one of the drawers a photograph of himself.

"Would you think me very forward," he inquired with charming *naïveté*, "if I asked you to accept this photograph as a souvenir of our first meeting?"

The Cardinal was particularly interested in discussing the situation in America and the probable reception he would receive if he carried out his plans to visit us the following September. He explained that the real purpose of this visit was two-

fold: first, to express Belgium's thanks to America; and, second, to ask America to raise a fund to rebuild the library of his beloved University of Louvian. I urged him strongly to separate the two objects, letting the solicitation of funds for Louvian be handled by a committee entirely distinct from himself, and to have the action come as a result of his visit—as an expression of the affectionate reception I was sure he would receive. When his visit to America became a reality, I was interested to see that this suggestion was scrupulously followed. The fund of $1,000,000 was successfully completed in 1925. The new building was impressively dedicated in 1927, the five hundredth anniversary of the founding of the University, with the dramatic episode of the disputed inscription on the balustrade to attract even greater attention from the world. Had Cardinal Mercier lived to take part in this discussion I wonder whether he would have joined forces with the pacifist section, for policy's sake, or have insisted that *Furore teutonico diruta; dono americano restituta* should stand. After that afternoon with him, I have no personal doubts as to his complete sympathy with every word of that proposed inscription!

Our conversation was entirely in French up to the time when he said good-bye at the top of the

THE NEW LOUVAIN LIBRARY

"*Dono americano restituta*"

staircase. Holding both my hands in his, and with a smile that I shall never forget, he said in English,

"We are now what you call good friends, what you say?"

Motoring back to Brussels, I had late tea with Ambassador and Mrs. Brand Whitlock in their attractive apartment. Whitlock showed plainly the terrific physical strain of the splendid service he had rendered during those critical years, in one of the most delicate diplomatic positions of the War. He was more grey, and looked older than was warranted by the time that had elapsed since I had last seen him. He was painfully nervous, and found it difficult to concentrate long on any one subject. Our conversation was devoted almost wholly to literary matters and in bringing him up to date concerning mutual friends whom he had not seen since before the War. I could not persuade him to talk of his own work in Belgium, much as I should have liked to learn of it from his own lips. Since then he has told his story in book form, recording chapters in war history which are of far greater moment than others that have attracted greater public attention.

A month later I was in London, completing the assignment that had taken me overseas. The contrast in the attitude of the English people was striking. In Paris one could not help feeling that the great

tragedy had come to be more or less capitalized. The French people not only needed sympathy and assistance, but they expected and demanded it. England, it is true, had not received such serious physical punishment, but she had lost one man in every three. London was still on war rations—no coal, no milk, no butter, no sugar. Women everywhere were occupying the posts previously filled by men, but vacated through the terrific losses at the front—yet there was no appeal for sympathy. They would not have accepted it from any one. They had been face to face with a grim tragedy, they had seen their duty, and had met it unflinchingly. It was all in the day's run.

I went to the memorial exercises held in Westminster Abbey for the American soldiers and sailors who had fallen in action. It was a wonderful service. Nothing I have ever heard was more impressive than the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" by the throng that filled the Abbey. The circumstances naturally called forth every spark of patriotic fervor, and no American could have listened to the singing of those marvelous words in such an environment without experiencing a thrill that rarely repeats itself in a lifetime. Never before had I so thoroughly realized the flaming passion of patriotism which the following lines evoke:

JULIA WARD HOWE

The "Battle Hymn Portrait," painted by John Elliott, Mrs. Howe's son-in-law, portraying the author as at the time her famous poem was written

[*By courtesy of Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott*]

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!"

Never since that day has there been a doubt in my mind that the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" should be the American national anthem.

When I returned to my hotel I found myself recalling happy memories of the famous author of the poem, who was President of the Boston Authors' Club when I first became a member. I recalled, too, another occasion when I had listened to this same poem with almost the same thrill. When Julia Ward Howe celebrated at her own home her ninetieth birthday, she recited to her guests, with a fervor and eloquence scarcely to be expected in one of her age, the inspired version of this noble hymn. From that my mind wandered to the various meetings of the Boston Authors' Club, over which she had so gracefully presided with Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the vice-president—"the woman who turned her pen into a sword," as Owen Wister so charmingly said at a banquet of the Club, "and the man who turned his sword into a pen." Mrs. Howe always

called Mr. Higginson her "pet vice." I recalled the many sly sallies and witty retorts which, while perhaps not quite parliamentary, made these meetings memorable.

This was the year of the Julia Ward Howe centenary, and everywhere in America literary organizations gathered in her honor. Discussions were rife regarding the appropriateness of formally adopting the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" as the American national anthem. If the decision had rested in the hands of the doughboys I met during my overseas adventure there is no doubt as to what the verdict would have been. When the "Stars and Stripes" made its initial appearance as the official journal of the American Expeditionary Force, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" appeared on the first page, and the line

"*As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free*"

was selected as symbolic of the spirit of the American Army in France.

Thus did echoes of books and writers come to me amid the grim relics of the Great War. Those months taught me how rich a heritage has been given to all those who labor in the Kingdom of Books. They also taught me how heavy the responsibility that rests upon the shoulders of the laborers.

CHAPTER V

In Quest of Sweynheym and Pannartz

V

IN QUEST OF SWEYNHEYM AND PANNARTZ

TO understand the language of type, as in learning any new language, requires far more than to familiarize oneself with vocabulary, rules, or generic derivations. A student of typography may speak the language of type after absorbing the details of the outstanding examples of the art of printing from the beginning, but he can never really know it until he has become intimately acquainted with the personalities and the environment of the great master printers themselves. The volumes reveal the political, economic, and ecclesiastical conditions of the periods in which they were produced, but, beyond all this, these landmarks stand as the personal expression of the individual artist printers—not only of themselves but of the conditions surrounding them. The Sweynheym and Pannartz books taught me much before I became acquainted with their makers, but I never really understood them until I went to Subiaco and to Rome, and forced these worthy pioneers to step out from the mystery

and seclusion surrounding their traditions, and tell me something of themselves.

I once read somewhere that "Sweynheym and Pannartz transformed an insignificant hilltop monastery at Subiaco into a shrine for typographic pilgrims." I cannot believe that the writer of these words had ever himself made that pilgrimage. Far from being "insignificant," the three monasteries which go to make up the Abbey of Santa Scolastica —one founded by Saint Benedict about 530, the second originally built in 1052, and the third begun about 1215—have always been and always will be renowned in history as the birthplace of the Benedictine Order. In the twelfth century its abbots were nothing less than princes, owning castles and fortresses, and possessing the actual rights of jurisdiction over their people. In 1454, Calixtus III made the Abbot of Santa Scolastica a Cardinal Commendatory, and Juan Turrecremata, a Spanish priest and scholar, was the first incumbent who was privileged to bear this title.

I also doubt very much, judging by my own experience, if Subiaco will ever become a popular "shrine for typographic pilgrims," appropriate as that might be. It is not an easy pilgrimage to make, and, beyond that, the authorities would never permit the Benedictine glories surrounding the place

Photo. by Anderson

THE FIRST VIEW OF SUBIACO

to be dimmed by any competition of Sweynheym and Pannartz. Yet these first printers of Italy might well be made a part of the crown of Saint Benedict, for was it not also in a Benedictine Abbey, Westminster, that the earliest printing press in England was established?

Subiaco and its monasteries are now made the objective of a one-day excursion from Rome by all the tourist agencies, but this is because of the association with Saint Benedict and of the sheer beauty of the motor trip rather than because of the reputation the place should possess as a "shrine for typographic pilgrims." In the elaborate announcements of these excursions no mention whatever is made of our worthy heroes of the Book, or of the fact that it was at Subiaco that the first volume in all Italy was printed. Yet surely an exploitation of these facts would add much to the interest of a spot already hallowed by history and legend.

I had been prepared by Padre Ippolito Di Brizio, the present successor of the old Abbot, Juan Turrecremata, for the absence of the relics I had hoped to find: "The monastery is open to you," he graciously responded to my letter, "on any day and at any hour—but of the typographic remains of the two German printers not a vestige exists"; but frankly I was surprised and disappointed to discover

among the monks in residence so little knowledge of the importance of what had happened in their very midst not quite five centuries ago.

To reach Subiaco I left Rome by motor through the Porta San Lorenzo, taking the Tiburtina Road as far as Tivoli, where of course I stopped long enough to marvel again at the wonderful Villa d'Este with its hundreds of playing fountains. Branching off to the left, the road passes through Vicovaro, which guards the entrance to the lovely Licenza Valley, then on past Agosta along the Sublacense Road to my objective. A new road now takes one actually to the Church of Santa Scolastica, thus considerably lessening the physical effort formerly required to reach the summit on foot. The earliest press and printing materials, painfully hauled to their first location on donkeys and the backs of monks, were installed in the lower monastery, on a level with the Church; but before indulging in the primary purpose of my visit, in order to absorb the atmosphere and spirit of the place, I continued my climb on foot, over slipping stones that invited a turned ankle, along a sharply ascending path which led me to the Sacro Speco.

The Sacro Speco, or "Upper Church," as the first monastery of Santa Scolastica is known, commemorates the holy cave of Saint Benedict. As the story

Photo. by Alinari

THE CHURCH OF SACRO SPECO, *Subiaco*

goes, in the sixth century a youth called Benedictus, belonging to a noble family of the Anicii, became so disgusted with the seductions of Rome that at the early age of fourteen he renounced his family, his fortune, and the world, seeking solitude except for his companionship with God. At first he concealed himself in La Mentorella, but he was discovered by his faithful nurse, Cyrilla, who followed to protect him. Then the boy sought greater seclusion in a cave in the gorge of Subiaco, above the River Anio, where he lived known only to the monk Romanus, who sympathized with the youth's desires, supplied him with the skin of a wild beast for a garment, and each day divided with him his loaf of bread, which he let down into the cave by a cord. Legend has it that when the Devil wished to be particularly disagreeable to the pious Benedictus, he cut the cord of the basket and thus deprived the worthy youth of his much needed sustenance.

This cave is now the basis of an extraordinary tripartite church, on the walls of which are frescoes depicting the miracles and important events in the Saint's life. One of the most interesting frescoes is a life-size portrait of Saint Francis, painted by a monk in 1223, which is the earliest known. In the cave itself is a marble statue of Benedict, by Raggi, a pupil of Bernini, placed there in 1657, showing the

fourteen-year-old boy meditating on the cross, with the basket in the background. It was to this cave, when his hiding place was finally discovered, that shepherds came first and, later, pilgrims, to listen to the teachings of the holy man, and, through the disciples of Benedict who went forth in the world to spread his faith, Subiaco became the birthplace of the Benedictine Order and of western monastic life.

Before reaching the Sacro Speco a small gateway marks the end of the stony path, through which I passed into the famous grove of ilexes—impressive old trees, centuries old, which have never yet been profaned by the axe of the woodcutter. These were so dense that I was unprepared for the narrow flight of stone steps upon which I came suddenly, leading to the platform before the Monastery, until that moment completely concealed—named Santa Scolastica in honor of the sister of Saint Benedict.

An hour spent in this sanctuary, among the fascinating legends of history, well prepared me to understand that the establishment of the first printing press in Italy in this alluring spot was not the result of an accident, but was entirely in keeping with the spirit of the place. Subiaco in the fifteenth century had become the center of a powerful monastic order. Each of the abbots who had preceded Turrecremata had employed every medium known

in his epoch to spread the tenets of the patron saint. What more natural, when the news of Gutenberg's invention of printing reached Subiaco, than that the intelligent Turrecremata should recognize at once the unlimited possibilities that lay in the new art as a vehicle to convey the teachings of Saint Benedict throughout the world!

In all probability the Abbot Turrecremata had learned of Gutenberg's discovery that movable letters might be combined to form words, and words combined to form sentences, through German monks who, before leaving their own country, had seen the new art put into practical expression by Fust and Schoeffer in Mayence. Conrad Sweynheym of Mayence and Arnold Pannartz of Prague, who were invited by the Abbot to establish themselves within the monastery walls, are supposed to have been fugitives from Mayence after the siege of 1462, and they may even have been employed by Gutenberg himself. Their first volume was a *Donatus pro Puerulis*, of which unfortunately no copy has come down to us. School children in the fifteenth century were just as destructive of schoolbooks as are their modern successors! This was a small grammar for boys, printed not from type but from wood blocks, on which the characters had been cut by hand. The earliest Subiaco publication which bears

a date is the famous *Lactantius* of 1465, printed in the earliest Roman letters known to have been cut; the second publication was Cicero's *De Oratore*, issued without printer's mark, date, or place, but supposed to bear the same date as the *Lactantius*; the third volume was Saint Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, dated June, 1467, which is to my mind the finest example of the work of the Subiaco press.

Of these publications, the library at Santa Scolastica contains but a single example of the *Lactantius* and two copies of the *De Civitate Dei*, one of which is imperfect. These are the only relics that remain of the birth of the art of printing in Italy—the forerunner of the glorious products of Jenson and Aldus in Venice,—no type, no time-battered handpress, no tablet, no inscription. There might at least have been a tablet and an inscription! Even the stone steps, worn smooth by the footsteps of Saint Benedict, are pointed out with pride and veneration, but the memory of these intrepid workmen of less than five centuries ago, without whose labors the promulgation of the Benedictine doctrines (to say nothing of the civilization of the world) would have been retarded—who shall say how long?—remains solely in the hands of lovers of the art of printing, and of those historians who have stimulated interest in the history of the Book.

On the day I made my pilgrimage circumstances prevented me from communicating with my host, so unfortunately I missed meeting him personally. Subiaco has again been made a bishopric, just as it was in the old days before the See was united with a Cardinalate, and Padre Di Brizio is now not only the Abbot of Santa Scolastica, but is also Bishop of the entire diocese. At the moment of my arrival he was away on the performance of diocesan duties.

Failing to find the Bishop, I was fortunate in being received by Don Dunstano Gotz, a Benedictine father from Buckfast Abbey, in Devon, England, at that moment on a mission to Rome, and domiciled at Santa Scolastica. He met me at the Sacro Speco, and before we began our descent I explained to him what I had especially in mind. As we started down the sharply descending path I marveled at the ease with which he negotiated with his sandals the slipping stones which caused me so much difficulty. His interest in America was keen and his questions searching. At one time our conversation turned upon the unusual severity of the previous winter. "It was eight degrees below zero here at the Monastery," Don Gotz confided to me. "That was all right for those who worked out of doors," he added, "but as there are no fires whatever inside the Monastery it was a bit hard on the students."

When we reached the Church of Santa Scolastica, Don Gotz presented me to monks who, from long residence, were more familiar than he with the history and the records. As the conversation progressed I could see by the merry twinkle in his eye that he was amused as well as surprised, as I was, to discover how little the successors of Turrecremata and his monks really knew concerning what should have been to them a priceless heritage. As he followed my questions, and perhaps sensed in a measure the real disappointment I felt, he said to me in an aside, "You know more about these ancient printers than they do. They can tell you nothing, but they will know more after you have left."

Their courtesy could not have been greater, but they utterly failed to comprehend my interest in what had happened in the Monastery so many centuries before. They willingly and proudly showed me their present printing outfit, which includes one small German power press and a few fonts of worn hand type; they even expressed an eagerness to print for me the volume which I had told them I was planning to write, and they finally presented me with a pamphlet bearing the imprint *Subiaco. Printed at the Abbey Press, 1929*, as an example of their work. Frankly, I am glad that Sweynheym and Pannartz cannot be asked to pass upon the

Photo. by Anderson

THE CHURCH OF SANTA SCOLASTICA, *Subiaco*

In this church Sweynheym and Pannartz established the earliest printing office in Italy (1462)

quality of this example of the art of printing produced by their successors!

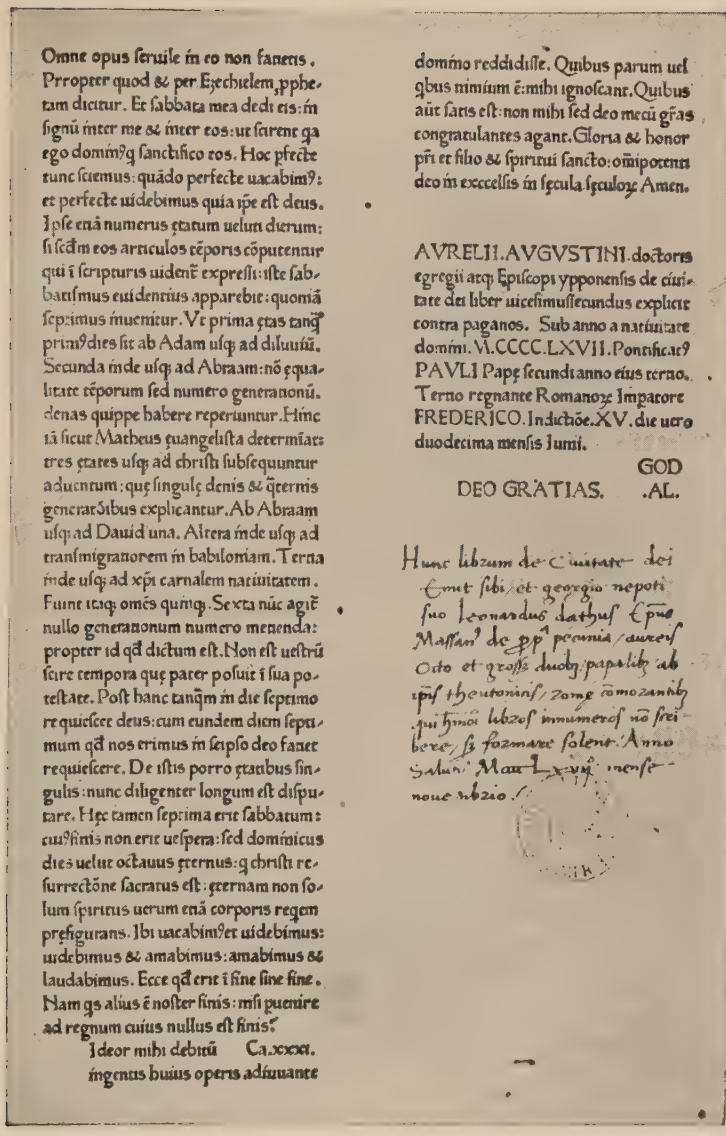
The whole situation was ironical, but still I felt that my pilgrimage had been well worth the effort it had cost me. It meant much to visualize the surroundings under which those pioneers of the fifteenth century had worked, and to understand from personal experience the almost insurmountable obstacles they overcame in producing their three epoch-making volumes. I had no difficulty in appreciating why they so readily accepted the invitation from the brothers Massimo to transfer themselves and their work to Rome! It meant much to me to handle these particular copies of the books on the very spot where they had actually been produced, within the precincts from which they had never been removed. Somehow they seemed more truly the product of that courageous early adventure than did other copies of the same editions I had previously examined.

In studying these pages again it was still difficult for me to bear in mind that they were printed only ten years later than the *Gutenberg Bible*, while methods were still experimental, with mechanical aids few in number and crude in nature. No one familiar with the process of making books could fail to appreciate how extraordinary the achieve-

ment. Sweynheym was by trade a wood engraver, so it is supposed that the responsibility of cutting the characters and setting the type fell upon him, while Pannartz was the pressman. The monks contributed not to the actual labor of printing, for that was against the rules of their institution, but to the editing and correction of the proofs.

I made a particularly careful examination of the paper, which varies in color and quality and shows different water marks. The finest and whitest is used in the *Lactantius*, containing as water mark a cornucopia suspended by a straight line. In the *De Oratore*, a Cardinal's hat and a pair of shears appear in a paper of deeper tint and poorer quality; while a thicker grade, watermarked with a cross bow, is found in the *De Civitate Dei*. The presswork of the Subiaco volumes, in uniformity of color and the alignment of the type, is superior to that shown in the books made later by Sweynheym and Pannartz in Rome.

Having learned what I could at Subiaco, I returned to Rome to pursue my quest. Several reasons have been given by different authorities as the inciting force which transferred Sweynheym and Pannartz from Subiaco to Rome. It may be that friction developed between the printers and the



Omne opus ſeruile ín eo non faceris. Propter quod & per Ezechielem pphetam dicitur. Et ſabbata mea dedi eis: ín ſignũ ínter me & ínter eos: ut ſcirent quia ego dominꝰ q̃ ſanctifico eos. Hoc pfecte tunc ſcietis: quãdo perfecte uacabimꝰ: et perfecte uidebimus quia ipe eſt deus. Ipſe enã numerus ꝑtatum uelut dierum: ſi ſcãm eos articulos tẽporis cõputentur qui ĩ ſcripturis uidenẽ expreſſi: iſte ſabbatiſmus euidentius apparebit: quoniã ſeptimus ínuenitur. Vt prima ꝑtas tanq̃ primꝰ dies ſit ab Adam uſq; ad diluuiũ. Secunda índe uſq; ad Abraam: nõ ꝙualitate tẽporum ſed numero generationũ. denas quippe habere reperiuntur. Hinc iã ſicut Matheus euangeliſta determiat: tres ꝑtates uſq; ad chriſtũ ſubſequuntur aduentum: quę ſingulę denis & q̃ternis generatiõibus explicantur. Ab Abraam uſq; ad Dauid una. Altera índe uſq; ad tranſmigrationem ín babyloniam. Tertia índe uſq; ad xp̃i carnalem natiuitatem. Fiunt iteq; omẽs quinq;. Sexta núc agit̃ nullo generationum numero metenda: propter id q̃d dictum eſt. Non eſt ueſtrũ ſcire tempora quę pater poſuit ĩ ſua poteſtate. Poſt hanc tanq̃m ín die ſeptimo requieſcet deus: cum eundem diem ſeptimum q̃d nos erimus ín ſeipſo deo faciet requieſcere. De iſtis porro ꝑtibus ſingulis: nunc diligenter longum eſt diſputare. Hęc tamen ſeptima erit ſabbatum: cuiꝰ finis non erit ueſpera: ſed dominicus dies uelut octauus ꝑternus: q̃ chriſti reſurrectõne ſacratus eſt: ꝑternam non ſolum ſpiritus uerum enã corporis regem prefigurans. Ibi uacabimꝰ & uidebimus: uidebimus & amabimus: amabimus & laudabimus. Ecce q̃d erit ĩ fine ſine fine. Nam q̃s alius ẽ noſter finis: niſi puenire ad regnum cuius nullus eſt finis?

Ideor mihi debitũ Ca.xxxi. ingentis huius operis adiuuante domino reddidiſſe. Quibus parum uel ꝙbus nimium ẽ: mihi ignoſcant. Quibus aũt ſatis eſt: non mihi ſed deo mecũ gr̃as congratulantes agant. Gloria & honor p̃i et filio & ſpiritui ſancto: oĩpotenti deo ín ecceſſis ín ſecula ſeculoꝝ Amen.

AVRELII. AVGVSTINI. doctoris egregii atq; Epiſcopi ypponenſis de ciuitate dei liber uicesimuſecundus explicit contra paganos. Sub anno a natiuitate domini. VI.CCCC.LXVII. Pontificatꝰ PAVLI Papę ſecundi anno eius terno. Terno regnante Romanoꝝ Imperatore FREDERICO. Indictiõe. XV. die uero duodecima menſis Iunii.

GOD
DEO GRATIAS. .AL.

Hunc libzum de Ciuitate dei
Emit ſibi et georgio nepoti
ſuo leonardus dathus Epus
Maſſan de ppa peconia aureos
Octo et groſſe duoby papalibz ab
ipſis theutonicis zome cõmozantib
qui hmõi libzos immemoreſ nõ frei
bere ſz fozmare ſolent. Anno
Salutis Mcc lxvij menſe
nouembzio.

A CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN TWO FAMOUS PRINTING ESTABLISHMENTS

Printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz in Subiaco in 1467, and sold by them in their Rome establishment five months later

"This book, De Civitate Dei, Leonardus Dathus, Bishop of Massanus, bought for himself and his grandson, Georgius, with his own money, for eight gold pieces and two papal coins (three pence each), from those Germans staying at Rome, who are accustomed not to writing many books of this kind but to making them. In the year of grace 1467, in the month of November"

monks; it may be that with no fires and an altitude which produces a winter temperature of eight degrees below zero, as Don Gotz recently experienced, these Germans preferred to take their chances amidst urban surroundings; but there is a strong probability that they saw in the invitation of the Princes Pietro and Francesco Massimo, to set up their establishment in the Massimo Palace in Rome, an opportunity for a far more satisfactory development of their art under princely patronage.

At all events, the transition was quickly accomplished. The Subiaco edition of *De Civitate Dei* was issued on June 12, 1467; a purchaser has recorded the fact that in November of this same year he bought a copy of this book from Sweynheym and Pannartz in Rome. This volume, with its interesting note, is in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

One comes upon the Palazzo Massimo alle Colonne when he takes the Corso Vittorio Emanuele from S. Andrea della Valle on the right, following the bend in the street, occupying the site of the ancient Odeum. Toward the end of the fifteenth century the original building was torn down to make way for a new palace, of which Baldassare Peruzzi of Siena was architect. It is a handsome building, even though a bit gloomy, built with a semicircular portico with six Doric columns.

There are few of the Roman princely establishments which are free from blood-curdling associations, and the Palazzo Massimo is no exception. History records that Lelio, head of the House of Massimo in the sixteenth century, was the father of six sons. After the death of his wife, Girolama Savelli, in 1571, he married a woman named Eufrosina, who had already attained notoriety as the mistress of the famous Marcantonio Colonna, by whom her husband Corberio had been murdered. Lelio's sons took violent exceptions to their father's second marriage, and their resentment burned so high that on the day after the wedding five of them entered her room and murdered her. Lelio died of a broken heart, cursing the censorious sons jointly and severally, and the story goes that they all died unnatural deaths, the family being perpetuated by Pompeo Massimo, the sixth son, who had refused to participate in the family tragedy.

The palace is open to the public only on the sixteenth of March each year, this date perpetuating an ancient custom of the Massimo family to receive during this day in commemoration of the temporary restoration to life, by Saint Filippo Neri, of their ancestor, Paolo Massimo, a fourteen-year-old boy who had died of fever on March 16, 1584. I discovered an elaboration of this story in Jameson's

Photo. by Anderson

THE MASSIMO PALACE, *Rome*

Monastic Orders. "S. Filippo Neri," he writes, "was the spiritual director of the Massimo family; it is in his honor that the Palazzo Massimo is dressed up in festal guise every sixteenth of March. The annals of the family narrate that the son and heir of Prince Fabrizio Massimo died of a fever at the age of fourteen, and that Saint Filippo, coming into the room in the midst of the lamentations of father, mother, and sisters, laid his hand upon the brow of the youth and called him by his name, on which he revived, opened his eyes, and sate up.

"'Art thou unwilling to die?' asked the saint.

"'No,' sighed the youth.

"'Art thou resigned to yield thy soul to God?'

"'I am.'

"'Then go,' said Filippo. 'Go, that you may become blessed, and pray to God for us.'

"The boy sank back on his pillow with a heavenly smile on his face, and expired."

I was fortunate enough to have two opportunities to visit the interior of the Palace, and to study its many and varied treasures. On the occasion of my first visit, Prince Francesco Massimo was away from Rome, but upon his return three days later he telephoned to my hotel, and invited me to spend a Sunday morning with him. There are now two Princes Massimo—Fabrizio, whom I did not meet,

and Francesco, who at the present time is living in the Palazzo Massimo and, incidentally, is acting as the first Superintendent General of Papal Posts. The grandmother of Princess Francesco Massimo was an American, a Miss Field of New York, so, although generations of Roman patrician blood flow through their veins, their interest in America and things American is unusually strong. Imagine my surprise when the Prince showed me with great pride a writing table which had once belonged to George Washington!

In the entrance hall where the Prince received me there is an elaborate daïs with a canopy decorated with the motto of the family, *Cunctando Restituit*. This perpetuates the claim of the Massimo family that they are descended from the famous dictator, Fabius Maximus, who is described by Ennius as having "saved the Republic by delaying." In connection with this, Prince Francesco related an amusing anecdote. While Napoleon occupied Rome he heard of this claim of the Massimo family, and when he next saw Prince Massimo he said to him abruptly, "Is it true that you are descended from Fabius Maximus?" The Prince was somewhat embarrassed by the suddenness of the question and the brusqueness with which it was asked.

"I can't prove it," he replied modestly; "but it is

Photo. by Alinari

COURT OF THE MASSIMO PALACE

a rumor that has run in our family for something more than a thousand years."

In contrast to the lack of interest in Sweynheym and Pannartz which I encountered at Subiaco Prince Francesco was fully aware of the historical distinction conferred upon the Palazzo Massimo by its association with the two printers who achieved the double honor of introducing the art of printing into Italy and of being the first printers in Rome. The Prince is a booklover, and possesses a splendid library, but the most highly prized gems in his collection are the Sweynheym and Pannartz volumes, which were actually produced, as the old imprints record, *in aedibus Petri de Maximis.* These examples, never having had the trying experiences endured by all other copies of passing from one library to another, are, naturally enough, in superb condition. In addition to the titles with which I was already familiar, the Prince showed me a small, sixteen-page *Oratio ad Lucenses* of Nicolaus Montanas, which is one of four existing examples of an additional and little known item; the other three being in the Angelica Library, Rome, in the collection of the Conte d'Adda of Milan, and in the library at Monte Cassino; but the Massimo copy is by all odds the rarest because of the perfection of its condition.

The location of the ancient printing office was

on the ground floor, in a building separate and yet a part of the present Palazzo Massimo. The structure has been partially restored, but a portion of the walls and some of the rafters probably go back to the Sweynheym and Pannartz period. It seemed a bit incongruous to have this room devoted to the utilitarian purposes of a garage, and I think it would require some acclimatization for me to become accustomed to having my motor car washed with water drawn in a fifteenth-century marble trough, in which perhaps Sweynheym and Pannartz had been in the habit of removing the printer's ink from their hands! Yet here is an instance where history has yielded to progress without wholly destroying the atmosphere.

The first typographic product of Sweynheym and Pannartz in the Massimo Palace was Cicero's *Epistolae*, which appeared at the end of the year 1467. During the next five years splendid editions of the Latin classics were issued, including Apuleius, Caesar, Gellius, Livy, Lucan, Ovid, Pliny, Quintilian, Strabo, and Virgil; important ecclesiastical literature, such as Saint Augustine, Saint Cyprian, and Saint Jerome. Most of these editions ran about three hundred copies; some of them passed through two or three editions, and one required a fourth printing. This, in those early days, was success; but,

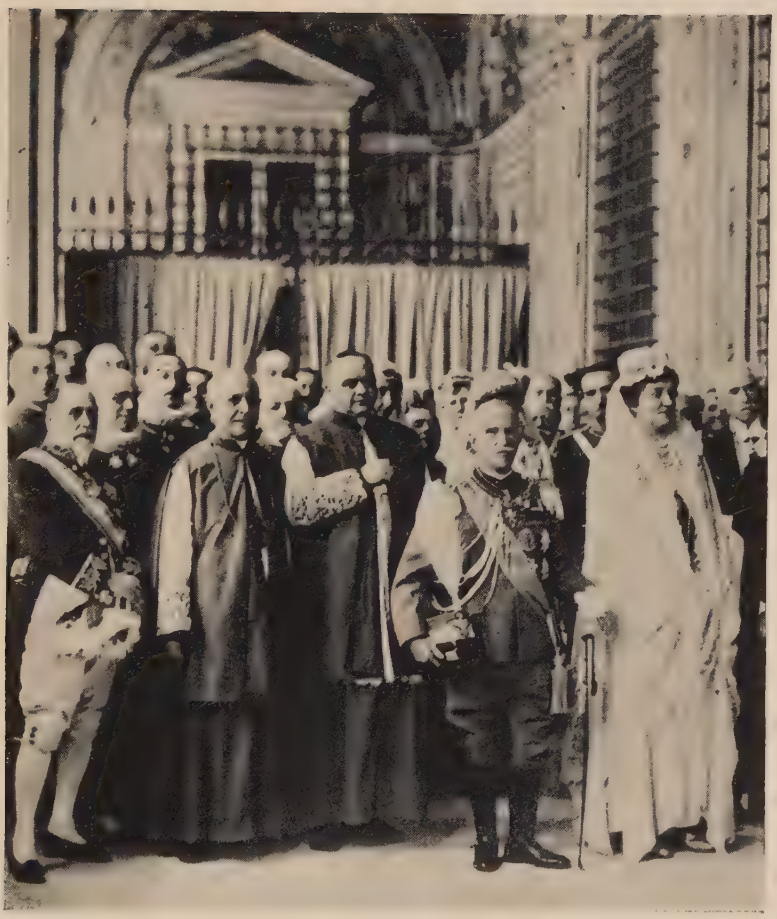


Photo. by Acme

PRINCE FRANCESCO MASSIMO

(*at extreme left*) the lineal descendant of the Princes Massimo who invited Sweynheym and Pannartz to Rome in 1467. The Prince is now Superintendent General of Papal Posts, and represented the Pope in the recent historic visits of the Royal family of Italy to the Vatican

just as we have seen history repeat itself in later years, the printers became ambitious, and they undertook to print the *Biblical Commentaries* of Nicolaus de Lyra in five great volumes. This was late in the year 1471—just at the time when Rome was beginning to feel the sharp competition of other printers, particularly those of Venice. The monopoly which the Roman printers had enjoyed was rapidly disappearing, and by the time the fifth volume of the Latin Bible was issued, Sweynheym and Pannartz found themselves in financial difficulty. The Princes Massimo did all in their power to assist them. The Bishop of Aleria, at that time serving as the first librarian of the Vatican Library,[1] personally appealed to Pope Sixtus IV on their behalf, calling the Pontiff's attention to the importance of the work of the printers for the "service of literature and of the church." This petition itself is one of the most famous and most valuable documents in all typographical history, as it recites the titles and the number of copies printed of all the books printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz.[2] In the appeal the printers declare, "our house, rather large, is filled with printed sheets but is empty of everything necessary to life."

[1] See page 83

[2] See reproduction in *The Kingdom of Books*, by William Dana Orcutt, 1927, pp. 118, 120

The appeal fell upon deaf ears. Pope Sixtus was much interested in manuscripts but not at all in printed books, and he preferred to use the funds at his command for developing the Vatican collection of written volumes. As a result, Sweynheym and Pannartz closed their press in 1472. Pannartz remained in the Palazzo Massimo until his death in 1476, probably being engaged in printing in some form, but Sweynheym returned to his previous occupation of engraving, undertaking the cutting of the plates of the *Cosmographia* of Ptholemus. Unfortunately, Sweynheym died in 1478, before the completion of this work, but the twenty-eight plates were later published by Arnold Bucking.

In 1877 a marble tablet was placed on the rear wall of the Palace to perpetuate the memory of these pioneers of typography:

AVITAS MAXIMORUM AEDES
UBI ANNO MCCCLXVII
ARS TYPOGRAPHICA PRIMUM IN URBEM INVECTA
ET A. MDLXXXIII PAULUS DE MAXIMIS
NUTU S. PHILIPPI NERII AD VITAM REVOCATUS EST
CAMILLUS CAROLUS MAXIMUS PATRITIUS ROMANUS
ARSULARUM PRINCEPS ET DOMINUS
IN PRISTINUM DECUS RESTITUIT
ET MONOCHROMATA QUIBUS DOMINICUS DE MAXIMIS
PER NICOLAUM FURLANUM FRONTEM EXCOLUIT
VETUSTATE OBSOLESCENTIA
ALOISIO FONTANA PICTORE
EXPOLLENDA ET RENOVANDE CURAVIT
A. CHR. MDCCC:LXXVII

Photo. by Alinari

REAR WALL OF THE MASSIMO PALACE
showing the Sweynheym and Pannartz Memorial Tablet

Not even the modern surroundings could destroy the romance associated with this second and final chapter of the typographical history of those adventurers in establishing, among an alien people, an art which was subject to all kinds of limitations because of its infancy. I could almost visualize these sturdy characters as they engaged in their daily labors at the Palazzo Massimo. I could almost hear the words of the Bishop of Aleria, not only their patron but who associated himself with them as proof corrector, when he exclaimed, as many of our modern publishers would feelingly endorse, "Unhappy profession, which consists not so much in seeking pearls among the trash, as discovering the trash among the pearls."

CHAPTER VI

Bodoni at Home

VI

BODONI AT HOME

TO the historical student, the name of Parma suggests Consul Aemilius, its founder; Mark Antony, who avenged Caesar's death by destroying the town because it happened to be Cassius' birthplace; the Emperor Augustus, who named it; the Farnese, who exploited it; and Marie Louise, to whom Napoleon presented it. To the art lover, Parma and Correggio are synonymous. To the traveler, fatigued by rubbing elbows with fellow sightseers in Rome and Florence, Parma offers a plethora of attractions, unmarred by tourists. To the lover of books the letters which form its name spell "Bodoni."

I had always wanted to form my own opinion of the famous Italian printer's greatness from personal contact with his home environment, so I went to Parma. Personally, I find it difficult to understand or to assess the work of any of the great master printers without knowing something of their personalities, of the conditions amidst which they labored, of the economic, political, and ecclesiastical influences that affected their publications, and

the impress upon their epoch which these productions made. In his splendid and definitive volumes, *Printing Types*, Updike says that "types reflect the taste or feeling of their time." So they do, yet to me this tells only half the story. A genius has in his soul a message that demands expression to the world: if a painter, he mixes his pigments and applies them with his brushes on a canvas which he uses as the vehicle to convey this message; if a sculptor, he employs his chisel on marble to accomplish the same purpose; if a master printer, he designs his type and then arranges his letters in such a way that, aside and beyond the message of the printed work, his own message is delivered through the medium of the metal characters. No pigment, no chisel, no type, in itself can interpret for me the taste or feeling of any time. I must be able to visualize the personal characteristics of the man himself. I must understand the period in which he worked. I must place myself in an atmosphere which will prepare me to receive his message before I can properly assume to criticize, even for myself, the type, or the page, or the completed book.

When I first read of Bodoni in the extended and effusive biography written by Giuseppe De Lama I gained an impression exactly the opposite of what the author intended. The praise is so extravagant,

GIAMBATTISTA BODONI
Portrait by C. Martini in the Palatine Library, Parma

the individual attributes are made so perfect, that I became first incredulous and then frankly amused by the exaggerated statements; for, after all is said and done, I knew that no printer, not even Bodoni, was ever a demi-god! Later, when from other sources I had learned enough of the great Italian printer's personal characteristics to form my own conclusions, I returned to De Lama's bombastic extravagances with real delight. The age which produced Bodoni and the Bodoni types could do no less than produce a biographer like De Lama and be consistent with itself!

This was the period when the world had become inoculated with the "classical" fad, as a result of the excitement attending the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum. After the French Revolution, painters and sculptors based their work on what they then called the "Graeco-Roman." We all remember how Josiah Wedgwood in England called his pottery "Etruria," and how in France Etrurian designs made their appearance in the Sèvres porcelains. Even in household furniture and *bric-à-brac* classical *motifs* predominated. It was not only natural but inevitable that this prevailing fashion should make itself apparent in the types and in the very books themselves of the Bodoni period.

Bodoni was in sympathy with the prevailing fad;

he was competent to give expression to it in his work; booklovers called for it, and he gave them exactly what they wanted. It seems an affectation to us of the present day for Bodoni to use the word "Crisopoli"[1] in his imprint instead of "Parma," but it pleased the people of his own time, who always referred to Rome as "the Eternal City." Those who like may characterize him as a "faddist," but they cannot deny that he possessed sufficient originality and force to revolutionize an art which had slavishly followed precedent for three hundred years.

Giambattista Bodoni came to his work well fitted by personality and experience, for he was "born into the art of printing" at Saluzzo, on February 16, 1740. Not only was his father, Francesco Bodoni, a printer, but also his father's father before him. His mother, too, was a Gioliti, a name which ranked high in Italian typographical history for a century and a half. I have no doubt that the youthful Giambattista's father looked upon his son as a perfect example of the "modern generation" when the boy announced to him that Saluzzo offered too limited a field for a printer, and insisted upon going to Rome to learn, at the fountain head, the basic principles of fine typography. At that time the

[1] The legendary name given Parma by the Greeks during their brief domination in the sixth century

LA

DIVINA COMMEDIA

DI

DANTE ALIGHIERI

CON

ILLUSTRAZIONI

TOMO I.

PISA

DALLA TIPOGRAFIA

DELLA SOCIETÀ LETTERARIA

MDCCCIV.

A BODONI TITLE PAGE
in which one could wish no change
[*Reduced from original* $4\frac{5}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ *inches*]

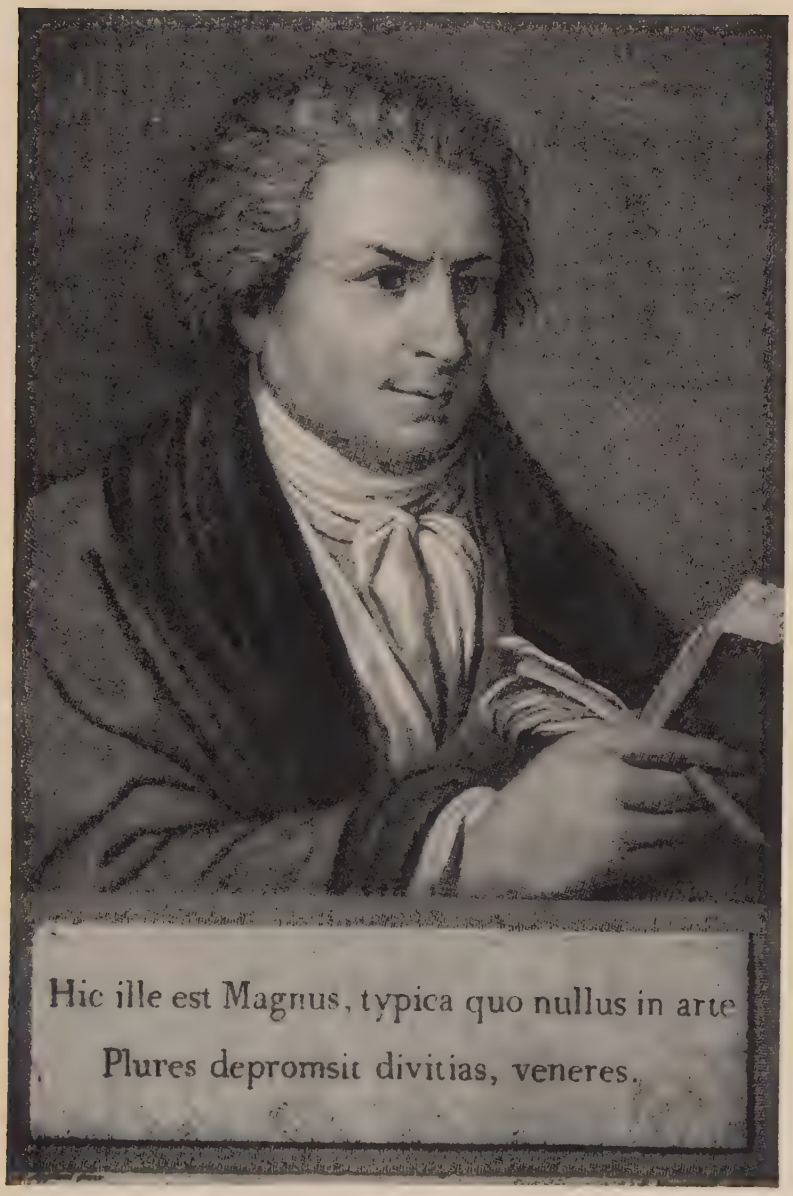
Stamperia di Propaganda in Rome was issuing ecclesiastical publications in various languages, and the youthful Bodoni was particularly eager to become associated with it. He was eighteen years old at this time, and he believed that he had learned all that his father could teach him. He probably had. Typography, particularly in the Oriental languages, intrigued him, and the press of the Propaganda Fide (the "happy school," as he was later to call it) would offer him an opportunity to familiarize himself with these types, and to gratify a desire for creative work which had earlier found expression in cutting wood blocks, well enough made so that prints from them found ready sale in Turin. Giambattista's father was broad-minded enough to assist his son in his ambitious vision so far as lay within his power.

It so happened that an uncle of Giambattista was living in Rome, engaged as secretary to a prelate of the Church. The youthful Bodoni counted much on what this uncle would be able to do for him upon his arrival, but to his disgust he found his relative too much occupied in his work to give him any attention. Deeply chagrined, the youth saw no alternative other than to return to Saluzzo; but, before admitting his failure by leaving Rome, he

decided to visit the Stamperia on his own account. Here he was fortunate enough to meet personally the famous Abbot, Costantino Ruggeri, the Director of the Stamperia, who, interested in the boy's zeal and in his obvious knowledge of typography, gave him an opportunity to show what he could do as a compositor.

Giambattista could ask no more than that! He took up his work seriously, at the same time making a careful study of the Oriental languages, gaining sufficient knowledge to enable him to assume and accomplish the thankless task of sorting out and putting into proper order the extraordinary Oriental characters which Garamond and Le Bé had cut years before for Sixtus V. These had been so neglected that the rust on the punches and matrices was too thick to permit casting. The enthusiastic boy, to the delight of his master, Ruggeri, cleaned these and put them in perfect condition, at the same time planting in his own heart that interest in unusual characters which manifested itself so conspicuously in his specimen book of types issued at Parma in 1818.

A deep, mutual affection developed between Ruggeri and his new disciple. The expert encouraged the boy in every way possible, which made his advance rapid. He introduced him to his own friends



GIAMBATTISTA BODONI

[*From a portrait by Andrea Appiani in the Royal Picture Gallery, Parma*]

—the Cardinal Spinelli, head of the Propaganda, and to Father Maria Paciaudi, the Cardinal's librarian, who in turn admitted the youthful typographer to friendship because of his own sterling qualities. It was this intimacy with Paciaudi which was later to be directly responsible for Bodoni's work at Parma.

The halcyon days at Rome came to a tragic end for Giambattista when his beloved master and mentor, Ruggeri, committed suicide. Giambattista was in an ante-chamber when he heard the sound of a pistol shot, and, rushing into Ruggeri's room, received the shock of finding his idol lying on the floor unconscious and dying from his own desperate deed. Such was the effect upon the young man that he found it impossible to remain in Rome. He decided to seek his further fortunes in London; but on his way thither he determined to pay a visit to his old home at Saluzzo, to share with his family the story of his adventures.

At this point Fate took a hand in the game. Giambattista had no sooner arrived at Saluzzo than he was seized with a serious and dangerous fever, which delayed him in carrying out his plans to go to London. Duke Ferdinand I of Parma, under the influence of his minister, Du Tillot, had already established an Academy of Fine Arts, and also the

Palatine Library, of which he had made Father Paciaudi librarian. When the Duke determined to add to these public benefactions a Royal Press, Du Tillot knew of no printer in Italy competent to fill the position of Director, and he wrote to his friend Mariette in Paris asking him to recommend a Frenchman. Mariette replied that as most of the printing would naturally be done in Italian, it would be much wiser to find some native printer for the position. Du Tillot then turned to the Librarian of the Royal Library for advice. Father Paciaudi recalled his youthful friend in Rome, and strongly recommended Bodoni for the position. The offer from the Duke naturally appealed to the young man, and on February 24, 1768, after having received permission from his King to serve the Duke (Parma being Spanish territory), he arrived in Parma and began the formation of the Royal Press.

This was the beginning of the most glorious career a printer ever enjoyed. Everything combined to make the moment ripe for achievement. The Duke of Parma was eager to bask in the reflected glory as a patron of letters, and was ready to supply the necessary material to enable the Director of his Press to carry out his own ideas with a free hand. The public stood waiting to welcome examples of fine typography, and to accord generous approba-

DESCRIZIONE.

Determinatosi l'Anzianato di Parma in nome di tutta la Comunità di celebrare solennemente le Esequie di S. A. R. Don Ferdinando di Borbone Infante di Spagna, Duca di Parma, Piacenza e Guastalla ec. ec. ec., già nostro amatissimo Sovrano, defunto il giorno 9 Ottobre 1802, fu scelto a tal uopo il magnifico Tempio detto *della Steccata*, Oratorio della Comunità stessa, e di sua intera appartenenza.

Nel disegno della Macchina funerale, e dell'Apparato [1] si ebbe di mira il seguire e secondare l'eccellente architettura naturale dell'edifizio. La pianta del Tempio presenta una Croce Greca. La porta maggiore d'ingresso è costrutta d'ordine Corintio in marmo bianco di Verona.

Fra l'intercolunnio al di sotto dell'architrave di questa porta si collocò un Cartellone quadrilungo dipinto a chiaroscuro, rappresentante a sinistra la Città di Parma piangente, a destra l'Immortalità appoggiata ad un sasso, su cui leggevasi la seguente Iscrizione: [2]

(1) L'invenzione della Macchina, e la direzione dell'Apparato fu affidata all'Architetto Donnino Ferrari Parmigiano, Accademico Professore con voto dell'Accademia delle Belle Arti di Parma.

(2) Essa, come le altre tutte che seguono, sono state composte da Don Ramiro Tonani Parmigiano, Priore de' Monaci Cassinensi in San Gio: Vangelista di Parma.

CHARACTERISTIC BODONI TYPE PAGE WITH BORDER
[*From* Orazio Funebre in Morte di D. Ferdinando I. *Parma*, 1803. *Reduced from* $7\frac{5}{8} \times 12\frac{3}{4}$ *inches*]

tion to any one competent to lift Italian bookmaking out of the slough into which it had declined, and to revive the glories of the Aldi. Italian book-lovers were, in a way, jealous of the fame which had come to England through the work of John Baskerville, and to France through the Didots. No printer ever began his career under such promising auspices; no printer ever so completely fulfilled the expectations of an enthusiastic public.

It was not until I visited the Palatine Library in Parma and found there, thanks to the gracious courtesy of Dr. Pietro Zorzanello, the scholarly Librarian, an opportunity to study at my leisure the complete set of the Bodoni volumes, together with the actual punches and matrices which Bodoni left behind, that I fully appreciated the stupendous sum total of the man's work.

"I have designed up to the present," Bodoni records, "a hundred and forty-two Roman characters, each with Italics and capitals, and seventeen scripts, of which thirteen have their respective *Financiere*,[1] and seven English, comprising two round characters; and, further, several Russian, Greek, German, Hebrew, and other exotics; also a quantity of capitals, titles in Latin, Greek, and

[1] Similar to the modern swash character, more elaborate and florid than the Italic capital

Russian. All of these I have had cast in matrices struck from punches entirely perfected with great love by my own hand."

This in itself would be a prodigious accomplishment for a man who devoted his entire time to nothing else than designing and cutting, yet De Lama credits him with 345 printed books, not counting second editions or 155 inscriptions, pamphlets, and other works of lesser importance. This probably is less than Bodoni printed, as several other titles have come to light since De Lama's publication. Beyond all this, I discovered during my visit in Parma, that Bodoni had found time enough to prove himself an important citizen. Then I realized that the tributes, honors, and even homage paid by princes and potentates came to Bodoni the all-around man, rather than simply to Bodoni the artist printer. The extravagances of De Lama became understandable. From that moment I abandoned my effort to find a revelation of Bodoni in his books, and turned to Bodoni to find in him a revelation of those typographic masterpieces which for a quarter century set the world on edge.

It was twenty years after the establishment of the Royal Press before full appreciation of Bodoni's work began to express itself. In 1781 Pope Pius VI recognized his service to the Church in publishing

MEDAGLIA

D'ONORE

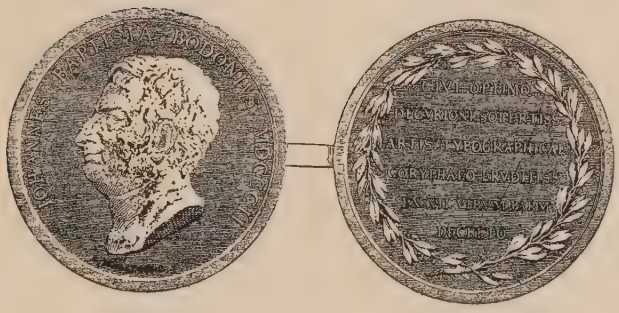
DECRETATA

DAL PUBBLICO DI PARMA

AL CELEBRE TIPOGRAFO

GIO: BATTISTA BODONI

CITTADINO PARMIGIANO.



CRISOPOLI

MDCCCXI.

THE EXQUISITE BALANCE OF A BODONI TITLE PAGE
[*Reduced from* $5\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ *inches*]

the *Orazio Callimaco* in Greek by awarding him two medals, one of silver and one of gold. During the following year, King Carlos III appointed him Royal Printer to Spain, and when Carlos IV succeeded his father, eleven years later, the Parma expert was continued in this honorary position. Pensions were granted him by Napoleon Buonaparte and the Viceroy of India. Special medals were struck by the cities of Paris and Parma in his honor. This last-mentioned tribute was the reward which most touched his heart.

Bodoni could not move about without attracting the liveliest attention, and no person of consequence passed through Parma without including the famous printing establishment as one of the places of greatest interest. During a visit to Turin, Bodoni was overwhelmed by calls from prominent citizens. Overjoyed by the evidences of esteem and affection which he received, he exclaimed enthusiastically, "It is not always true that a prophet is without honor in his own country." In May, 1785, Ferdinand IV, King of the Two Sicilies, and his Consort, visited Bodoni. The Queen was particularly interested—not only in the books which Bodoni showed her, but also in the types. On leaving, she expressed the wish that he might enter her service at Naples. Three years later, when Bodoni was in Naples, the

Queen invited him to present himself at Court. He tried to excuse himself on the ground that he lacked the proper costume in which to appear before Her Majesty.

"Tell him to come as he is," the Queen exclaimed impatiently. "It is he and he alone whom I wish to see."

When Bodoni went to Rome he was commanded to a private audience by the Pope, on which occasion His Holiness freely expressed his affection. In 1792, Bodoni received a visit from Prince Augustus, son of King George III of England, who stated that his sole interest in coming to Parma was to become acquainted with the celebrated artist printer and his work.

Arthur Young, a famous English economist, refers in his book, *Travels in Italy*, to a visit paid to Bodoni: "In the afternoon . . . to the celebrated *reale typografica* of Signore Bodoni, who shewed me many works of singular beauty. The types, I think, exceed those of Didot at Paris, who likewise often crowds the letters close, as if to save paper. The *Daphne and Chloe* and the *Amynta* are beautifully executed; I bought the latter, as a specimen of this celebrated press, which really does honour to Italy. Signore Bodoni had the title of the printer to the King of Spain, but never received any salary,

Liberté. *Égalité.*

Au nom de la République Française.

Administration Générale des États de Parme.

Parme, le 6 Fructidor an XI de la République Française
(24 Août 1803.)

Le Conseiller d'État Moreau Saint-Méry, *Administrateur Général des États de Parme, Plaisance, Guastalla etc. etc.*

Aux Citoyens composant l'Anciennat de la Communauté de Parme.

J'ai reçu hier, Citoyens, la lettre du 1.er du présent mois de Fructidor, par laquelle vous m'annoncez,

1.° Que le Citoyen Jean-Baptiste Bodoni *vous a présenté gratuitement les trois belles éditions qu'il a faites de l'Éloge funèbre de feu S. A. R. l'Infant Don* Ferdinand, *dernier Duc de Parme.*

2.° Que touchés de cette détermination généreuse, et plus encore pour reconnaître la juste célébrité du Citoyen Bodoni, *vous désirez lui donner une Médaille*

THE GRACEFUL LINES OF THE BODONI ITALIC
[*From* Medaglia d'Onore. *Parma*, 1811. *Reduced from* 5½ × 10 *inches*]

or even gratification, as I learned in Parma from another quarter; where I was also informed that the salary he has from the Duke is only 150 zechins.[1] His merit is great and distinguished, and his exertions are uncommon. He has 30,000 matrices of type. I was not a little pleased to find that he has met with the best sort of patron in Mr. Edwards, the bookseller, at London, who has made a contract with him for an impression of two hundred and fifty of four Greek poets, four Latin, and four Italian ones—Pindar, Sophocles, Homer, and Theocritus; Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, and Plautus; Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso."

In Stendahl's *Journals* of his Italian travels, the author writes: "To do my duty as a traveler I presented myself at Monsieur Bodoni's, the celebrated printer. I was agreeably surprised. This Piedmontais is not at all ostentatious, but is in love with his art. After having shown me all his French authors he demanded of me which I preferred, the *Télémaque* of Fénélon, the Racine, or the Boileau. I vowed these all seemed equally beautiful. 'Ah, Monsieur,' cried Bodoni, 'you don't see the title of the Boileau!' I looked at it for a long time, and was forced to admit that I could not see anything more perfect in that title than in the others. 'Ah, Mon-

[1] A *zechin* at that time was equivalent to a pound sterling

sieur,' again exclaimed Bodoni, '*Boileau Despreux* in one single line of capitals! I spent six months before I could decide upon exactly that type.'"

Personally, I like the Bodoni type—even though William Morris writes of the "sweltering hideousness of the Bodoni letter, the most illegible type that was ever cut, with its preposterous thicks and thins," and Updike calls it "as official as a coronation and as cold as the neighboring Alps." Morris was fully entitled to call the thicks and thins "preposterous" if he did not like them, and he certainly did not; but if he really considered the Bodoni letter illegible, I wonder if he thought his own type design more readable! Updike is quite right in describing the Bodoni letter as "official" and "cold"; but even so, I cannot see why this need prevent us from admiring its chaste, dignified beauty even while agreeing that its mathematical precision and geometric accuracy would make it monotonous in ordinary, everyday use. Such use was exactly what its designer never intended.

In view of William Morris' drastic criticism of Bodoni's type, I like to compare the ideals which inspired each designer: "The beauty of letters," Bodoni declared, "consists in their regularity, in their clearness, and in their conformity to the taste of the race, nation, and age in which the work was

quello di splendere coniata sopr' aureo metallo.

Ciò che agli Stefani, agli Aldi, ai Giunti, ai Gioliti non s'avvisaron mai di accordare le patrie loro, illustrate dal nitore e dalla castigatezza, che ne' loro tipi introdussero que' valenti Artefici, a me seguace indefesso de' loro vestigj, emulo non infelice degli sforzi loro, ciò fu per ispontaneo ed unanime avviso vostro nobilmente decretato, e splendidamente largito in nome della seconda mia patria, che patria emmi pur questa, ov' ebbi sempre comoda stanza, e sempre amorevole trattamento.

Dir ben si può questa volta, che la onorificenza più cade sovra chi la comparte, che sovra chi la riceve; del che così meco stesso vo lieto e contento, come della medesima mia ventura.

Or di questa ventura mia che da voi mi venne, e colla quale me sorprendeste non pre-

THE SHEER BEAUTY OF THE BODONI TYPE
[*From* Medaglia d'Onore. *Parma*, 1811. *Reduced from* $5\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ *inches*]

first written, and finally in the grace of the characters independent of time or place." William Morris sought "a letter pure in form; severe without needless excrescences; solid without the thickening and thinning of the line, which is the essential fault of the ordinary modern type, and which makes it difficult to read; and not compressed laterally, as all later type has grown to be, owing to commercial exigencies."

Morris took as his model the characters which Nicolas Jenson produced in Venice from 1470 to 1476. He changed the up-and-down strokes and the angle of the serifs, which robbed the model of its chief Italian characteristics, and made it tend rather toward the Gothic. Much as I admire the beauty of the Golden Type,[1] I do not think that its designer accomplished what he set out to do, or that he lived up to his definition of his ideal letter. On the other hand, I think Bodoni accomplished exactly what he undertook; so it really comes down to whether or not one sympathizes with the ideal Bodoni conceived. In making up our minds we must remember that Bodoni designed for an age in which he lived.

The old-style Roman types, universally in use

[1] See page 129

up to Baskerville's time, traced their design directly back to the same Jenson letters[1] of the fifteenth century which Morris selected as his model; the Jenson letters in turn were based upon Sweynheym and Pannartz's font cut in Rome; and the Sweynheym and Pannartz letters rested squarely upon manuscript models. When Bodoni began his work at Parma, he used old-style fonts, which he secured from Fournier in Paris, but he soon became dissatisfied with what he called their "Gothic angularity"—the very characteristic which appealed to Morris and which was accentuated in the Golden Type! Bodoni objected to the thickness of the face, which also appealed to Morris, and, curiously enough, complained that some of the letters were so compressed as to make them indistinct, which is exactly the charge which Morris levels against the Bodoni letter!

In the preface Bodoni wrote for his *Manuale*, he enlarged on his earlier definition: "It is proper here to offer the four different heads under which it seems to me are derived the beauty of type," he said, "and the first of these is regularity, conformity without ambiguity, variety without dissonance, and equality and symmetry without confusion. A second and not minor value is to be gained from

[1] See illustration facing page 128

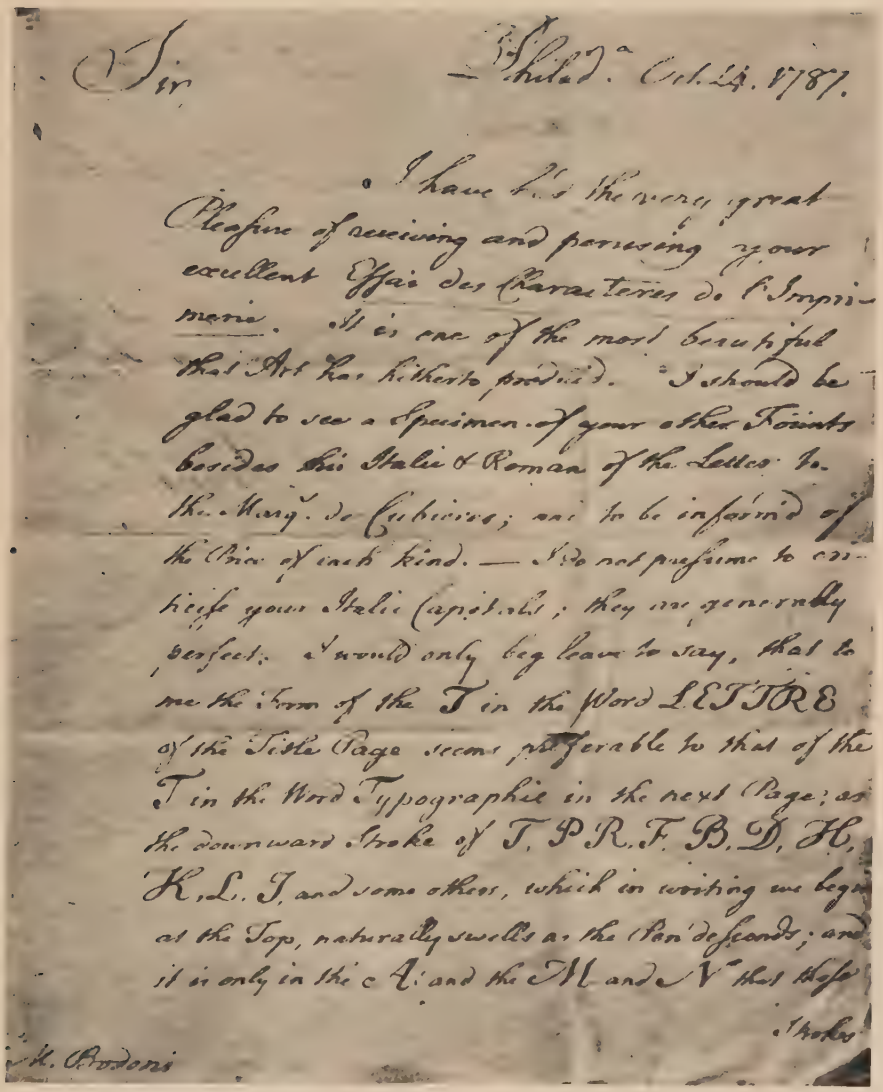
sharpness of definition, neatness, and finish; from the perfection of the punches in the beginning comes the polish of the well cast letter which should shine like a mirror on its face."

What Bodoni really had in mind was to restore the old manuscript form on which the old-style Roman type design was based, trying to come nearer to what he believed was the scribes' intention, and to secure a more satisfying proportion in a round, lighter, and more delicate design. To eliminate the inaccuracy of his model, Bodoni frankly proceeded on mechanical rules and geometrical lines. He studied the Baskerville letter, which was the first effort any one had ever made to break away from old-style precedent. Here was a design made by a man who had been a writing master before he became a printer, and whose cleverness with the pen is clearly reflected in his type. This appealed to Bodoni, and undoubtedly confirmed him in his conviction that he was on the right track, for he records his determination that his type should represent "the beautiful contrast as between light and shade which comes naturally from any writing done with a well cut pen held properly in the hand." So he proceeded in his design with the thin strokes so thin and the thick strokes so thick that they produced an effect very close to what an expert

penman would accomplish with the quill pen of this period.

It is not quite fair to judge the Bodoni design from the fonts which have been recut in America. Bodoni's idea of a handsome type page was as opposed to that of William Morris as was his conception of the type ideal. Morris called for a solid block, and to accomplish this he set his type solid and used every expedient, even type flowers, to fill out his lines. Bodoni laid out his books with an extravagantly wide margin, with liberal spacing between the lines of type. He did not hesitate, therefore, to lengthen the ascending and descending strokes of his letters, as he never intended to set his type solid. When these fonts were recut in America, the length of the ascending and descending strokes was deliberately shortened to make the type more "practical," thus destroying the special characteristic which gave grace and beauty to the letter. Those who know the Bodoni face only from the American fonts have yet to become acquainted with the real Bodoni letter. The flat serifs,[1] the sharp hair lines, the thick body strokes, and, to a certain extent, the beautiful proportions of the Roman capitals, have been preserved enough to make the American Bodoni type bear a certain resemblance

[1] The small, finishing strokes of a letter are called *serifs*



Sir — Philad.a Oct. 24. 1787.

I have had the very great Pleasure of receiving and perusing your excellent Essai des Caracteres de l'Imprimerie. It is one of the most beautiful that Art has hitherto produced. I should be glad to see a Specimen of your other Fonts besides this Italic & Roman of the Letter le Mag.e de Cubieres; and to be informed of the Price of each kind. — I do not presume to criticise your Italic Capitals; they are generally perfect. I would only beg leave to say, that to me the Form of the T in the Word LETTRE of the Title Page seems preferable to that of the T in the Word Typographie in the next Page; as the downward Stroke of T. P. R. F. B. D. H. K. L. J. and some others, which in writing we begin at the Top, naturally swells as the Pen descends; and it is only in the c A and the M and N that these

I have

M. Bodoni

BEN FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS LETTER TO BODONI
(*First page*)
in the Palatine Library, Parma

to the original; but the compromise in the ascending and descending strokes, together with the complete change in the cut of the Italic, which is no longer broad and graceful as in the original, takes away that something which makes the true Bodoni letter stand as one of the great designs of all time.

Bodoni was never a printer for the proletariat. Aldus and Étienne had been actuated by altruistic motives when they produced their inexpensive series of textbooks, and issued them at a price within the reach of the lean purse. Plantin issued inexpensive volumes because there was a distinct market for them; but he printed them well. The Elzevirs developed the market for inexpensive books still further, and paid little attention to the quality of the work so long as the sales might be increased through reduced prices. Bodoni went to the other extreme. Cheap editions already existed for those who wished them—there was no occasion for him to be altruistic. He was associated with princes and potentates, and his enthusiastic admirers were among the wealthy class. He liked grandeur and pomp in his everyday life, and he expressed the same tendencies in the form and size of his books.

I love to study the Bodoni volumes if for nothing else than their uniformly fine presswork. The only presswork I have ever seen which compares with

them is found in the best examples of the Didot Press; and I believe that these French rivals were spurred on to their high standard by the quality Bodoni established. Bodoni's average is higher than that of the Didots. Baskerville had set the style of making his own printing ink from a formula vastly improved over those used by his predecessors; and both Bodoni and the Didots profited by this contribution of the English master printer.

The Didots were not always generous in their attitude toward their rivals. When Pierre tried unsuccessfully to secure the secret of Baskerville's highly surfaced paper, he ill-naturedly remarked, "To make such paper is not a secret, and if it ever becomes one it will not be worth finding out." Toward Bodoni there was always an ill-concealed jealousy on the part of the Didots which spurred the Italian on to greater effort. When Bodoni was invited to exhibit examples of his work at the Paris Exposition of 1806, few thought he would accept, but he made a special point of sending a complete set of his publications. Accompanying the collection was a letter which read:

"I accept because I wish to compete with my rivals not with tittle-tattle, which gets us nowhere, but on the basis of my productions."

The exhibit was received by French booklovers

Photo. by Piselli

DOCTOR PIETRO ZORZANELLO
Librarian of the Palatine Library, Parma

with high acclaim, and the judges awarded Bodoni a gold medal, to the delight of the Italian printer's friends, and to the confusion of his French critics.

After my examination of the Bodoni volumes at the Palatine Library, of which there exists a complete collection, including all the various editions on special paper, handmade paper, and vellum, Doctor Zorzanello removed from its case the famous letter written by Benjamin Franklin to Bodoni, which has been quoted in every essay ever written on the Parmesan printer, but which I had never before seen in the original manuscript. What a continuing interest Ben Franklin had in everything to do with the art he loved! While Minister to France, he kept in touch with Caslon, with Bodoni, with Ibarra, with the Didots, encouraging them by his enthusiasm, helping them with his constructive criticism. He placed his grandson in Didot's office as an apprentice, he subscribed for every new product of the printer's art which seemed to promise an advance. De Lama records Bodoni's special joy in receiving Franklin's letter, "from the President of the United States of America"!

Then the genial Librarian guided me to a small room which led off from the exhibition hall. Here, in thirteen cabinets, are kept the original Bodoni matrices and punches of all his fonts, including the

foreign languages. Above one of the cases is an engraving by Giuseppe Bossi, which is one of the most interesting conceits I have ever seen, and is a rare tribute to be paid any printer. The subject is the crowning of Bodoni in the shadow of Minerva's statue by the Genius of Literature. Taking part in the ceremony are the Italian, Greek, and Latin authors who have been immortalized in Bodoni editions. In the background is a disconsolate group of those authors who were not so fortunate as to be included by the great printer. "Those whose works Bodoni printed are looking very merry," my friend explained to me. "Those whose works he did not print are naturally feeling very sad."

The Italian poets are standing at the extreme left: Angelo Poliziano, whose *Stanze* Bodoni printed in 1793; then, with the beard, Pietro Bembo (*Le Stanze*, 1796); Dante, easily distinguished as the next figure (*La Commedia*, 1795); Petrarch (*Le Rime*, 1799); and Tasso, standing in the shadow (*Le Aminta*, 1789, and *La Gerusalemme*, 1794).

Standing at the right of this group are the Greek authors: Anacreon, crowned with roses (*Odi*, 1784); and, next to him, Sappho (*La Faoniade*, 1792). The other figures are not distinguishable, but are undoubtedly taken from Theocritus, Hesiodus, Theophrastus, Longus, Cebetis, Longinus, Musaeus,

THE APOTHEOSIS OF BODONI

This engraving, by Bossi, hangs in the room where Bodoni's types are kept, at the Palatine Library, Parma. See identification of figures in the text, page 251

Coluthus, and Tryphiodonus—whose works Bodoni printed prior to 1800, the date of the engraving.

Seated on the floor is Epictetus (*Encheiridion*, 1793), separated from the other Greek authors, studying a book which he supports in his lap.

The Latin authors are seated at the table: Tacitus (*Opera*, 1795) comes first; then Sallust, holding in his hand the *Jugurta*, which Bodoni printed in 1799. Leaning forward is a figure probably intended for Julius Caesar (*La Guerre dans les Gaules*, 1796), and back of him, with the beard, sits Cornelius Nepos (*Vitae Imperatorum*, 1799). Seated at the right is Horace (*Opera*, 1791), his back turned and with a book in his lap, resting against the table. He is engaged in conversation with Virgil (*Opera*, 1793), who holds a sword. Across the table, seated and leaning forward to examine with curiosity the volume on the table, are figures which are believed to be Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, whose names are written upon the open pages of the volume of their *Works* printed by Bodoni in 1794.

Under the wings of the Genius, between Horace and Virgil, is a modern figure, believed to be that of Annibal Caro, the translator of Longus and of Virgil, or it may possibly be Guarini. The two medallions mounted on the base of the statue of Minerva are reliefs of two great friends of Bodoni—

Giuseppe Nicola d'Azara, and the painter, Antonio Raffaele Mengs.

Among the disconsolate shades gathered together on the mountain in the background is an unidentified dramatic poet holding a mask in his hand; Homer, with a sword; and a lyric poet, perhaps Pindar, with a lyre.

At the end of a volume issued by a well-known New York publisher, who very properly adds to the pleasure of his readers by making a practice of recording a brief story of the type in which the book is printed, are the words, "This book is composed in Bodoni type, designed by Giambattista Bodoni, a famous Italian scholar and printer." Unfortunately, Bodoni, with all his other claims to greatness, is not entitled to qualify under the head of scholarly attainments. The text of his classical works has never been considered accurate. Some one has called his volumes "a joy to the booklover and an aggravation to the scholar." Firmin Didot, whose criticism was not always disinterested, was at least fully warranted in saying that Bodoni's books would figure on the shelves of collectors but not in the libraries of savants, adding, with perhaps unnecessary bitterness, "It is time that men of letters united against negligent printers who think to have

those words, a ray of moonshine streaming through a cranny of the ruin abore shone directly on the lock they sought —Oh! transport! said *Isabella*, here is the trap-door! and taking out the key, she touched the spring, which starting aside, discovered an iron ring. Lift up the door, said the Princess. The stranger obeyed; and beneath appeared some stone steps descending into a vault totally darck. We must go down here, said *Isabella*: Follow me; dark and dismal as it is, we cannot miss our way; it leads directly to the church of St. *Nicolas*—but perhaps, added the Princess modestly, you have no reason to leave the castle, nor have I farther occasion for your service; in a few minutes I shall be safe from *Manfred*'s rage —only let me know to whom I am so much obliged. I will never quit you, said the stranger eagerly, until I have

A PAGE FROM BODONI'S EDITION OF THE *CASTLE OF OTRANTO*
Note the curious division of the words, and the typographical errors. [*Exact size*]

done all when they have employed fine characters and fine paper, and who regard the correction of text as a mere bagatelle. As a scholar I condemn his editions; as a typographer I admire them." Horace Walpole, writing in 1790 to Mary Berry, who was then in Italy, said, "I am glad you did not get a Parmesan *Otranto*. A copy is come so full of faults that it is not fit to be sold here."

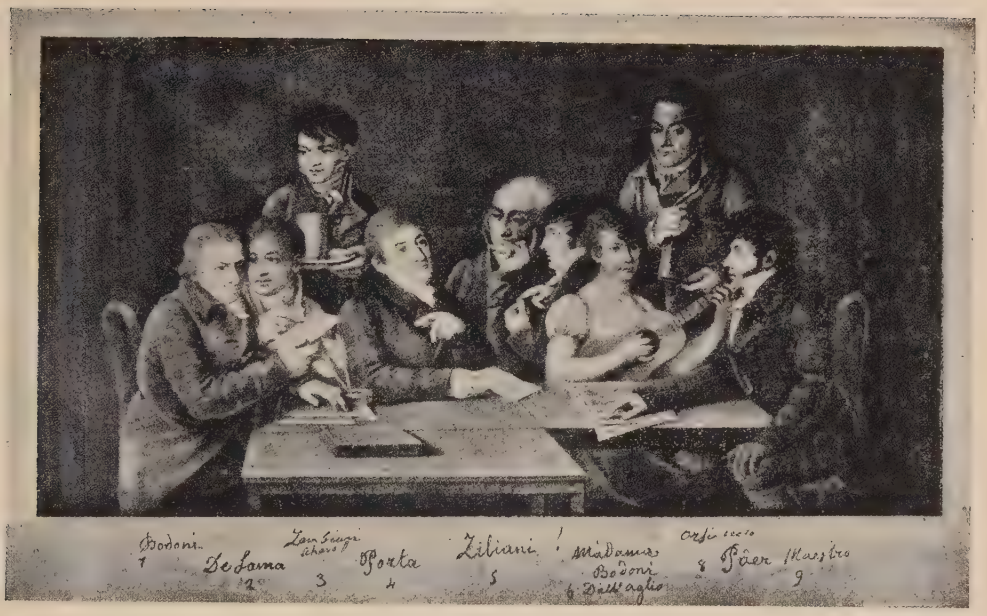
I have a copy of the Bodoni *Otranto*, and I consider it one of the poorest examples issued from this Press. It seems to me to be an effort, probably at the joint solicitation of Horace Walpole and John Edwards, the London bookseller, to produce a commercial book. Bodoni was not equipped by nature to do this, and I rather fancy that the typographical errors in this particular volume resulted as much from lack of interest in the undertaking as from lack of knowledge. At all events, Bodoni's estimate of the quality of his own work was based on its appearance to the eye, and he never permitted slips made by his proofreaders to dim the glory of his finished publications.

Bodoni's last years were marred by his deafness and other physical infirmities, in addition to which he suffered keenly from the attacks made by jealous critics. For a year before his death he was confined to his bed, struggling desperately to keep up the

work in process. Fortunately his wife was able to supplement him, much to his relief and comfort. Although Bodoni was fifty-one years old at the time of his marriage to Paola Margherita Dall' Aglio, their union was singularly happy. Paola was thoroughly in sympathy with his work, and, like Dame Perette Bade, the wife of Robert Étienne, three centuries earlier, was of inestimable assistance to her husband throughout their married life. After Bodoni's death she completed the final edition of the *Manuale*, continued the unfinished series of French classics, and protected her husband's interests artistically as well as financially in closing up the famous Bodoni Press. The reward of her fidelity is that she shares with the distinguished artist printer the fame that comes from association with his work in life, and a companion tomb near him in the Cathedral.

During that last year Bodoni's confinement was brightened by a visit from the Comte St. Vallier.

"Monsieur Bodoni," the Count greeted the invalid as he approached the bed, "I am here to pay homage to the genius of typographic art. France knows you well. My Emperor respects and admires you, and my visit here is at his command. On another day I shall give myself the pleasure of paying my own respects."



BODONI AT HOME

Attributed to Biagio Martini. In the possession of Count G. Sanvitale

Bodoni's response called forth the further remark from the Count,

"Monsieur Bodoni, if you possess so much spirit while sick, what will you be when you have recovered?"

But Bodoni did not recover. He made spasmodic efforts to master his waning energies, but each effort left him weaker than before. On November 30, 1813, the end came.

The funeral obsequies of the great printer rivaled in magnificence those of a passing potentate. His body was conveyed to its last resting place in the Cathedral, while his heart was buried in the parochial church of San Bartolomeo. Later biographers have emphasized particularly the ostentation of the funeral services, mentioning this as being characteristic of Bodoni himself. I feel this to be a slight to the memory of a truly great man, for the ostentation was but an expression of the times adopted by those who loved and honored not only a great master printer but a deeply respected citizen. Surely Bodoni himself could not be held responsible for the magnificence of his own funeral *cortège*!

In person, Bodoni was a large, handsome man with broad forehead, calm bearing, and expressive eyes. When the famous Abbot Parini first met him in Milan he exclaimed,

"Well, well! Mother Nature certainly made of you a magnificent *édition de luxe*!"

Bodoni's most famous portrait[1] now hangs in the Royal Picture Gallery of Parma, in the same building and a single floor below the final resting place of his punches, matrices, and the complete collection of his works in the Palatine Library. This was painted by Andrea Appiani, and represents him at the zenith of his popularity. Another less known portrait, considered not so fine from an artistic standpoint but still ranking high as a likeness, is by Martini.[2] I have never before seen a reproduction of this, the original being preserved in the archives at the Palatine Library.

One must form his own idea of Bodoni's personality from the man's acts and accomplishments rather than from the eulogistic superlatives of his chief biographer or the controversies of later writers. I found a copy of Passerini's *Memorie Aneddote* in the Palatine Library, covered with marginal notes made by Passerini himself, in which intimate glimpses of Bodoni's life are gained which would otherwise have escaped notice. There is no doubt that the man was vain, but on the other hand he was generous; and vanity in an Italian is much more the unconscious

[1] See illustration facing page 228
[2] See illustration facing page 222

THE CATHEDRAL AT PARMA
where Bodoni lies buried

expression of a superiority complex than is the case with an Anglo Saxon. His friends and associates unanimously pronounced him great, and he saw no reason to disagree with their verdict. He was high spirited, but he possessed the saving sense of humor. He knew exactly what he wanted to do, and he accomplished everything he undertook at least as well as any other person ever did that particular thing.

What other printer lies buried side by side with princes in a great cathedral? As I stood beside his tomb and read the inscription carved in marble, I felt abashed that I had previously permitted what had seemed to me to be his vainglorious personality to detract from a full appreciation of the enormous debt modern typography owes to one who contributed himself as well as his work to place the art he loved above the sordid basis of commercial limitations.

CHAPTER VII

The Real Investment That Lies in Books

VII

THE REAL INVESTMENT THAT LIES IN BOOKS

THE most significant fact which stands out in my long association with books is that the great collections in America have been made not by scholars but by financial or industrial leaders. It is, of course, obvious, with the book-collecting game so expensive an adventure, that the wealth which comes from successful enterprise supplies an advantage lacking to most scholars; but this does not explain the urge that impelled such men as J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry E. Huntington, or Beverly Chew, to devote so much of their time as well as their fortunes to the quest of the book.

I could prepare a brief to support the theory that these collections were simply further expressions of that same sagacity which had made their owners leaders in the financial or industrial world, for from an ordinary investment standpoint it is impossible to pay too high a price for a really rare volume. James Lenox, in 1847, was considered a mad plunger among collectors when he paid $2500 for the first

Gutenberg Bible that came to America; in 1911, George D. Smith temporarily lost his reputation as a rational bookman when, on behalf of Mr. Huntington, he paid $50,000 for a copy in the sale of the Hoe Collection; in 1926, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach bought the Melk copy of the *Gutenberg Bible* for $106,000, and promptly resold it, at a price said to be $126,000, to Mrs. E. S. Harkness, who presented it to the Yale University Library; Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr paid the Abbey of St. Paul, in Carinthia, the staggering sum of $360,000 for the superb vellum copy which is a part of the Collection just acquired by the Library of Congress. Experts believe that a copy will yet bring a million dollars. I might quote the late Winston H. Hagen, who, when gently admonished by his friends for investing so heavily in books, retorted, "My books are worth more than your bonds." I might cite the phenomenon that rare volumes sell at auction at constantly increasing prices, even during periods when the country is suffering from industrial depression and Wall Street prices are steadily declining.

But the real investment which lies in books is far beyond financial profits. There are astute bankers who pick up an occasional precious volume and tuck it away in a deposit box with absolute certainty that it can be promptly sold at auction at any time, re-

THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY, *New York City*

The enduring monument erected by the great financier to give tangible expression to his love for books

gardless of conditions, for more than it cost, whatever that price may have been. But all this is merely incidental. There is a mysterious fascination in becoming the actual owner of something unique—such as the original manuscript of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, now in the Morgan Library. It is not difficult to understand the gratification and the joy that came to the great financier as he held these precious sheets in his hand, and studied the actual workmanship of a fellow master in a different world of effort. Thrills are difficult to secure when a man is once a multimillionaire, but to become the owner of a rare literary item, coveted by all the world, perhaps supplies a something that is lacking even in the successful merger of great industrial organizations. In a way, history repeats itself, for Lorenzo de' Medici, the great Florentine banker of the fifteenth century, made a practice of carrying in the pocket of his robe the magnificent *Book of Hours* illuminated by Del Cherico, to remind him, amidst the monotony of his financial responsibilities, that beauty was still to be found in the world.

The extraordinary memory for figures possessed by the late Mr. Morgan is still a legend of Wall Street, but I wonder how many of his friends discovered during his lifetime that, in spite of the

tremendous demand made upon his brain by his involved financial transactions, room was still left for an equal command of the details occasioned by his interest in books. My personal discovery of this was entirely by accident. Mr. Morgan was at a dinner given in his honor by the Tavern Club of Boston. When I was introduced he looked at me for a moment and then said:

"You are the man who is going to make the North American Indian books for Curtis. Come in and tell me something about your plans when you are next in New York."

Mr. Morgan's reference was to Edward F. Curtis, an artist, and to some extent a dreamer, who had made a life study of the North American Indian, and whose ambition was to have the results of his work made permanent through the publication of twenty great volumes, to be written either by himself or by more experienced writers, but based on his own notes and profusely illustrated from his own photographs. Mr. Curtis had come to me with a letter from a publisher friend of mine in New York, with a printed volume, to which later reference will be made, and a romantic story that fired my enthusiasm far beyond the undoubted pleasure which would come from being associated with so monumental an undertaking. This was the story Mr. Curtis told,

into which I have interpolated certain facts which came to me from other sources.

For ten years he had practically lived among the Indians. He had no concern in the history of the conflicts between the Indian and the white man—he held no brief for either side; but he realized that every time an aged Indian warrior passed away a certain amount of Indian tradition and lore was lost forever. He was prepared to devote his life, while the opportunity existed, to making a record through description and illustrations of the characteristics, customs, habits, religion, and rites of the first North Americans.

When Mr. Curtis began his self-imposed task he found the Indians suspicious and uncommunicative, but gradually he won their complete confidence and friendship, and came to be looked upon almost as a member of their tribe. He was an unusually clever observer and a real artist in his photography. He came to know the Indians as they went about their daily vocations and avocations, in camp and on the march. He joined with them as they hunted and as they traveled. He became intimate with their medicine men and with their sorcerers, with their chiefs and warriors, and with the younger generation of men and maidens. In the course of this association he was so far admitted to their home life that he

came to know their spiritual and mental life as probably no other white man ever learned it. The result of all this was to confirm the importance of his undertaking in making this permanent record of the North American Indian, portraying him in his true light, and correcting many previous unjust impressions.

To convince himself that he was not over-enthusiastic he had a long conference with Theodore Roosevelt, and that day in my office he showed me a letter in which Mr. Roosevelt wrote, "I regard the work you have done as one of the most valuable any American could now do."

At this point in his conference Mr. Curtis unwrapped the volume which he had brought, and showed it to me. It represented the first volume of this stupendous undertaking, and it was one of the poorest typographical examples I have ever seen. Taking it in his hand, Mr. Curtis said:

"This volume has cost me a year of my life. The whole success of this series of books lies in having the volumes themselves represent the best that can be done in book manufacture. If this volume were to be issued as it is, my whole undertaking would be wrecked. I am going to start over again. This volume must be re-made, establishing a style for the complete set of twenty volumes, and that style must

be the best that any printer can devise. I have been advised to place the matter in your hands, but in doing so I want to impress upon you the responsibility that goes with it."

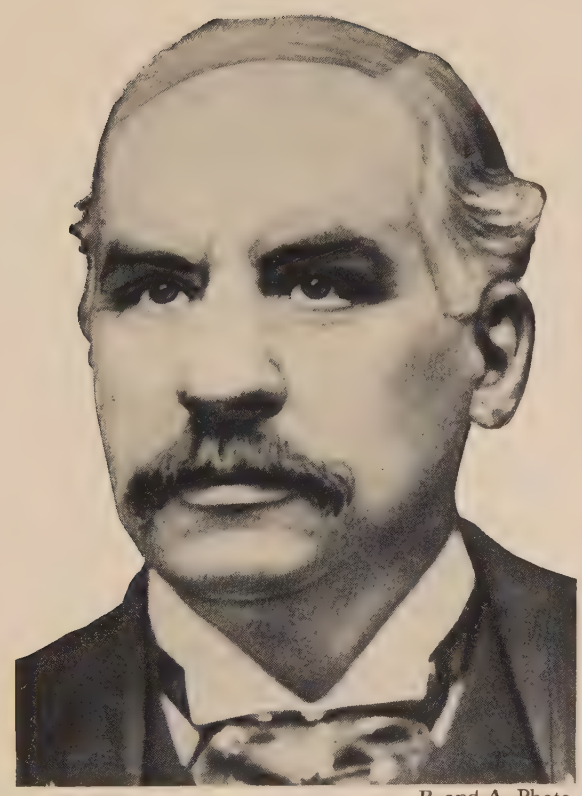
Mr. Curtis then went on to say that the very nature of his field work required long absences in Indian camps, practically beyond the reach of telegrams or mail. He could not even read the proof on the volumes, but after placing the material in my hands he must depend entirely upon me to produce volumes in keeping with the importance of the subject matter. Although the selling price of each set was placed at $3000, Mr. Curtis frankly admitted that the expense of the undertaking would be far beyond any possible expectation of being offset by the sales, but he told me that Mr. Morgan had become interested to the extent of underwriting the venture. I explained to my prospective client that no maker of books could promise to establish "the best style any printer could devise," but assured him that I would gladly give him the best that lay within my power.

This was the situation when I met Mr. Morgan at the Tavern Club. As all the details had been satisfactorily arranged there had been no occasion for me to take up the matter personally with him, but after receiving his invitation to call I did so, as

he obviously wished to satisfy himself that the new arrangements for manufacturing gave promise of producing volumes approximating the standard Mr. Curtis had demanded. Mr. Morgan's comments on my type pages, the proposed margins, the plan for illustration and binding, showed more than ordinary knowledge and appreciation of the higher phases of book building, and convinced me that his interest in books went far beyond mere acquisition.

To complete the story, I should add that the first bound copy of Volume I, when completed, was sent to Mr. Curtis by express. He was at that time, if I remember correctly, in Wyoming, and he told me afterwards that the package was delivered by an Indian rider who had brought it to him from the nearest point of civilization some thirty miles distant. He related how he left the package unopened in his tent for twenty-four hours, approaching it several times yet not daring to open it lest he experience another disappointment. "If it had been," he confided, "I should have been obliged to give up my entire undertaking." I wonder how many of the owners of these volumes have been aware of the romance associated with their production!

Much has been written in the English papers about the "despoiling" of English private libraries



P. and A. Photo.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

who, more than any one else, stimulated America to become the greatest book-collecting country in the world

by American millionaires, but little is said of the fact that when the great Huntington and Morgan Collections were presented to the people over one hundred thousand priceless bibliographical treasures were made available. So long as these had remained in monasteries or in unapproachable private libraries, their usefulness was distinctly limited. Aldus Manutius, the famous Venetian master craftsman of the fifteenth century, once said that the printer, by duplicating the gems of human thought, released the soul of the author from perpetual bondage. I like to apply this same conceit to the American millionaire who rescues a precious volume from the seclusion of a private library, and places it where it may be seen and admired by all the world.

From a sportsman's standpoint it is interesting to record that the late Mr. Morgan exempted himself from the general English antagonism to American collectors by making it a practice never to bid against the British Museum on any item which obviously should become a part of that great institution. His son, following the precedent established by his father, has recently performed a graceful act, in connection with two extraordinary manuscripts which have just been acquired by the British Museum, that further endears the Morgan name to British booklovers. I am enlarging on the adventure

because it illustrates so well the significance and romance associated with the fortunes attending the peregrinations of famous volumes before they find their final resting place.

The famous *Luttrell Psalter* has for over thirty years been well known to students during the period while it has been on loan in the Department of Manuscripts in the British Museum. While inferior artistically in its purely decorative value to some of the magnificent volumes owned by the Museum, this splendid fourteenth-century manuscript is in a class by itself in its extraordinary series of marginal drawings which illustrate English medieval life. In fact, these designs have been the authoritative source of many of the illustrations which have appeared in English historical volumes, and have also formed the basis of innumerable modern illustrations. The subjects include agricultural scenes; kitchen and dinner scenes; a lady at her toilet; a traveling coach for ladies, accompanied by their pet dogs and squirrels; a series of sports and games of many kinds, including archery and practice on a medieval counterpart of a rifle range; besides many single subjects displaying the manners and customs of the Middle Ages.

It was unthinkable that any national monument of such major importance should be finally placed

anywhere except in the British Museum, yet when the owners of the precious manuscript decided to withdraw it as a loan item and offered it for sale, the unexpected loomed up as a definite possibility. The British Museum undertook at once to raise the necessary funds to secure its permanent possession, and were proceeding with excellent chances of realizing their desire.

Unfortunately, at the very time when efforts were being made to secure the fund for the *Luttrell Psalter*, a second vitally important manuscript came unexpectedly into the market. When its owner brought it to the Museum for an opinion, toward the end of 1928, no one at first realized its paramount importance. The late Mr. J. P. Gilson, at that time Keeper of Manuscripts at the British Museum, made the startling discovery that this manuscript was nothing less than a *Book of Hours* which had been produced in the first quarter of the fifteenth century for the Duke of Bedford. For nearly eighty years the Museum had considered as one of its chief treasures the *Bedford Missal*, which is the famous *Book of Hours* executed in France about 1473 for this same John, Duke of Bedford. Until the identification of this unknown masterpiece by Mr. Gilson, no student of illuminated manuscripts had any idea that the Duke of Bedford had been the

owner of a second *Book of Hours*—this time embellished with decorations by English artists in the distinctively English style which came into existence during the last quarter of the fourteenth century and ran well into the fifteenth. Aside from its marginal decorations, the manuscript contains a series of nearly three hundred small portrait heads in initials, evidently from the life. This supplies a unique representation of persons in different classes of the early fifteenth-century society, adding an entirely new and invaluable chapter to the history of portrait miniatures in England.

The unheralded existence of a manuscript as valuable and important as this, and its appearance in the auction room immediately after its historic and artistic importance had been authenticated, presented what seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to its acquisition by the British Museum at a moment when every effort was needed to secure the *Luttrell Psalter*.

Mr. John Pierpont Morgan, Jr. happened to be in London at the time this crisis arose, and what more natural supposition than that he should be a competitor at the sale of these two manuscripts? On the contrary, when Mr. Morgan discovered the plight of the Museum, he authorized its representatives to put in unlimited bids for both volumes. The

P. and A. Photo.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, JR.
who exercises an influence in the Kingdom of Books as great as in the world of finance

treasures were thus secured through an advance of the prodigious sum of £64,500. This Mr. Morgan loaned to the Museum without interest for a year in order to enable the British people to raise a fund to secure full title. Failing this, at the end of twelve months the volumes were to become a part of the Morgan Library, but as an earnest of his intentions Mr. Morgan started the fund with a generous contribution.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to English booklovers, and is a bright record on the pages of international relations, that on July 29, 1930, the British Museum was able to reimburse Mr. Morgan for his princely coöperation, and become the undisputed owner of these two landmarks in England's bibliographical and artistic history. Another name was added to the list of American ambassadors of good will!

In the competitive battles between financial giants history records little mercy asked or given; but when this same competition occurs in equally intense struggles over the acquisition of priceless literary treasures the belligerents seem to assimilate the kindly spirit of the Book. Best of all is the fact that after the thrill of acquisition and the joy of possession, wealthy Americans come finally to an

appreciation of the responsibility of their ownership, and feel the urge to share this joy with thousands of others, financially unable to possess even a single really rare example. This has been particularly important because up to the present time America has possessed no great public literary institution comparable with the British Museum in London or the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, so except for the generous instinct of individual collectors American booklovers and students would have been at a serious disadvantage.

How unexpectedly fortunate it is that the above statement can now be written in the past tense! The recent Act of Congress, which appropriated $1,500,000 to purchase the extraordinary collection gathered together by Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr of Berlin, thrilled the bookloving world, who could not believe that the Congress of the United States could be brought to see the importance of embracing what will undoubtedly be the last opportunity of securing volumes which transform the Library of Congress from a second or third rate depository of books into one of the great libraries of the world. Even so, the full significance and the far-reaching effect of this Act cannot have been grasped by more than a few of those legislators who voted in favor of the Bill, and are certainly far from being fully

realized by many of those who rejoice that so happy an event has actually taken place.

In the minds of most people, the Library of Congress is associated with the demands of the Copyright Law as the depository of the two copies required to secure copyright; but in spite of the handicap of being cluttered with copies of thousands of worthless volumes, the Library has stood as a real factor in American scholarship.

To understand how important it was to acquire the Vollbehr fifteenth-century books, one needs to visualize the evolution of the Library of Congress. So long as the Congress of the United States held its sessions in New York and Philadelphia, the members were accustomed to make use of the libraries to be found in those cities, and during this period about 250 volumes, not to be found in the local libraries, were purchased for the use of Congress and the Executive Department. When, in 1800, the seat of the Capitol was removed to Washington, it became obvious that a special library must be established for the legislative branches in order to enable the members to keep in touch with popular opinion.

The Act providing for the removal of the Capitol also provided for the creation of the Library of Congress, carrying an appropriation of $5000. A

Librarian was appointed by the President, who drew the magnificent stipend of $2.00 a day, and the use of the Library was extended to the President, the Vice President, and members of the Senate and the House. Later, the Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the diplomatic corps, and the heads of all departments were included. At a later date the Library was thrown open to the public.

This early Library included about a thousand volumes on law, archaeology, history, geography, politics, political economy, theology, and translations of Greek and Roman classics. There was no fiction. Robert Burns alone represented poetry, and a set of British essays supplied the light reading. As Senator Mitchell, a member of the Committee in 1806, explained, this selection was to "furnish the Library with such material as will enable statesmen to be correct in their investigations, and by a becoming display of erudition and research give a higher dignity and a brighter luster to truth." What a pity that this admirable point of view has been so completely overlooked by members of recent Congresses!

After the fire in 1814, which destroyed the Capitol, Thomas Jefferson offered to Congress, at their own price, his library of about 6000 volumes, which

was recognized as the best selected collection of its size in America. Its value was appraised at $23,900. The debate in Congress on the question of its purchase was long and acrimonious, and the nature of some of the objections demonstrates the fact that the attitude of certain members of Congress at that time was not very different from what it is today. "From the character of the man who collected it," one Senator eloquently declared; "from France, where the Collection was made, the library contains irreligious and immoral books, works of the French philosophers who caused and influenced the volcano of the French Revolution, which desolated Europe and extended to this country. I am opposed to a general dissemination of that infidel philosophy and the principle of a man (Jefferson) who has inflicted greater injury on our country than any other except Mr. Madison. This Bill will put $23,900 into Jefferson's pocket for about 6000 books—good, bad, and indifferent, old, new, and worthless, in languages which many cannot read and most ought not, which is true Jeffersonian-Madisonian philosophy, to bankrupt the treasury, beggar the people, and disgrace the nation."

In spite of this opposition, Congress purchased the Collection, which marked the real beginning of the Library of Congress. Jefferson himself pre-

pared the first catalogue, which was published in 1815, using the system of classification based upon Lord Bacon's division of knowledge—an arrangement which obtained at the Library until 1864.

In 1834, the Washington Papers, consisting of public and private letters dated before the Revolution; Washington's correspondence, official and private from the beginning to the end of the Revolution; letters and miscellaneous papers, public and private; together with original letters received by General Washington, making in all 117 large volumes, were acquired at a cost of $20,000.

The Law Division of the Library, established in 1832, contained at that time about 2000 volumes, and from this beginning the law library has grown to nearly a quarter of a million volumes, ranking as one of the best in the country. Later purchases included the Spanish and American law books; early American maps and plans, including manuscript originals applying to the French War and to the War of the Revolution; the Petigru law library; and a considerable number of important and valuable individual volumes.

In 1882, the manuscript papers of Benjamin Franklin and the volumes known as the Franklin Collection, which belonged to Henry Stevens, were acquired at a cost of $35,000. A little later, the

Carpenter Records and briefs in cases of the Supreme Court of the United States were acquired, and $20,000 was paid the Marquis de Rochambeau for the military papers, maps, and letterbooks of the Count de Rochambeau, a general in the French Army in America during the Revolution.

A real step forward was taken in 1867 when Congress appropriated $100,000 to purchase the Peter Force Collection, including about 60,000 items made up of books and pamphlets relating to America, early American newspapers, maps, *incunabula*, manuscripts, autographs, and manuscript material which had been gathered for the American Archives or documentary history of America. Until the acquisition of the Vollbehr Collection this was the largest and most valuable single accession to the Library of Congress.

The collection of modern newspapers was begun in 1874, and is now the most complete in existence, a special point having been made of including two of the most important newspapers in each state, representing different political parties.

When the Copyright Law went into effect, in 1846, one copy of each published book, map, chart, musical composition, cut, print, or engraving had to be deposited in the Library of Congress to secure copyright protection, and since 1870 two copies

have been required. Under this law, the accessions of the Library have naturally been tremendous, but of course a large percentage of these books are of no permanent value, really forming a liability because of the space they occupy. In 1866, the 40,000 volumes which constituted the Library of the Smithsonian Institution were added to the 100,000 which at that time formed the Library of Congress, and in 1882 the Toner private library of 27,000 volumes and 12,000 pamphlets and periodicals was accepted as a gift. Other gifts were those of Mrs. Hubbard, and the Gardner-Green-Hubbard collection of engravings. Some generous-minded Americans have undoubtedly been deterred from contributing to the Library because of the congestion which made the volumes only partially accessible.

The present Library building was completed in 1897, and cost about $7,000,000. The continued accessions have made its housing capacity hopelessly inadequate, and this same Congress which passed the Act to purchase the Vollbehr volumes has appropriated another $7,000,000 to build additions. There have been from the beginning but seven librarians, of whom the last two (disregarding the brief tenure of office of John Russell Young) have been responsible for changing it from a departmental library into a real literary institution.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, *Washington*

which has recently acquired the wonderful Vollbehr collection of XVth Century books, and now becomes one of the world's great libraries

Ainsworth R. Spofford, who preceded the present Librarian, carried the Collection to a million volumes, exclusive of papers, periodicals, music, maps, manuscripts, and prints.

When Dr. Herbert Putnam was appointed Librarian, in 1899, he succeeded in persuading Congress to raise the annual appropriation from $23,000 to $100,000, and, in addition to this, about $100,000 more has been appropriated each year for the purchase of special books and other material. During the thirty years of the Putnam *régime* the Library has grown to about 4,000,000 books and pamphlets, over 1,000,000 maps, over 1,000,000 pieces of music, nearly 500,000 prints, over 1,000,000 unclassified manuscripts and transcripts, and over 70,000 bound volumes of newspapers. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is the only library which contains more books and pamphlets, yet, as Doctor Putnam remarked, "We are painfully lacking in material of distinction." The Library of Congress contains the most complete collection in existence on American history and politics, bibliography, and literary science. Its music collection is one of the three or four best in the world. Its file of United States documents is only equaled by that in the office of the Superintendent of Documents. The American States Documents and file of foreign documents are

the best in the world. The Library contains the largest number of Russian books outside of Russia, and of Chinese books outside of China and Japan. Its collections in economics, science, and technology are among the best in America. Nowhere else is there so complete a set of the publications of learned societies. Its collection of aeronautic literature is the finest in the world. Its manuscript collection includes papers of nearly all the presidents and of many statesmen of the United States, at the present time being made richer by the transcripts of the manuscripts in European libraries made possible through Mr. John D. Rockefeller's generosity. The rare-book collection, consisting of about 30,000 items, includes about 1500 *incunabula*, first editions, and rare bindings, and about 10,000 early American pamphlets.

Many students have already learned their way to the inviting alcoves and desks which are placed at their disposal for research work at the Library of Congress, and all who have had occasion to avail themselves of these opportunities realize that the service which makes millions of volumes so easily accessible excels the methods in other libraries. In fact, the Library of Congress system of cataloguing is recognized as standard the world over. It is even now being introduced into the Vatican Library.

With the finest collections in existence of music, of law, of American history and politics, of bibliography and literary science, of United States documents, of aeronautical literature, and with the most complete system of cataloguing, it would be a fair question why the Library of Congress has not been ranked with the great libraries of the world. The answer is simple: it has lacked the absolutely essential bibliographical background which is given to any library only by the possession of an adequate collection of those fifteenth-century volumes upon which all learning rests. The British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale have such collections numbering over 10,000 items; the Library of Congress until now has had but 1500, and of these a large proportion were of comparatively little value. Now, by the accession of the Vollbehr Collection, 3000 titles are added, each one of which is vitally significant; and besides these, the Library now owns the finest copy of the *Gutenberg Bible* in existence.

Why are these volumes so essential to complete the balance of the Library of Congress? One of the learned Senators, during the discussion in Congress of the Vollbehr Bill, referred to the books as "curios and museum pieces," and saw nothing in them that would be of value to the American student. Yet, as a matter of fact, these volumes represent a

vital cross section of the thought and culture of the people of the fifteenth century—a period that was contemporaneous with the discovery of America and the beginning of the Reformation. These are the very volumes which reflected the Renaissance in Europe, and which may now be counted upon to effect a similar renaissance in America. They are vitally important, not only to the maker of books but also to the student, the scholar, and the historian, and furnish material, until now unavailable in America, for technical, historical, and bibliographical research.

My knowledge of this Collection began when a section of it was placed on exhibition at the National Arts Club in New York. Naturally my first interest was in studying the various examples as masterpieces of printing, for the Collection covers an extraordinary amount of territory, including examples from the best presses in the Low Countries Germany, Spain, Italy, France, Austria, and England. It contains books printed at Avignon, the seat of the popes in the fourteenth century, and the birthplace of Petrarch. There are fine examples from the presses of Fust and Schoeffer, Rusch, Gunther Zainer, Koberger, Ulrich Zell, Sweynheym and Pannartz, Jenson, Da Spira, Ulrich Hahn, Aldus Manutius, Caxton, Pynson, and Wynken de Worde.

Then I was impressed by the unusually high percentage of volumes in the vernacular languages. The collection of *incunabula* of the Bavarian State Library in Munich comprises 15,000 items, and is the most beautiful and valuable in the world, yet it consists mainly of scholastic or scientific titles, mostly in Latin, and is distinctly lacking in examples of vernacular writings. The fifteenth century was a vital period in its effect upon language. We all remember the terrific struggle which was waged between the Purists, who endeavored to hold the Latin language true to the cold elegance of the Ciceronian style, and others no less sincere and zealous who strove to maintain it nearer to the vernacular, in which form it had proved a serviceable medium of conversation even between those who could not read. The victory of the Ciceronians made it possible for later generations to study classical Latin; but the very perfection of the Ciceronian style limited its usefulness, and in its final outcome put an end to the use of Latin as the common means of human communication.

The printers of the fifteenth-century books tried to preserve a neutral position, but as a line of least resistance they were naturally inclined more and more to favor the vernacular languages. Every time a book was printed in a vernacular language, this

language became that much the more firmly established, and each book thus issued contributed toward eliminating Latin as a language of common understanding. These volumes, then, are the actual examples which form a permanent record of the attitude of the people of the fifteenth century while they were arriving at their conclusions for and against a universal language as opposed to a local dialectic language.

Finally, I was interested by the unusual balance of the Collection, and the intrinsic value of the subject matter. Publishers of all ages have produced only works for which they believed a popular demand existed, so these volumes clearly show the trend of fifteenth-century thought. There are books on astronomy and cosmography written by Pomponius Mela, Ptolemy, Strabo, Alfonso X of Spain, and Alfragan, the Arabian. In medicine there are books by Hippocrates, Celsus, Galen, Henricus de Saxonia, and Brunschwig; of the classics, there are the earliest printed editions of Apulius, Caesar, Cicero, Homer, Horace, Livy, Catullus, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Euripides, Plutarch, Seneca, Ovid, Aesop, and Virgil; and of the great humanists, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Erasmus. In religion, are to be found works of St. Augustine, Savonarola, De Aquinas, Bonaventure, Duns Sco-

THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, *San Marino, California*
Containing precious volumes that have cost upwards of $24,000,000, but which represent a far richer investment than money alone can secure

tus, and Hieronymus. There are ancient law codes, treaties, and compilations, which include Justinian's *Institutions*, the Spanish code known as *Las Siete Partidas*, still cited in Louisiana and other parts of America; as well as early English statutes, French customary law and Royal ordinances. Turning to the earliest printed literature in which the discovery of America is mentioned, are to be found such rare volumes as the *Historia Baetica*, printed at Basle in 1494, which contains the celebrated Columbus letter of February 15, 1493, and six woodcuts illustrating the discovery; Sebastian Brant's *Ship of Fools*; *De Patientia* by Baptista Mantuanus; and works by Coccius and Corvinus. Taken as a whole there are nearly 500 items not mentioned in Hain, and about 100 that are not mentioned in any catalogue.

Another item of extraordinary historical and intrinsic value is a small piece of paper four by six inches in size—the only copy known of a miniature religious broadside printed by William Caxton. What became of all the other copies? Used to decorate some household shrine? Carried in the pocket as a talisman until worn out? Who shall say? But tiny as it is, this little leaf, with its picture and a few lines of text, reveals to historical students more of the attitude of the English people toward religion

in the fifteenth century than any number of volumes of sermons.

Naturally the prize of the whole Collection is the *Gutenberg Bible*, to which reference has already been made—particularly as it is the most nearly perfect copy in existence. There are only three complete examples known which are printed on vellum, the other two being owned respectively by the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, both bound as two volumes. The Vollbehr copy is bound as three volumes, in white calfskin, embossed without coloring. Its pedigree is brief but authentic: owned first by Gutenberg, who printed it; then by the Benedictine Friars in Paris, who were the original purchasers; then by Doctor Vollbehr, who bought it from the monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia, in Austria, whither the Benedictines took it during the Napoleonic Wars; and now by the Library of Congress. The first description of a *Gutenberg Bible*, made by the famous booklover, Martin Gerbert in 1765, was based upon this identical copy, and the first published facsimile of a Gutenberg type page was from this book.

I have caressed the copies in the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale many times, on each occasion with a fuller appreciation of the significance of what they represent. This privilege, in

itself an impelling inspiration, has been denied to all those students who have not yet been able to visit the famous institutions which house them. Think what it now means to have this Vollbehr copy, more nearly perfect than either of the other two, permanently placed beside the Declaration of Independence in the Library of Congress at Washington! This single acquisition has done more to enhance the standing of the Library, of Washington, of America itself, in the eyes of the world, than any other one achievement I can imagine. There is no question that the improved status of the Library will attract further important gifts from private individuals.

The Seventy-first Congress has done something better than it knows, yet why should one be surprised at the bibliographical ignorance displayed during the discussions of the Bill when the dear public, whose representatives these legislators are, have so vague a knowledge of the significance of books like these. Doctor Vollbehr tells of an amusing reaction which came as a result of the publication of the news item announcing his purchase of the *Gutenberg Bible* and the enormous sum paid for it. He was literally swamped by offers of Bibles, the general public having gained the impression that a gentleman by the name of Gutenberg had

recently passed away, and that his heirs had disposed of the old family Bible at a very satisfactory price! In fact, some letters were addressed to "Mrs. Gutenberg, Mayence, Germany"!

But never mind the whys and the wherefores—the deed was done and done well. "Would not the purchase," asked one legislator during the discussion, "create the impression that Congress after all is composed of men who look upon matters a little differently than from the materialistic and narrow standpoint—that they have a little esthetic taste?" I would rather say that the miracle happened of having a Bill placed before them in which no possible political issue could be found! Other Congresses, with similar opportunities, have failed utterly to appreciate their responsibility. In 1844, Congress could have secured the library of George Washington, but declined to take advantage of the offer. The Collection was purchased by Henry Stevens of London, and afterwards was repurchased by seventy booklovers of Boston, Cambridge, and Salem, and presented to the Boston Athenaeum. Six years later, Henry Clay introduced a resolution in Congress to buy the original manuscript of Washington's "Farewell Address." After a long and acrimonious debate, the resolution was favorably acted upon, but with a limit of $1000. The Lenox

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who demonstrated his own statement that "the ownership of a fine library is the surest and simplest way to immortality"

Library, now part of the New York Public Library, secured the document for $2500. In 1860, Congress had an opportunity to purchase the Hartley Papers, particularly valuable in their bearing upon American history, but the Collection was secured by a private library in Washington. George Bancroft's famous library was offered to Congress for $75,000. This collection includes the manuscripts and printed material gathered together by Mr. Bancroft for his history, and is absolutely unique. The negotiations were prolonged to such an extent in Congress that the Lenox Library again stepped in and secured the prize.

The Library of Congress required this addition of the Vollbehr Collection to give to it the importance to which it is entitled as the American national library. For America to continue in a position where students of the Middle Ages had to go to some other country to find essential material has been unthinkable. The popular interest aroused by the discussion of the Vollbehr Bill astonished even the most optimistic booklovers, proving beyond a doubt that the American people are already receptive to the renaissance which these books will help to bring about. A new era in American scholarship is at hand. Washington has been made a new center of learning.

Who shall gainsay the real investment that lies in books? Who shall undertake to measure the value of money as against the value of a unique volume? Money may be lost and yet won again—it is not unique; but a real bibliographic treasure, if once lost, is gone forever beyond the reach of money. A century hence, J. Pierpont Morgan's name may be remembered as belonging to a great financier of an earlier generation, but it will remain irrevocably associated with the palatial library that bears it. Even today Henry E. Huntington is better known as the founder of a great collection of books than in connection with his life work. The Seventy-first Congress would certainly be consigned to oblivion except for their action on the Vollbehr Collection, for which America votes the members eternal gratitude. Truly, as Mr. Huntington himself once said, "The ownership of a fine library is the surest and swiftest way to immortality"—an epigram which applies with equal force to an individual or to a nation.

INDEX

and Bibliography

INDEX

Advertising, display in, 108; typography of, 111; harmony of type and subject matter in, 111; defined, 165
Alcuin of York, 120, 121
Aldine Classics, the, 134
Aldine Press, the, 132
Aldus Manutius, 15, 27; introduces Italic type, 132; incensed by printer-pirates, 145; altruistic motives of, 249; quoted, 273; represented in Vollbehr Collection, 288
Aldus, *Virgil* of, 10
Aleria, Bishop of, appointed Librarian of Vatican Library, 83; petitions Pope Sixtus IV, 215–216
Alexander VII, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 89
Alexander VIII, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 89
Allen, Abel D., purchases Daye Press, 53
Almanack for the Year 1639, by William Peirce, 39
Ambrosian Library, the, in Milan, 92
American Peace Commission, the, 176
American Red Cross, the, 33, 163–194; importance of publicity to, 164; the Bureau of Magazines of, 164; the Publicity Department of, 164; in Paris, 175
Annals of Tacitus, the, 87–88
Antiquities of the Jews, the, 66
Antoniazzo, decorations in Vatican Library by, 85
Appiani, Andrea, portrait of Bodoni by, 260
Ashendene Press, the, London, 159
Augustus, Prince, of England, 238
Avignon, birthplace of Vatican Library, 79, 80

Bancroft, George, library of, secured by Lenox Library, 295
Baskerville, John, 159, 233; his type used as model by Bodoni, 247; makes his own ink, 250
"Battle Hymn of the Republic," heard in Westminster Abbey, 192; as national anthem, 193
Bavarian State Library, the, in Munich, collection of *incunabula* in, 289
Bay Psalm Book, the, 25; earliest example extant of Colonial printing, 28; described, 39; comments upon, 40; most valuable book printed on paper in the world, 41; second edition published by Matthew Day, 43; revised edition of 1651, 44
Bedford Book of Hours, the, authenticated by J. P. Gil-

son, 275; purchased by British Museum, 277
Bedford Missal, the, in British Museum, 275
Belgium, 185–191
Bembo, Pietro, 133
Benedict XII, Pope, erects "Tower of the Angels" in the Vatican, 79
Benedict XV, Pope, death of, 102
Benedict, Saint, story of, 198–202; cave of, 200; tripartite church of, 201
Berkeley, Governor, of Virginia, rails against printing, 30
Beyamus, Cristoforus, 146
Biagi, Dr. Guido, 15; collects examples of printing in Italy, 141; his ambition to have this collection published, 149
Biblical Commentaries, by Nicolaus de Lyra, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 215
Bibliographical Decameron, Dibdin's, 153, 154
Biblioteca Leonina, the, at the Vatican, 90
Bibliothèque Nationale, the, in Paris, 65; anecdote concerning, 66–68; 285, 286, 291
Bigelow, Marshall, head of University Press, 25
Bisticci, Vespasiano da, last of Medieval scribes, earliest bookseller, 82
Bodleian Library, 39
Bodoni, Francesco, father of Giambattista, 224
Bodoni, Giambattista, 15, 159, 221–261; biography of, by De Lama, 222; called "faddist," 224; birth of, 224; genealogy of, 224; becomes apprenticed in Stamperia di Propaganda, 228; Ruggeri's friendship for, 228; studies Oriental languages, 228; his *Specimen Book of Types*, 228; returns to Saluzzo, 229; appointed Royal printer, 230; his punches and matrices in Palatine Library, 233; incredible achievements of, 234; estimate of, 234; his work recognized by Pope Pius VI, 234; prints the *Orazio Callemaco*, 237; appointed Royal printer to Spain, 237; granted pensions by Napoleon Buonaparte and Viceroy of India, 237; medals struck in honor of, 237; visited by Ferdinand IV, 237; visits Court at Naples, 238; his private audience with Pope, 238; visited by Prince Augustus, 238; salary of, 238; impressions of contemporaries of, 238–242; his types criticized, 242; his definition of the ideal letter, 242; buys Fournier fonts for models, 246; his *Manuale* quoted, 246; his definition of beauty in type, 246; studies Baskerville type, 247; issues only expensive books, 249; his presswork rivaled only by the Didots, 250; wins French medal, 250; engraving by Giuseppe Bossi of, 252–253; inaccuracy of his texts, 254–255; last years of, 258; death of, 259; funeral of, 259; personal appearance of, 259; portraits

of, 260; accomplishments of, 260–261; appreciation of, 261
Bodoni, Signora Paola Margherita Dall' Aglio, wife of Bodoni, 258; assists Bodoni in his work, 258; carries on work after Bodoni's death, 258
Bodoni type, 233; compared with Golden type, 242–245; imperfections in American fonts of, 248
Bok, Edward, 171
Bologna, Francesco da, cuts first Italic type, 134
Book, the perfect, discussed, 11
Book collections, great, made by financial and industrial leaders rather than by scholars, 265
Book in Italy, the, story of, 141
Book of Hours, Del Cherico's, carried by Lorenzo de' Medici, 267
Books, part played in Great War by, 182–185; value of rare volumes constantly increasing, 266; their value far beyond financial profit, 266
Borgia Apartments, the, at the Vatican, 90
Bossi, Giuseppe, engraving by, 252–254
Boston Athenaeum, the, secures library of George Washington, 294
Boston Authors' Club, the, 193
Boston Public Library, the, 36
Bramante, 89
British Museum, the, 43, 65, 154, 286, 291; *Luttrell Psalter* loaned to, 274; becomes owner of *Luttrell Psalter* and *Bedford Book of Hours*, 277
Brizio, Padre Ippolito di, Abbot of Santa Scolastica, 199
Brussels, 185
Bureau of Magazines, the Red Cross, story of, 166–171
Bussi, Giandrea. See *Aleria, Bishop of*
Byzantine scholars, exiled, 81

Calixtus III, makes Juan Turrecremata Cardinal Commendatory, 198
Cambridge, Mass., first printing press in British North America established in, 34; all printing ceases in, 59; the Press reëstablished in, 59
Campanus, Bishop of Teramo, becomes Hahn's press corrector, 146
Caprotti Collection, the, at Vatican Library, 95
Carlos III, appoints Bodoni Royal printer to Spain, 237
Carlos IV, reappoints Bodoni Royal printer to Spain, 237
Carolingian School, the, at Tours, 120, 121
Carpenter Records, the, bought by Library of Congress, 282
Caslon, William, 251
Castle of Otranto, the, printed by Bodoni, 257
Caxton, William, 199; represented in Vollbehr Collection, 288, 291
Cennini, Bernardo di, goldsmith, 146; prints *Commentary on Virgil's Works*, 149
Censorship, in England, 54; in the Colonies, 54
"Century Magazine," the, 168–171

INDEX

Ceriani, Monsignor, prefect of the Ambrosian Library, 92
Charlemagne, establishes the Carolingian School, 120, 121
Charles VIII of France, in Florence, 86
Chew, Beverly, 265
Chigi Collection, the, at the Vatican Library, 95
Christina, Queen of Sweden, 89
Christmas Carol, Dickens', original manuscript in Pierpont Morgan Library, 267
Church, E. Dwight, 42
Cicero, *Epistolae* of, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 214
"Classical fad," the, 223
Clay, Henry, introduces resolution in Congress to purchase Washington's *Farewell Address*, 294
Clement VI, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 79
Clement VII, Pope, commissions Michelangelo to design Laurentian Library, 87
Clement XII, extends Vatican Library, 90
Cobden-Sanderson, T. J., establishes Doves Press, 130; his *Ideal Book*, 155
Coblenz, 182
Cologne Cathedral, contrasted with Reims Cathedral, 181
Commentary on Virgil's Works, printed by Cennini, 149
"Compensation," Emerson's essay on, 183–185
Constantinople, fall of, 81
Copyright Law, 279, 283
Corner, Giovanni, his *Decor*, 126
Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians of New England, 50
Correggio, 221
Crisopoli. See *Parma*
Curtis, Edward F., 268–270
Czechoslovakians, the, estimate of Woodrow Wilson of, 179

Danforth's Almanack of 1646, last publication of Stephen Daye, 42
Danforth's Almanack of 1647, first publication of Matthew Day, 43
Davison, Henry P., Red Cross work of, 164–175; his estimate of the value of publicity, 164; conferences at "Twin Oaks" with, 171; his vision of the League of Red Cross Societies, 173; tribute to, 173
Day, Matthew, head of University Press, 25; son of Stephen Daye, 43; publishes *Danforth's Almanack of 1647*, 43; publishes second edition of *Bay Psalm Book*, 43
Daye, Stephen, referred to, 25; sails from London, 29; acting head of first printing establishment in Colonies, 34; bond of, 35; tribulations of, 41–42; productions of, 42; abandons bookmaking, 43; leaves press in charge of Matthew Day, 43
Daye, Stephen, press of, its history, 52–53
De Civitate Dei, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 204
De Oratore, 120; printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 204

De Vinne, Theodore L., leading American printer in the 1890's, 26; his *Title Pages*, 137
Dibdin, T. F., *Bibliographical Decameron* of, quoted, 153, 154
Dickens, Charles, as a propagandist, 165; manuscript of his *Christmas Carol*, 267
Didot, Firmin, his life of Aldus, 132; criticizes Bodoni's inaccuracy, 254
Didots, the, 159, 233, 251; rivals of Bodoni, 250
Dolphin and Anchor, the, Aldus' mark, 143, 145
Donatus pro Puerulis, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 204
Doves Press, the, established, 130
Doves type, 127, 128; compared with Golden type and Jenson type, 130–131
Dunster, Rev. Henry, first president of Harvard College, 34; his marriage to Mrs. Glover, 41; his conflict with Stephen Daye, 41–42; deposed as president of Harvard College, 42

Eddy, Isaac, purchases Daye Press, 52
Ehrle, Father Franz, 69; described, 69; quoted, 79; appointed Librarian of Vatican Library, 91; made Cardinal, 92; completely reorganizes Vatican Library, 92
Eliot, John, *Indian Bible* of, 25; and the *Bay Psalm Book*, 40; stupendous undertaking of producing *Indian Bible*, 47; preaches to Indians, 48; friend of Samuel Green, 48; *Indian Bible* published, 50; friend of Marmaduke Johnson, 51
Ellis, George E., president of Massachusetts Historical Society, 30; anecdotes concerning, 30–32
Elzevir, House of, introduces new style in typography and new *format*, 27; produces inexpensive books, 249
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, quoted, 183
English, the, attitude toward World War, 191
Epistolae Ciceronis, printed by Da Spira, 125; printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 214
Erasmus, 10
Étienne, Robert, *Novum Testamentum* of, 13; referred to, 27, 54; altruistic motives of, 249
"Etruria" pottery, 223
Eugene IV, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 81

Ferdinand IV, visits Bodoni, 237
Ferraioli Collection, the, at Vatican Library, 95
Fidele, Signor, 101
Finley, John H., 175
Florence, Charles VIII of France in, 86
Folsom, Charles, head of University Press, 25, 26
Forli, Melozzo da, decorations in Vatican Library by, 85
Foster, John, first printer in Boston, 59
Foucquet, Jean, fifteenth century illuminator, 66

Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, the, Ibañez', 166
Franklin, Benjamin, letter to Bodoni from, 251; his interest in printing, 251; manuscript papers and books of, bought by Library of Congress, 282
Freeman's Oath, printed, 36; original draft of, 36
French, the, attitude toward World War, 191
French government, fully realizes value of the pen, 176; its special courtesies to visiting writers, 176
French Revolution, the, effect on printing of, 223
Fust and Schoeffer, printers in Mayence, 203; represented in Vollbehr Collection, 288

GARAMOND, Claude, cuts Oriental characters, 228
Gardner-Green-Hubbard engravings, given to Library of Congress, 284
Gerbert, Martin, publishes first description of *Gutenberg Bible* and first facsimile of Gutenberg type page, 292
Germany, printing in, 119; propaganda during World War, 163
Ghirlandaio, the, decorations in Vatican Library by, 85
Gibbons, Herbert Adams, 179
Gilson, J. P., Keeper of Manuscripts in British Museum, 275; authenticates new *Bedford Book of Hours*, 275
Giunta, House of, printer-pirates, 142
Glim, Hans, 146
Glover, Mrs. Josse, sets up printing establishment in Cambridge, 34; marriage to President Dunster, 41
Glover, Rev. Josse, sails for Colonies, 29; death of, 30
Golden type, the, designed by William Morris, 127–130; compared with Doves type and Jenson type, 130–131; compared with Bodoni type, 241–245; appreciation of, 245
Gonzaga, Isabella, letter to, 132
Good Old Dorchester, circumstances of writing, 19
Gookin, Capt. Daniel, early New England censor, 53
Goose, Mother, china of, 31
Gothic type, 119, 121, 122, 245, 246
Gotz, Don Dunstano, 205
"Graeco-Roman" style, the, 223
Green, Samuel, head of Cambridge Press, 25; third Cambridge printer, 44; biggest figure in Colonial printing, 44; publishes *A Platform of Church Discipline*, 44; publishes revised *Bay Psalm Book*, 44; friend of John Eliot, 48; petitions the General Court, 49; prints *Eliot Bible*, 50; death of, 52
Green, Samuel Abbott, mayor of Boston, 20; Librarian of Massachusetts Historical Society, 20; his interest in the old University Press, 22
Green, Timothy, takes Daye Press to New London, Conn., 52; forms partnership with Spooners, 52; moves to Norwich, Conn., 52; moves to Hanover, N. H., 52

INDEX

Gutenberg Bible, the, 41; first copy brought to America, 265; spectacular increases in value of, 265–266; superb copy acquired by Library of Congress, 266; story of, 292; first described, 292; first facsimile type page of, 292; anecdote of, 293
Gutenberg, John, printing office of, 119; neighbor of Sweynheym and Pannartz, 119; first type cut by, 119; difficulties encountered in printing *Bible*, 208

Hagen, Winston H., his opinion of the value of books, 266
Hahn, Ulric, 146; first printer to use woodcuts, 153; represented in Vollbehr Collection, 288
Hamilton, Lord Claud, 33
Hand lettering, development of, 120–121
Hanson, Prof. J. C. N., assists in reorganization of Vatican Library, 96
Harkness, Mrs. E. S., presents copy of *Gutenberg Bible* to Yale University Library, 266
Hartley Papers, the, lost by Library of Congress, 294
Harvard College, installs first press in Colonies, 25; reëstablishes press, 26; Henry Dunster as President of, 34, 42
Henry E. Huntington Library, the, in San Marino, Calif., 39, 273
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, 193
Hilliard, William, head of University Press, 25; reëstablishes press in Cambridge, 26, 60
Homer, the Ambrosiana, facsimile reproduction of, 92, 95
Hooker, Thomas, first minister of the First Church in Cambridge, 33; anecdote of, 33
Hornby, St. John, 159
Houghton, Henry O., leading American printer in the 1890's, 26
House, Col. E. M., administers Woodrow Wilson's propaganda from Paris, 180
Howe, Julia Ward, recollections of, 193, 194
Humanistic type, 15, 92, 122
Huntington, Henry E., 265; acquires *Gutenberg Bible*, 266; quoted, 296
Huntington Library, the. See *Henry E. Huntington Library*

Ibañez, Vincent Blasco, as propagandist, 165
Ibarra, Joachin, 159, 251
Ideal Book, Cobden-Sanderson's, quoted, 155, 156
Imperial Library at Constantinople, the, 81
India, Viceroy of, honors Bodoni, 237
Indian Bible, John Eliot's, story of, 47–50
Indians, in North America, John Eliot's work among, 44; Edward F. Curtis' experiences with, 268–270
In Quest of the Perfect Book, inception of, 4; critics of, 5; unexpected dividends from, 6–10

Italic type, derivation of name, 124; introduced by Aldus, 132; story of, 132; first used, 134; influence of Petrarch's handwriting on design of, 133; later popularity of, 137; cut by Bodoni, 233
Italy, the King of, as booklover, 14

Jefferson, Thomas, sells private library to Congress, 280; senatorial comments on, 281; prepares first catalogue of Library of Congress, 281
Jenson, Nicolas, 15, 27; his *Decor Puellarum*, 125; inaccuracy of dates, 125; perfects Sweynheym and Pannartz' type, 127; cuts standard Roman letter, 127; his *Pliny* of 1476, 130; represented in Vollbehr Collection, 288
Jenson type, the ideal Roman character, 125; Golden type and Doves type compared with, 130–131; used as model by William Morris, Emery Walker, and Bruce Rogers, 127, 245
John Carter Brown Library, the, 39, 42, 44
"John of London," the ship, 29
John of Spires' type, 124
John Rylands Library, the, 154
John XXII, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 79
Johnson, Marmaduke, associated with the Cambridge University Press, 25; arrives in Colonies, 50; apprenticed to Samuel Green, 50; friend of John Eliot, 51; estimate of, 51; returns to England, 52; returns to Colonies with new equipment, 52; hampered by Court restrictions, 54; petitions to General Court, 54–57; publishes *Daily Meditations*, 55; publishes *Isle of Pines*, 55; moves press to Boston, 59; death of, 59; succeeded by John Foster, 59
Julius II, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 85

Kelmscott Press, the, 27, 130
"Kelmscotts," sham, 159
Kelmscott volumes, proved that printing still remained a fine art, 27
King, Basil, 170, 171

Laboratorio Vaticano, the, description of work done at, 72–77
Lactantius, 120; printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 204
"Ladies' Home Journal," the, 12, 171
Lama, Giuseppe de, biography of Bodoni by, 222, 234; quoted, 251
Latin, made obsolete as common means of communication, 289
Laurentian Library, the, established in Florence, 87; building designed by Michelangelo, 87
League of Nations, the, 173, 180
League of Red Cross Societies, the, Davison's inspired vision on, 173
Lenox, James, brings first *Gutenberg Bible* to America, 265
Lenox Library, the. See *New York Public Library*

Leo X, Pope, makes Rome center of world of letters, 85; his appreciation of books, 85; preserves Laurentian Collection, 86; greatly enlarges Vatican Library, 87
Leo XIII, 80; modernizes Vatican Library, 90; authorizes cataloguing of manuscripts in Vatican Library, 91
Letters of Indulgence (1454–1455), 119
Libraries, American, accessibility of, compared with European, 65
Library of Congress, the, assists in reorganization of Vatican Library, 71; acquires Vollbehr Collection, 278, 287; becomes one of great libraries of world, 278; real factor in American scholarship, 279; evolution of, 279–287; first librarian appointed, 279; use of library limited to statesmen, 280; library opened to public, 280; size in early nineteenth century, 280; destroyed by fire, 280; purchases private library of Thomas Jefferson, 281; acquires Washington Papers, 282; growth of Law Division, 282; acquires Franklin Collection, 282; acquires Carpenter Records and Supreme Court briefs, 282; purchases Peter Force Collection, 283; collection of newspapers in, 283; acquires library of Smithsonian Institution, 284; Toner volumes donated to, 284; gifts to, 284; congestion of, 284; inadequate facilities of, 284; appropriation to build additions to, 284; recent growth of, 284–285; present contents and standing of, 285–287; opportunities for research in, 286; opportunities to purchase valuable collections neglected by, 294–295
Lombardic style of hand lettering, the, 121
Lorenzo of Pavia, letter from, 132
Lorenzo the Magnificent, develops the Laurentian Library, 86; carries *Book of Hours* in pocket, 267
Louvain, University of, the, library of, 190; dedication of new building, 190
Luttrell Psalter, the, on loan in British Museum, 274; contains extraordinary drawings of English medieval life, 274; purchased by British Museum, 277
Lyon, Richard, 44
Lyra, Nicolaus de, *Biblical Commentaries*, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, 215

MacDonald, Angus, personal impressions of Pope Pius XI of, 97–101
Mai Collection, the, at Vatican Library, 89
Maison Dufayal, 176
Manutius. See *Aldus Manutius*
Marré, Monsieur, 76
Martel, Charles, assists in reorganization of Vatican Library, 72
Martin V, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 81

Massachusetts Historical Society, the, 42
Massachusetts, State of, freedom of thought in, 36
Massimo Palace, in Rome, Sweynheym and Pannartz located in, 123, 209; legends of, 210–213
Massimo, Prince Francesco, 123
Massimo, Prince Francesco, 211–217
Massimo, Paolo, legend of, 210
Massimo, Prince Pietro, 123
Massimo, the Princes, referred to, 209; invite Sweynheym and Pannartz to Rome, 209; interest in early printers of, 213
Mather, Richard, and the *Bay Psalm Book*, 40
Medici, Cosimo de', 82; establishes Laurentian Library, 86
Medici, Giovanni de'. See *Pope Leo X*
Medici, Giulio de'. See *Pope Clement VII*
Medici, Lorenzo de'. See *Lorenzo the Magnificent*
Medici, Piero de', 86
Medici Villa, the, in Rome, 87
Meditations of John of Turrecremata, 153, 154
Mercati, Giovanni, Prefect of Vatican Library, 72
Mercier, Cardinal, visit with, 187–191; appearance of, 188; his opinion of League of Nations, 188; his estimates of Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover, 189
Merovingian style, of hand lettering, the, 121
Merrifield, Preston, purchases Daye Press, 53
Metcalf, Eliab, head of University Press, 25
Meyer, Hon. George von L., 68
Michelangelo, designs Laurentian Library, 87
Mitchel, Rev. Jonathan, early New England censor, 53
Mitchell, Senator, quoted, 280
Montaigne type, Bruce Rogers', 127, 157
Montanas, Nicolaus, *Oratio ad Lucenses* of, 213
Monte Cassino, library at, 213
Morgan, J. Pierpont, urge for book collecting of, 265; extraordinary memory for figures of, 267; his knowledge of bookmaking, 268; dinner in honor of, 268; becomes patron for Curtis' history of North American Indian, 271; attitude toward competing with British Museum, 273; referred to, 295
Morgan, J. Pierpont, Jr., continues his father's services to booklovers, 273; coöperates with British Museum to secure famous manuscripts, 273–277
Morgan Library, the. See *Pierpont Morgan Library*
Morris, William, 27; plans for original type design, 127; Golden type of, 130, 131; reëstablishes printing as an art, 138; his opinion of Bodoni type, 242; definition of the ideal letter, 245; takes Nicolas Jenson's type as model, 245
"Mugwump" voter, the, 39

NAPOLEON, 221; grants pension to Bodoni, 237

Narrowganset Book of 1645, the, 42; of 1646, 42
New York Public Library, the, 39, 294
Nicholas V, Pope, opens Vatican Library to public, 81; adds staff of copyists to Vatican Library, 81; sends scholars to England, Greece, and Germany, 81; importance of his library to, 82
Nichols, George, head of University Press, 25
North American Indian volumes, the, story of, 268–272
NovumTestamentum, Étienne's, 13

Omont, Henri, conservator of manuscripts in Bibliothèque Nationale, 66
Oratio ad Lucenses, of Nicolaus Montanas, 213
Orcutt, William Dana, unexpected dividends from *In Quest of the Perfect Book*, 4; writes *The Kingdom of Books*, 4; purpose in writing reminiscences, 5; quotations from letters received by, 6–14; private audience with King of Italy, 14–16; writes *Good Old Dorchester*, 19; friendship with Dr. Samuel Abbott Green, 20–22; becomes head of Cambridge (Mass.) University Press, 22; makes printing his life work, 26; experience in Bibliothèque Nationale, 65–68; early visit to Vatican Library, 68–71; recent visit to Vatican Library, 71–77; personal association with Pope Pius XI, 92, 97; early interest in printing, 107; visits Laurentian Library, 141; friendship with Dr. Guido Biagi, 141; experiences with American Red Cross, 163–194; experiences in directing the Red Cross Bureau of Magazines, 164–171; transferred to Red Cross Headquarters in Paris, 173–179; in Belgium, 180–184; conference with Cardinal Mercier, 185–190; visit with Brand Whitlock, 191; in London, 191; recollections of Julia Ward Howe, 193; pilgrimage to Subiaco, 198–208; in Rome, 208–217; visits Prince Massimo, 211; pilgrimage to Parma, 221–261; adventure with North American Indian books, 267–272
Ovid, large paper copy, 132

Paciaudi, Father Maria, Librarian of the Stamperia di Propaganda, 229; recommends Bodoni as Royal printer, 230
Palatine Collection at Vatican Library, the, 89
Palatine Library in Parma, established, 230; Bodoni material in, 233
Palatine Library in Rome, established by Sixtus IV, 84; books stacked in, 85
Pannartz, Arnold, pressman, 208; death of, 217. See also *Sweynheym and Pannartz*
Parma, pilgrimage to, 221–261; home of Bodoni, 221
Paul V, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 89

Peirce, William, his *Almanack for the Year 1639*, 39
Perfection, discussed, 11
Petigru Law Library, the, purchased by Library of Congress, 282
Petrarch, Francis, refers to Vatican Library, 80; his works considered pagan, 81; Father of Humanism, 132; design of Italic type influenced by his handwriting, 133
Pierpont Morgan Library, the, Coptic manuscripts in, 77; original manuscript of Dickens' *Christmas Carol* in, 267; referred to, 273
Pius VI, Pope, recognizes Bodoni's service to the church, 234
Pius X, Pope, provides additional space for Vatican Library, 91
Pius XI, Pope, reorganizes Vatican Library, 71; attracts important accessions to Vatican Library, 95; continues his early interest in Vatican Library, 96, 97; personal impressions of, 97–101; his development of Vatican Library, 96–103; tribute to, 103. See also *Ratti, Achille*
Plantin, Christophe, 27, 53, 249
Platina, succeeds Bussi as Librarian of Vatican Library, 83
Platform of Church Discipline, 44
Poor Richard's Almanac, 39
President's House, at Cambridge, Mass., first printing press in the Colonies set up in, 35
Printer-pirates, 142, 145
Printers, Colonial, accomplishment of, 28; tribute to, 60
Printers, German, 119
Printers, itinerant, 141
Printing, only possible history of, 5; in the Colonies, 19–61; in the 1890's, 26; Gov. Berkeley rails against, 30; as an art, 115; invention of, 119; its effect on people of fifteenth century, 145; its appeal to cultured classes, 146; affected by "classical fad," 223
Printing, commercial, art applied to, 115
Printing Types, Updike's, 116; quoted, 222
Propaganda, defined, 164; discussed, 164–166
Publicity, defined, 164
Puritan creed, the, fatal weakness of, 41
Putnam, Dr. Herbert, appointed Librarian of Library of Congress, 285; important services to Library of Congress by, 285; quoted, 285

Rand, Edward Kennard, conclusion of, concerning Italic design, 133
Ratti, Achille, assistant Librarian of Ambrosian Library, 92; Librarian of Vatican Library, 92; his knowledge of books, 92; Prefect of Ambrosian Library, 92; Vice Prefect of Vatican Library, 92; greatly enlarges and modernizes Vatican Library, 92, 95; made Cardinal, 95; his *Studi e Testi*, 95; made Pope, 95–101; an-

ecdote of, 103. See also *Pius XI, Pope*
Red Cross, the. See *American Red Cross*
Reims Cathedral, ruins of, 181
Revere, Paul, silver of, 31
Renner, Franz, 127
Rochambeau, Count de, papers of, bought by Library of Congress, 283
Rockefeller, John D., generous contributions to Library of Congress of, 286
Rogers, Bruce, type of, 127, 157
Roland-Marcel, Pierre, 66
Roman type, 119; basic derivation of, 122–123, 245, 247
Roosevelt, Theodore, 270
Rosenbach, Dr. A. S. W., anecdote concerning *Daily Meditations*, 55; purchases Melk copy of *Gutenberg Bible*, 266; sells same to Mrs. E. S. Harkness, 266
Ruggeri, Costantino, director of the Stamperia at Rome, 228; friendship for Bodoni, 228; commits suicide, 229
Russell, Thomas, purchases Daye Press, 53
Rutten, Père, Secretary to Cardinal Mercier, 187

Saint Paul, Abbey of, 266
Saint Vallier, Comte, visits Bodoni, 258
Saluzzo, birthplace of Bodoni, 224
San Marco, monks of, 86
Santa Scolastica, Monastery of, earliest printing office in Italy established at, 120; story of, 198–208
Savoy, House of, the, books of, 16
Sharp, R. F., 14
Sixtine Library, the, 89, 90
Sixtus IV, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 83; provides definite income for librarian of Vatican Library, 83; installs bookbinder in Vatican Library, 83; installs books in Vatican Palace, 84; petition of Sweynheym and Pannartz to, 215
Sixtus V, Pope, greatly enlarges Vatican Library, 88, 89
Smith, George D., buys *Gutenberg Bible* of Hoe Collection, 266
Smith, Thomas R., managing editor of "Century Magazine," 168
Smithsonian Institution, the, Library of, added to Library of Congress, 284
Spencer, Earl of, founder of Althorpe Library, 154
Spinelli, Cardinal, head of the Propaganda at Rome, friend of Bodoni, 229
Spires, John of, 15; first printer in Venice, 124; his *Epistolae Ciceronis*, 125; type of, 124, 125; establishes printing office, 126; begins printing *De Civitate Dei*, 126; secures monopoly of printing in Venice, 126; death of, 126
Spires, Vindelin of, continues brother's printing office, 126; completes *De Civitate Dei*, 126
Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes, 51, 57
Spofford, Ainsworth R., as Librarian greatly enlarges Library of Congress, 284
Spooner, Alden, association of, with Daye Press, 52

Spooner, Judah Paddock, association of, with Daye Press, 52
Stamperia di Propaganda, the, in Rome, 227
Stendahl, *Journals* of, quoted, 241
Stevens, Henry, purchases George Washington's library, 294
Subiacan type, 123
Subiaco, Sweynheym and Pannartz at, 121, 198–208; a pilgrimage to, 198–208; Church of Sacro Speco at, 200; in sixteenth century, 202; modern printing at, 206
Suigo, Jacobino, first Piedmontese printer in Turin, 142; his travels, 142
Sweynheym and Pannartz, 15; earliest printers in Italy, 119–124; cut their first font at Subiaco, 121; cut another font at Rome, 123; story of, 197–217; fugitives from Mayence, 203; invited to set up press at Subiaco, 203; their early productions, 203, 204; relics of, 204; presswork of Subiaco volumes, 208; invited to Rome, by Princes Massimo, 209; set up establishment in Massimo Palace, 214; early products of their press, 214–215; financial difficulties of, 215; appeal to Pope Sixtus IV, 215, 216; close their press, 216; tablet in memory of, 216; represented in Vollbehr Collection, 288
Sweynheym, Conrad, wood engraver, 208; returns to engraving, 216; prepares plates of *Cosmographia*, 216; death of, 216. See also *Sweynheym and Pannartz*

Tacitus, *Annals* of, acquired by Pope Leo X, 88
Tavern Club, the, of Boston, gives dinner in honor of J. P. Morgan, 268
Tisserant, Eugène, Vice Prefect of Vatican Library, 66; importance of work of, 72; his development of the Laboratorio Vaticano, 72
Title Pages, 137
Toner Library, the, given to Library of Congress, 284
Tory, Geoffrey, books designed and printed by, 10
Tours, Carolingian School at, 120, 121
Travels in Italy, quoted, 238
Trèves, 182
Turrecremata, Juan, 119; appointed Cardinal Commendatory, 198; invites Sweynheym and Pannartz to Santa Scolastica, 203
"Twin Oaks," in Washington, Red Cross conferences at, 171–172
Two Sicilies, the Queen of, interested in Bodoni's work, 237–238
Tyndall, John, visits America, 32; his prayer gauge, 32
Type, the language of, 107–160; earliest cut by Gutenberg, 119; early efforts to match hand lettering, 123; how to understand, 197; Bodoni's conception of, 242; Morris' conception of, 245. See also *Bodoni type*, *Doves*

type, Golden type, Gothic type, Humanistic type, Italic type, Jenson type, John of Spires' type, Montaigne type, Roman type, Subiacan type
Type design, 107; analogy between handwriting and, 107; earliest, 107; basis of, 107; individuality of, 112; coördination of written word with, 112; old style and modern, 137
Typography, coördination between written message and, 112

UGOLINI, Monsignor, 85
United States, the, Seventy-first Congress of, purchases Vollbehr Collection, 278, 296
United States, the, Supreme Court of, briefs acquired by Library of Congress, 282
University Press, the old, Dr. Green's interest in, 22; official printer to Massachusetts Historical Society, 22; history of, 25–26; Stephen Daye in charge of, 34; Matthew Day at, 43; Samuel Green at, 44; receives new equipment, 48; Marmaduke Johnson associated with, 50
Updike, D. B., *Printing Types*, 116, 222; his opinion of Bodoni type, 242
Urban V, Pope, opens Vatican Library to students, 80
Urban VIII, Pope, enlarges Vatican Library, 89
Urbino volumes, the, at the Vatican Library, 89
Usher, Hezekiah, earliest bookseller in British North America, 43

VALDARFER, Christopher, 127
Vanderbilt, Mrs. Cornelius, library of, 39
Van Dyke, Henry, quoted, 182
Van Schaick, Jr., Col. John, Red Cross Commissioner in Belgium, 185, 187
Vatican Library, the, 65–103; difficulties in securing entrance to, 68; a prison house of books, 70; reorganization begun, 71; laboratory of, 72–77; beginning of, 78; growth of, 78–91; salaries of librarians of, 83; first location of, 84; description by Albertini of, 84; original location of, 85; early methods of displaying books in, 85; development in eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, 89–90; number of volumes in, 91; size in early twentieth century, 95–97; modern devices installed in, 97–101; present position among libraries, 103; referred to, 286
Vatican Press, the, 91
Venice, printing establishments in, 146
Vermont Historical Society, the, owner of Daye Press, 53
Vernacular languages, favored by fifteenth century printers, 289
Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, as booklover, 14
Virgil, large paper copy of, 132
Virgil, the Vatican, 91
Visigothic style of hand lettering, the, 121
Vollbehr, Dr. Otto H. F., collection of, purchased by Congress, 278–296

Vollbehr Collection, the, purchased by Congress, 278–296; nature of volumes in, 287–288; importance of, 288; intrinsic value of, 290; *Gutenberg Bible* in, 292; discussion in Congress concerning, 293–294

Walker, Emery, 137; his association with Kelmscott Press, 130; establishes Doves Press, 130; cuts Doves type, 130, 131
Walpole, Horace, quoted, 257
Washington, George, *Farewell Address* of, purchased by Lenox Library, 294; library of, purchased by Henry Stevens, 294; presented to Boston Athenaeum, 294
Washington Papers, the, acquired by Library of Congress, 282
Watson, David, purchases Daye press, 53
Wedgwood, Josiah, 223
Westminster Abbey, memorial service in, 192; site of first printing press in England, 199
Whitlock, Ambassador Brand, visit with, 191
Whitlock, Mrs. Brand, 191
Wilson, John, retires as head of University Press, 22; referred to, 25; leading American printer in the 1890's, 26
Wilson, President Woodrow, 173; Czechoslovakian estimate of, 176; power of, 177; Cardinal Mercier's estimate of, 189
Winthrop, Gov. John, original draft of *Freeman's Oath*, 36
Winthrop, Hon. Robert C., reception to John Tyndall, 32
Wister, Owen, quoted, 193
Worde, Wynken de, represented in Vollbehr Collection, 288
World War, the, publicity and propaganda in, 163; books in, 163–194; anecdotes of, 176–191
Written word, the, coördination between typography and, 112–117

Yale University Library, the, receives gift of *Gutenberg Bible*, 266
Young, Arthur, *Travels in Italy*, quoted, 238
Young, John Russell, Librarian of Library of Congress, 284

Zorzanello, Dr. Pietro, Librarian of Palatine Library in Parma, 233, 251

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